THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Eugene G. Grace—Sophie Kerr—William Hazlett Upson—Chester T. Crowell
Ben Ames Williams—Kenneth L. Roberts—Robert S. Winsmore—Will James

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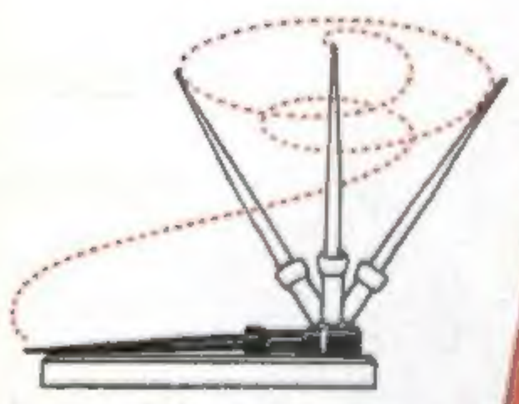

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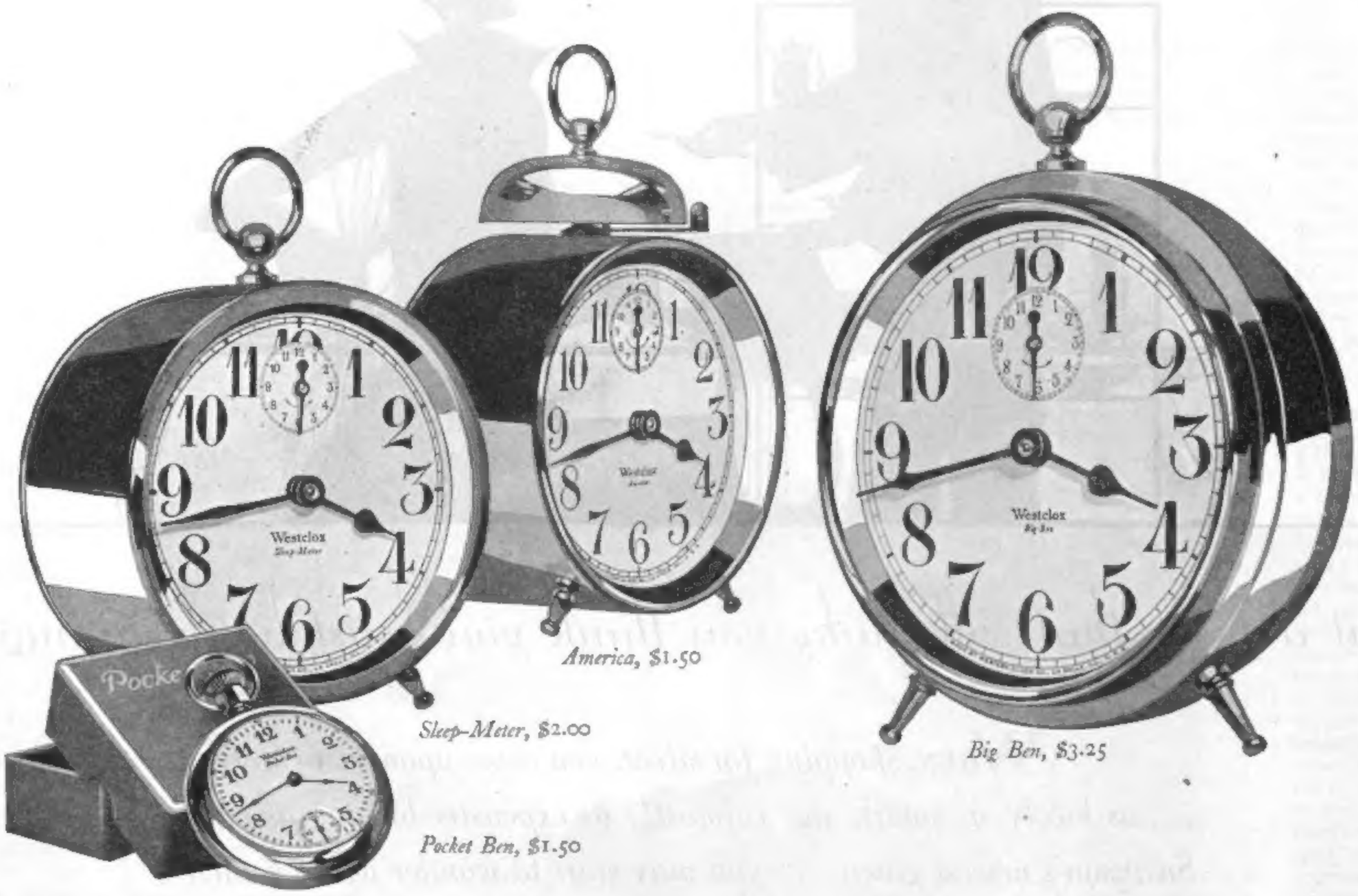

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

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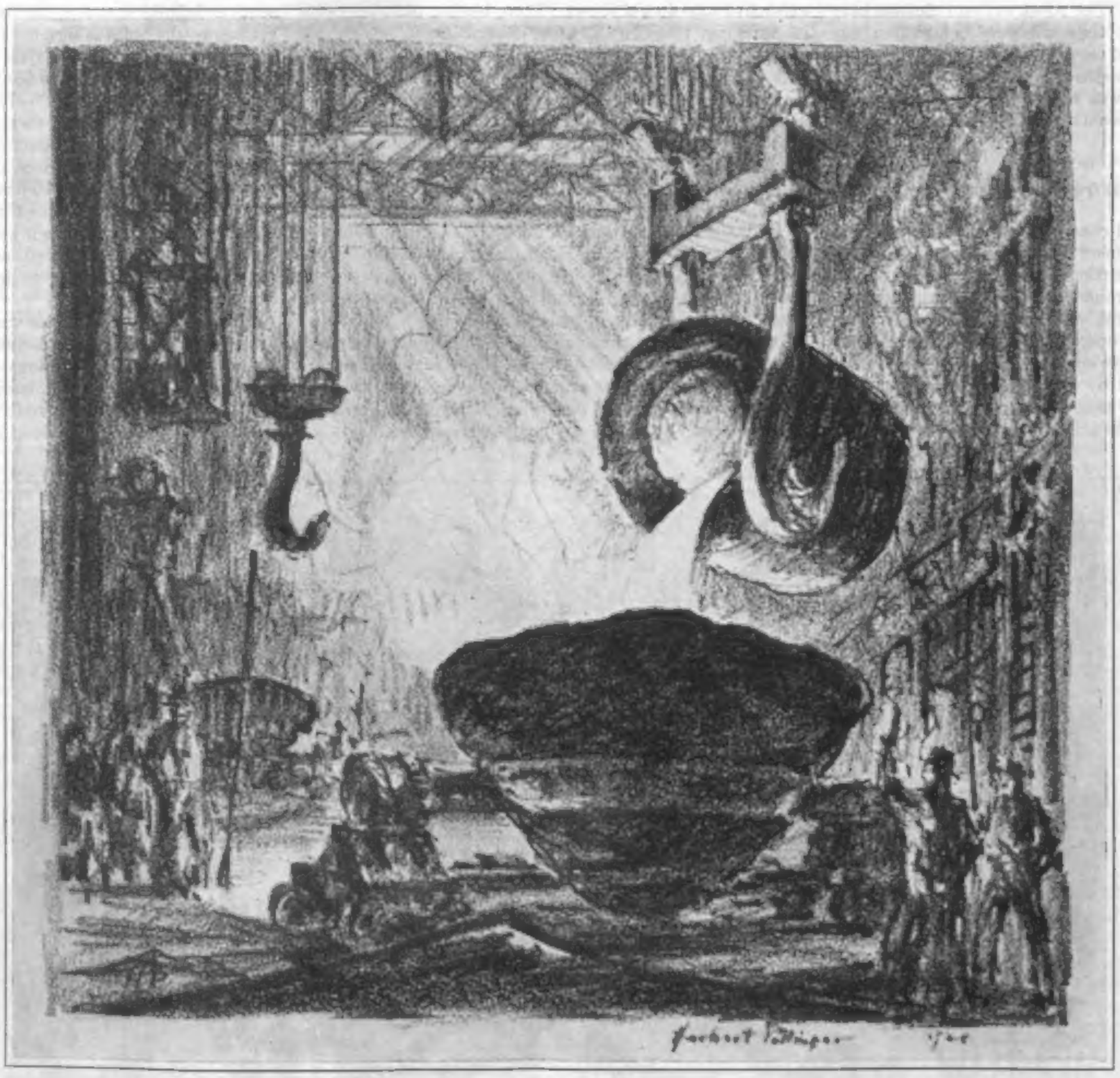
DISTRIBUTED PROSPERITY

By Eugene G. Grace

DECORATIONS BY HERBERT PULLINGER



WE AMERICANS have been priding ourselves for so many years on the efficiency of our commercial and industrial methods that we find it rather hard to accept changes in our fundamental policies. Perfecting the operations based on established policies is one thing, but setting up entirely new policies is another. We think nothing of scrapping machinery still good for years of service so long as the operation of the new machine is merely a more rapid development of the old. But when a change is proposed requiring a wholly new approach—a new point of view—we are naturally inclined to resist.

Hand to Mouth

THE evolution known as hand-to-mouth buying is in that category. Until a few years after the war we had been going along on the idea that a big stock of merchandise indicated a prosperous business. This was a natural corollary of the tradition inherited from generations of agricultural forbears that business is essentially seasonal. No one ever seriously questioned either of these propositions as applying to the whole economic structure of the nation until our stocks got too big and our production too seasonal. When that situation developed five or six years ago, we recognized it—after the fact—as inflation.

It is becoming more and more evident now that deflation was accomplished primarily by the forces set in motion by hand-to-mouth buying. For at least two years we were so occupied with efforts to stop this buying trend that we failed to recognize its benefits. We saw it only as a buying habit. Although the great majority of our consumers had been buying hand to mouth for many generations, we became fearful that if the tendency backed up through all the channels of distribution and production it would disrupt business. Even while the curves of production and consumption were leveling out, we were told that hand-to-mouth buying was making employment uncertain, encouraging bargain hunting and endangering high wages and the American standard of living.

The discovery that the principle underlying this form of purchase might be adapted to his own advantage by the seller opened our minds to a whole series of applications of the same idea. We call it hand-to-mouth buying. The phrase is unfortunate, implying as it does lack of thrift and foresight, and limiting the process to buying. Actually the forces at work cover the whole range of distribution and production. Producing for consumption would be a better term. When the development is approached from that point of view, we begin to see that some of our most efficient enterprises conducted on the old seasonal basis were operating on the fundamental principles of the old-fashioned crossroad store. We discover new economies, and we are able for the first time to recognize potential efficiencies which were not visible before.

Employment

PROSPERITY already has reached a basis of stabilization and an area of distribution in this country never dreamed of before by the most confirmed optimist, as a consequence of the actual use we have made of these discoveries. Although only a small percentage of our producers and distributors have come around to the new point of view in all its applications, the progress made in the past few years is little short of colossal. It is true that the nation is pretty well committed to the reduction of stocks and that this process is going ahead with gratifying rapidity. But important and basic as this may be, it represents only one phase of the hand-to-mouth principle. The idea is being applied by workingmen and employers in the sale and purchase of labor in such a manner that we have already eliminated the seasonal unemployment in some of our largest industries and services. And when this development is linked with the effect of high wages it is to my mind the essential feature in the distribution of prosperity.

Our records of employment in the Bethlehem Steel Company furnish an illustration for which I have specific figures, and they are typical of the industry. Before the war and in the first few years after the war our company, as well as all others in the steel business, operated on a seasonal basis. Steel men were willing at all times to admit that peaks and valleys of production and employment might be reduced in other industries, but not in steel. Our biggest customers—the railroads—bought most of their supplies on a quarterly basis. Some others ordered six months ahead. If we did not know what orders were going on the rolls months in advance of the actual operation, it was customary to become apprehensive and to say that prospects were uncertain.

Under this form of doing business we considered not abnormal a year in which the fluctuation of employment ran from a peak of 80,000 men during capacity operation

down to 30,000. In some years we actually dropped to 10,000 men, but they were the years of general depression. The figure of 30,000 during the dull season was about average. It was accepted as something not subject to change. Instead of considering the effect on general prosperity of throwing 50,000 men out of work, we congratulated ourselves on being able to keep 30,000 in the mills.

Two and a half years ago the new order of business began to manifest itself. The consumers of steel were taking a lesson from the consumers of bread and milk, and buying according to their needs. I am taking the year 1923 not only because it is the first year in which the effects of hand-to-mouth buying became nationally visible but also because economists generally regard it as the first normal year of good business after the war. Well, in that year our employment peak was 72,000 men, and there wasn't any dull season in the ordinary acceptance of the term. During the lowest period of operation we had 64,000 men at work.

These figures overstate the case to some extent and require a little explanation. Undoubtedly they reflect the hand-to-mouth trend, but not exclusively, for during that year we had at work a large force of men on new construction. The records for the two succeeding years give a much better picture of how buying according to need has influenced employment. In 1924 our peak was 67,500 men, and the minimum employment 47,000. That, in my opinion, is as near as we shall get for some years to the old seasonal fluctuation. In 1925 we reached a top of 66,500, falling off only to 59,000. The construction influence here is reversed, for by that time we were completing our new building program and were finding less need for workers in that line. The seasonal lay-off due to production figures, in other words, was negligible. We had only to drop 7000 men as compared with 50,000 under the old system.

Passing of the Hire-and-Fire Policy

THE local and national consequences of this more even distribution of employment are now so obvious that once they are called to our attention we begin to wonder why it took us so long to get around to it. We are inclined to marvel also at the remarkably high standard of prosperity attained by the country operating on the seasonal basis. It seems incredible that our communities could endure the annual disruption caused by throwing thousands of men out of work. We see now that they did endure it only because industry as a whole achieved a more or less accidental balance. And we are also seeing that prosperity cannot reach its maximum of distribution until we begin balancing within industries and within specific plants, and doing it consciously, instead of under compulsion.

Here again the force of hand-to-mouth buying is making itself felt. It has already compelled an internal balancing—a more equitable distribution of work—in steel, in railroads and in many other major industries. In the old days of seasonal buying we ran at full capacity for months to get out the orders. Then we dropped off to 25 or 30 per cent, or lower, until buying was resumed. As I have pointed out, it was said that hand-to-mouth buying would make employment uncertain. Actually it has stabilized employment. For now, with buying distributed almost equally over the whole year, we do not dare to reduce our forces below relatively high levels. We know that the country must have a definite quantity of products. When orders fall off, therefore, we distribute the work among the largest possible number of men, operating a large force on a five-day week instead of a small one for six days.

This plan is not peculiar to steel. I am informed it is now a basic policy in many railroads and other large industries. The Pennsylvania Railroad, for example, has been maintaining its forces at a rough average of 200,000 men since early in 1925. Henry Ford has been distributing work on this basis for some years. Instead of causing a disruption of manufacturing schedules, this even distribution of work stabilizes everything it touches, and it touches the life of every one of us. It is a stabilizing influence even when it comes about as a result of the compulsion of hand-to-mouth, or distributed, buying. When it becomes a conscious policy its effects are extraordinary in two directions: Reductions of costs and increase of production.

A comparison of the two philosophies—seasonal and hand-to-mouth—would almost lead to the conviction that we have reversed the terms. From the point of view of the new system we realize that production under the old was operated on a subconscious theory that every order was the last one we would ever get. There was a mad and expensive race to get it out. Then, having paid the costs of bringing together a vast human organization, we promptly scrapped it.

It is an established fact that the cost of hiring and training new men runs into large sums. For maximum production periods under the old system it was probably higher in the steel and the railroad industries because of the extremely rapid rise of the employment curve. In our case, for example, we were compelled year after year to establish an expensive recruiting system. On two or three occasions we shipped large numbers of negroes from the South. Once we brought North several thousand Mexicans. When men are hired in regiments the employer has not only the cost of his recruiting system but also the expense and the problem of housing.

During 1925 and thus far in 1926 distributed employment has made it possible for us to avoid recruiting at points distant from our plants. We get all the men we want now at the gates of our mills. It eliminated housing as a problem, although our company continued certain activities here as a policy. It increased, or at least was a large factor in an increase of production. It reduced turnover from 135 per cent in 1923 to 67 per cent in 1925. In 1923 we maintained an average force of 62,350 employes. In 1925 our average force dropped to 60,098, but our production was 5,344,625 tons—slightly in excess of the output for 1923. Our pay roll fell off from $111,457,462 in 1923 to $107,771,949 in 1925.

Bear in mind that in common with the rest of the steel industry we eliminated the twelve-hour day during that period, and you will begin to get some idea of the increases in efficiency, for which distributed buying and employment must get a large share of the credit. A still better illustration is furnished by analysis of the pay roll and employment figures. In 1923, with the twelve-hour day still in operation, the average hourly wage paid our employes was 58.8 cents. In 1925 it had risen to 62.2 cents.

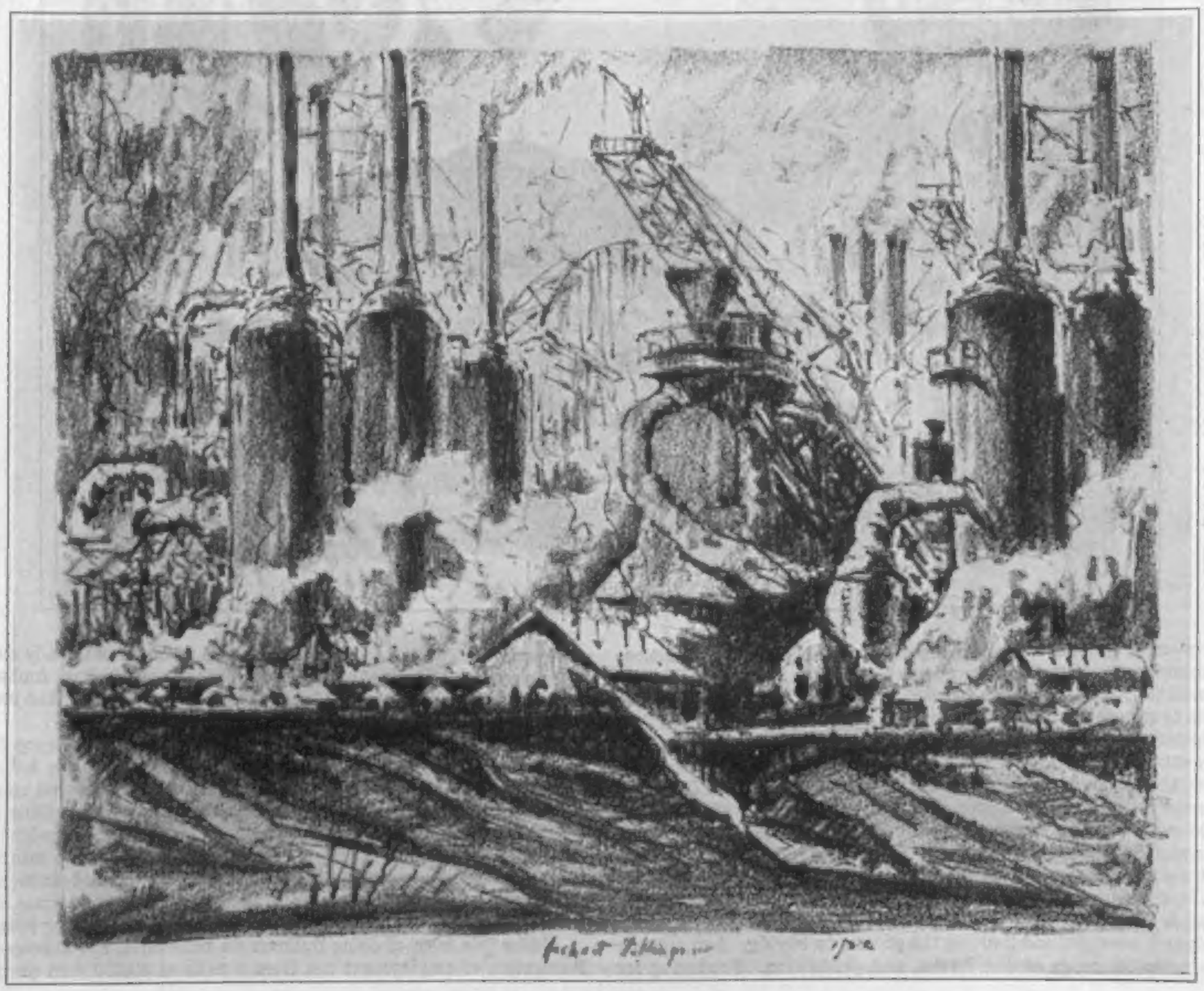
Interest Eliminates Grievances

ALL these figures represent a fair average for the steel industry as a whole. Some individual plants are more efficient than our average, and some are less efficient. I believe it is only reasonable, on the basis of these records, to expect a continuation of the economies indicated. The distribution of work has brought about a distribution of interest in the affairs of the business, and the development of a sense of responsibility on the part of the men, each of which represents a definite trend in all industries. We are actually getting to the point where meetings of workers, under the machinery set up for the adjustment of grievances, are devoted to a discussion of how to eliminate waste and increase production. More than 2000 of the men in our employ have served on committees to consult with the management. If we can continue the reduction of our turnover and retain the flexibility of our force, the time will come when the majority of the workers will have been in personal contact with the management at one time or another. All of them now make contacts through general conferences. It has been our experience, as well as that of other employers, that men who are trying to improve a business do not develop grievances.

The best evidence of the vast benefits to be obtained from the new coöperation between management and men is to be found in the exceptions—the few cases where plans for employe representation have failed to work. The general observation has been that these failures register only where such plans are offered as stop-gaps to tide over emergencies. In other words, you cannot get the whole-hearted cooperation of your employes unless you really want it. You cannot get it by offering to give them something. The American workman is just as well aware as his employer that something for nothing is an illusion. He may not be fluent in his statement of the proposition, but in his heart he has learned the great principle of justice, that a contract to be binding must be mutual. This is merely another way of saying that he cannot be bunked. If workmen do not think, their coöperation is valueless.

It may be suggested that I am overestimating the effect of hand-to-mouth buying and failing to take into consideration other factors—high wages, for

(Continued on Page 57)



THE FINE POINT

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

THE disappearance of Mrs. Pane, although the fact that she had disappeared did not become apparent till a little later on, dates from a Friday evening in March. But so far as Professor Pane was concerned she disappeared Friday at noon. He lunched at home with her, and Jennie Lake, the maid, reported afterward that Mrs. Pane was on that occasion even more unpleasant than usual in her attitude toward her husband.

"He'd forgot something she wanted he should do," Jennie explained. "But to hear her talk you'd have thought he'd hit her. And a good thing if he had."

But it was of course absurd to suppose that Professor Pane would strike his wife. He was the gentlest of men and the most diffident and self-effacing, so timid that if a stranger looked at him in the street he blushed. A mild and quiet man, desiring only to be inconspicuous, he derived his keenest delight from the books which were his province, found his most intoxicating pleasure in the feeling that he had awakened some responsive appreciation in one of his classes in English literature. He had for the written word a feeling amounting to reverence, but Mrs. Pane used to jeer at his somewhat stilted utterance, so that he had laboriously acquired and used toward her a manner of speech almost colloquial. The humble man was eager to go to any lengths to please her; and he shrank under her criticisms, preserving toward her as toward the world an attitude placatory and appealing. His extravagant sensitiveness made him as little able to defend himself as a child. Such men appeal with peculiar force to the feminine heart, and the gentlest women will fly to arms in their defense, but Mrs. Pane had become insensible to this appeal.

Professor Pane came home about half after five on that Friday afternoon, and after his usual habit he bathed and made ready for dinner. Mrs. Pane did not appear, but her comings and goings were many and she seldom troubled to account to him for them. Not until the dinner hour arrived did he begin to wonder where she was, but exactly on the appointed minute Jennie came to the door of the library—he had found a book and absorbed himself in it—to tell him that Mrs. Pane was dining out.

"In town," she explained. "At Mrs. Horn's. She went in early."

"Ah, yes," Professor Pane agreed. "I had forgotten."

He smiled benignly upon the servant, hiding his shame at this small lie. It was a fiction which the professor sought to maintain that he and Mrs. Pane were in perfect accord, and Jennie was accustomed to humor him in this.

"She said she told you at lunch," she agreed dryly. "But she thought you'd probably forget, so she left word with me too. Your dinner's ready, sir."

So Professor Pane turned toward the dining room and ate his dinner alone. He dined upon a leg of lamb, riced potatoes and spinach. Professor Pane was fond of fish, and he had once ventured to suggest that they make it a rule to have fish on Friday.

"It's fish day, my dear," he had reminded Mrs. Pane.

The suggestion was a mistake. Since then, with a gesture of defiance, Mrs. Pane had consistently served him a roast each Friday evening. The matter seems unimportant, but may be worth recording; and particularly because this was the last occasion upon which the carving knife was used before Mrs. Pane disappeared.

The solitary meal was of course a lonely one, and Professor Pane was glad to see the end of it. Absurd as it may seem, he was fond of his wife, and missed her when she was away from home. As soon as he had finished eating, he rose and went back into the library; but his loneliness persisted, and after a few minutes he sought his hat and coat and put them on. He was accustomed to go every Friday evening for a game or two of chess with Professor Cammett, of the Department of Applied Psychology; and he saw,

"We'll Have to Run, Father. Good Night, Uncle Howard. Don't Wait Up for Me. We May Dance Afterwards. G'night!"

this evening, no harm in going a little earlier than his ordinary habit was. The houses were not far apart, and Professor Pane walked the intervening way.

Professor Cammett was in the library setting out the chessboard and arranging the pieces when Professor Pane arrived. He was in a benign and pleasant mood. His dinner this evening had been particularly good and Marian even more lovely than usual. This daughter of his was, he told himself, a singularly attractive girl. In his capacity as a student of psychology, Professor Cammett appreciated the fact that for him to think so was merely one of the weaknesses of a father; nevertheless, he told himself with a stubborn little smile, it was true. Marian was a daughter of whom he had a right to be proud.

His good humor was increased and confirmed when a little before Professor Pane arrived the telephone rang and he heard the voice of Walter Burris on the wire. Burris was a young man in whole-hearted agreement with the professor's estimate of Marian, and Professor Cammett knew this, and approved Burris as definitely as he approved the sentiment itself. Burris, of good family, had already evidenced considerable legal ability; and he had shown such an aptitude for politics that three or four years before he had been elected district attorney.

Professor Cammett liked him, and his tone was cordial as he said, "Why, good evening, Walter."

Burris replied, "Good evening, sir"; and he asked directly, "Is Marian there?"

"Yes," Professor Cammett told him; "yes, she's upstairs. Wait a minute and I'll call her."

Burris interposed.

"You needn't bother her. Is she going out?"

"No, no; I'm quite sure she's not," Professor Cammett replied. "She said nothing about it at dinner. She went upstairs only a few minutes ago, but I think she can come down to the phone."

"I thought of dropping in," Burris suggested.

"Come by all means," Professor Cammett cordially agreed. "Professor Pane and I are going to have a game of chess, but you won't bother us, and Marian will be glad to see you."

"All right, I'll be over by and by," Burris promised.

When he had returned the instrument to its place, Professor Cammett went back to the chessboard, and almost at once the doorbell rang to announce the arrival of Professor Pane. Professor Cammett admitted him, greeting him in a hearty fashion that was characteristic of the man; and Professor Pane responded with mild pleasure.

As they moved toward the library, Professor Cammett asked in a perfunctory tone, "Mrs. Pane is well?"

Professor Pane nodded.

"Oh, quite, thanks," he replied. He added, however, "She dined in town tonight. I was alone. That's why I'm here so early."

There was a suggestion of apology in his tone and something wistful, but this was often the case when he spoke of Mrs. Pane.

The other made no comment. Beyond a formal inquiry and an equally formal reply, the two never discussed Jessica Pane. The fact, well enough known to his friends, was that Professor Pane had married a woman not at all suited to the life into which he had brought her. She had some means of her own, while he had only his salary; she was ten years younger than himself, while he was old beyond his years; and while her husband was a slight man, one of those soft, pink men who seem to retain the fresh innocence of childhood, she was definitely buxom. It had been noted that since their marriage Professor Pane had grown thinner while his wife's bulk waxed in equal measure.

She was a woman who seemed always abounding in a vigorous and pulsing flow of the currents of life; yet it was notorious that she was something of a shrew, accustomed to use toward her husband a bitter and jeering tone, to laugh at him in a way that cut and to deride him in a fashion that bruised.

It is only necessary further to remark that her social activities did not always include him. She had been the daughter of a wealthy family in the city and still kept her place in the life to which she had been born. Thus it was not at all unusual for Professor Pane to dine at home alone.

Tonight the two old friends went at once to the chess table. As they sat down facing each other across the board, the contrast between them was accented. Professor Pane was, as has been said, a gentle little man, perhaps fifteen years the other's junior; but Professor Cammett, though past sixty, carried himself with a stiff erectness. He had a brisk little brush of beard on his lean chin, and the very contours of his skull beneath the taut skin were vigorous and combative. What hair remained to him was white, but it was also coarse and wiry; and the combination of harsh white hair, a jutting beard like an outthrust fist, and a pugnacious chin gave him an aspect at once formidable and forbidding. He could on occasion command an accent and a vocabulary in accord with this mien, but he was habitually as mild of manner as Professor Pane himself, and by his classes well enough beloved.

The two men had scarce settled themselves at the chessboard when Marian came downstairs and appeared in the doorway. She was a tall young woman, with an intelligent and comely countenance in which there were perhaps more

When Professor Pane Reached Home, the Light Cast Upon the White-Painted Weatherboarding a Maze of Shadows Thrown by the Interlacing Branches of the Leafless Trees

evidences of seriousness than of humor. Her father now was surprised to see that she had changed her dress since dinner, that her evening wrap hung across her arm.

As she appeared in the door, she asked quickly, "Who telephoned?" Then, seeing Professor Pane already here, she advanced toward him with a smile, kissed him lightly on the top of the head and said in an affectionate tone, "Hello, Uncle Howard. You're early."

Professor Pane beamed faintly, like a dying coal when a breath of air touches it; and Professor Cammett asked sharply, "You're going out?"

"Yes," she told him with a nod. "Unless that was Von on the telephone."

"It was Walter," he told her. "He asked if you were going to be in and I said you were, so he's coming over."

"Oh, I'm going to the theater with Von," she explained indifferently. "He's coming in a few minutes."

"I told Walter you'd be here," her father urged in a tone edged with irritation; but she smiled at him and touched his cheek with her hand.

"You should have consulted me," she reminded him. "Now you'll have to do your own explaining." She rested on the arm of Professor Pane's chair, appealed to him. "Father's amusing, isn't he? And so transparent. Wouldn't you think a psychology professor would know more about handling his only daughter? Walter's a nice man and I like him, but I don't like having him thrust down my throat."

Professor Cammett exploded.

"So you run around with this destructionist, this socialist, this newspaper reporter!"

"Von Utrecht?" Professor Pane asked. And when Marian nodded, he said in a conciliatory tone, "I remember him. He showed some ability as a writer, even in my classes. I thought he made a mistake to go into journalism."

Marian laughed, lifting her hands in a defensive gesture. "Don't say journalism to Von," she protested. "He's a reporter. He'd think you had insulted him."

"You see too much of him, Marian," her father told her.

She shook her head at him.

"You'd like Von if you gave him a chance, father," she urged. The doorbell interrupted her, and she cried softly, "There he is now," and ran toward the door with a fluttering swiftness which Von Utrecht, if he could have seen, must have found flattering. They heard her greet him, "Hello, Von! Come in! I'll be ready in a minute"; and a moment later, the reporter came in to say good evening.

He was a fair young fellow with a curiously long face, and a chin in which the bones, formed for strength rather than for beauty, were conspicuous. His eyes were of a pale and unprepossessing blue, cold as ice; and when he smiled at the two older men his smile had no warmth in it.

Professor Cammett answered his greeting curtly.

"I've been urging Marian to cancel her engagement with you," he said in a harsh voice. "Walter Burris is coming to see her, and I want her to stay at home."

"What did she say to that?" Von Utrecht asked cautiously.

"She refused."

The young man smiled.

"You must expect me to be pleased at that, sir," he suggested. Then Marian came to his side.

"We'll have to run, father. Good night, Uncle Howard. Father, give my regards to Walter, won't you?" Her tone acquired a faint edge. "Tell him next time he'd better call me instead of you; tell him I make my own dates. Don't wait up for me. We may dance afterwards. G'night!"

And she was gone before Professor Cammett could reply; gone, leaving him a little breathless, choking with the things he wished to say. He was still fuming when, a little later, Walter Burris rang the bell at the front door; and Professor Cammett went reluctantly to admit him and to explain the situation.

"Why, that's quite all right," Burris said pleasantly. "I should have phoned her a day or two ahead, but I didn't expect to be free this evening. Good evening, Professor Pane."

"Good evening, Burris."

"I tried to get her to stay at home," Professor Cammett told the young man. "But she's headstrong—I couldn't move her."

"Good Lord," Burris urged with a laugh, "don't you take my side against her. You'll queer my chances if you do that, sure."

"She's at the theater," Professor Cammett explained with a grimace of disgust. "Gone with young Von Utrecht. You know him?"

"He comes into the office frequently," Burris agreed. "An able young man, and a good reporter." He added quickly, "Well, I won't break up your game. I'll run along."

"Stay," Professor Cammett urged. "We'll make it a round robin; or Howard and I will play in consultation against you. Or sit and talk with us."

"As a matter of fact," Burris said apologetically, "I ought to go on. After I'd phoned you, a man called me on some political business. You know, I'm thinking of coming out for Congress. I ought to see him. I'll try to get in touch with him now, since Marian isn't here."

They were able to keep him a few minutes longer, and Professor Cammett invited him to come to dinner on the following Sunday. He accepted readily enough; but a little later he departed, leaving the two friends together. Neither of them was in the mood to continue their game; their own concerns absorbed them; but Professor Pane was unwilling to go home to an empty house, so he made no move to say good night till the other's increasing drowsiness compelled him to do so.

It was about eleven o'clock when at last he took himself away. The tall clock in the hall struck the hour as the two men came out of the library. Thus it must have been about five minutes past eleven when Professor Pane left to walk to his home.

The night was damp and cold, in the dark of the moon.

II

MRS. PANE had, as has been said, some fortune of her own; and after she and Professor Pane were married she bought the house in which they now lived, a house about which there clustered an atmosphere of sober dignity and respectability. It was one of those structures clapboarded at the front but with brick ends, chimneys rising at the gables; and it stood a little way back from the street, a garden between it and the sidewalk. The garage built to house Mrs. Pane's car was in the rear, out of sight from the street, and was reached by a driveway of crushed stone.

There were two large elms in the front yard and others between the sidewalk and the street, and the nearest street lamp was at some distance, so that when the trees were in leaf the front of the house was shadowed.

But this night when Professor Pane reached home the light cast upon the white-painted weatherboarding a maze of shadows thrown by the interlacing branches of the leafless trees, and as these branches stirred faintly in the imperceptible airs of the evening the shadows moved in a ghostly fashion to and fro across the painted front of the house, white as a baked bone. As the professor turned in from the street he saw that save for a light in the front hall the house was dark. Even when Mrs. Pane came home before he did, she was not likely to go at once to bed, but was more apt to busy herself for a while with those innumerable small affairs which a woman finds it necessary to attend to by way of preparation for the night. So since there was no light in his bedroom, Professor Pane understood that Mrs. Pane had not yet returned.

He was not surprised at this. She was, on the occasions when she dined in town, often late. So he let himself in and went immediately upstairs to their room and methodically prepared for bed.

He was accustomed to read for a while before going to sleep, and he tried to do so tonight, but he was not able to concentrate his attention upon the book. He had never been able to find any reason why Mrs. Pane should not, if she chose, continue the associations she had made before their marriage. Nevertheless, he always regretted that there was so large a portion of her life which he did not share, and he felt this hurt tonight even more keenly than usual. But it was, after all, an old sore, and the pain was no longer acute; and after a time he dropped to sleep, the book on the coverlet across his knees, the light still burning at his back.

At about two o'clock in the morning he awoke perspiring, conscious that the room was uncomfortably warm. This was not surprising, since when he got into bed he had left the windows closed, remembering that Mrs. Pane preferred to undress in a warm room. But when he looked at his watch and saw the time, he decided unhappily that she would not come home tonight at all.

Even this was not unprecedented. She had on other occasions sometimes stayed with friends in the city. So he got up and opened the windows and stood for a moment in the cooling draft before returning to bed and turning off the light.

But he was not now so sleepy as he had been. He was a man not only sensitive but in a humble fashion proud; and when Mrs. Pane did such a thing as this, calculated to make him ridiculous in the eyes of their friends, he suffered accordingly. He tried to pretend to the world that all was serene between them; but he could not blind himself to the fact that whatever her feeling for him had originally been, it was now turned to a bitter and venomous hatred amounting to loathing. There were moments when in her eyes as she looked at him he perceived that emotion which is aroused in most men by the sight of a snake gliding through the grass, perceived that he was to this woman with whom his life was linked an object thoroughly contemptible and abhorrent. The realization always left him with a feeling of helplessness. He was himself, he could not be otherwise; and though he made a continuous and steady effort to please her, consulting her wishes in small matters, devising many little attentions whose very clumsiness might have endeared him to a woman of sensibility, he only succeeded in seeming to her absurd and laughable.

Tonight, lying awake in the darkness, uncomfortably warm still in spite of the fact that the windows were open, Professor Pane thought of these things in an increasing distress; and he tried to find some solution to the situation, tried to discover some way by which he could please his wife and persuade her to forget how much she despised him. This was no new experience for Professor Pane, this helpless, futile groping for an answer to the enigma of his life; but he had never been able to arrive at any conclusion, and he arrived at no conclusion now. After a time he drifted into a slumber marred by the continuing oppression of the heat, which kept him in a light perspiration and made his dreams uneasy and his sleep fitful.

Toward morning, however, the room became cooler and he slept more soundly; and he awoke at seven o'clock with a feeling of refreshment. But a moment later, when he glanced toward Mrs. Pane's bed beside his own, his unhappiness returned. He felt as yet no concern on her account, felt only a hurt regret that she had not thought it worth while to forewarn him of her intention to be away. He half expected that she would herself appear in time to join him at the breakfast table or that a message would have come to tell her plans, but in both these expectations he was disappointed and he sat down to breakfast alone.

He was served by Jennie Lake, the maidservant, a middle-aged woman somewhat older than Mrs. Pane. As is apt to be the case, Jennie had become extremely fond of the professor and in the same degree critical of her mistress. Professor Pane inspired in her an affection almost maternal.

This morning when Professor Pane came down alone, she supposed that Mrs. Pane was sleeping late; and it was only when he presently questioned her that she discovered what the situation was.

"Jennie," he asked, while she poured his coffee, "did Mrs. Pane telephone after I left last night?"

Jennie, her gorge rising, shook her head.

"She gave me the evening out, sir," she explained gently. "So I left as soon as I had the dishes done after your dinner. She might have telephoned after that, sir."

"She dined with Mr. and Mrs. Horn," the professor commented. "I suppose she stayed in town with them." He looked at her as though appealing for reassurance.

"Yes, probably she did," Jennie said ungrudgingly. She was tactful enough not to let him perceive her anger toward Mrs. Pane. "Probably she'll be home this morning."

Professor Pane accepted this suggestion and took comfort from it. He would have liked to wait, to be able to greet Mrs. Pane when she came in; but an early class required his attention, so that he was forced to leave the house almost at once. But when he came back toward noon, it was to find that she had not yet appeared, and his uneasiness was for a moment tinged with panic.

His impulse was to telephone Mrs. Horn, to make some inquiry; but he dared not do this. Once or twice before, when Mrs. Pane had stayed away without explanation, he had ventured to make inquiries in an effort to locate her, and on each occasion the result had been to bring down upon himself a storm of sarcastic reproaches. She was, she had assured him, amply able to take care of herself; and she owed him, she said, no accounting for her movements.

"I'm an adult," she had said once. "If you don't believe it I'll get a copy of my birth certificate. I'm thirty-six years old, past the age where I have to say 'May I' or 'May I not' to any man. You simply make me ridiculous. I will not be made any more ridiculous than I made myself by marrying you."

So, remembering these unpleasant experiences in the past, Professor Pane today curbed his impulse. But during the long afternoon at home his anxiety increased. He had seen Mrs. Pane leave the house the day before, and when she drove away in the car he was quite sure she had taken with her no luggage of any kind. Certainly she had not intended any prolonged absence. She must be wearing still the dinner gown she had worn last night, and she was a woman not likely to be contented to appear in the light of day in garb appropriate only for the evening.

So he passed the afternoon in an increasing tremor of fear. He was very fond of Mrs. Pane, almost pitifully so. She had, his friends were apt to say to one another, treated him like a dog; but a dog will sometimes lick the hand that strikes it, and the professor had something of the dog's capacity for devotion. When Mrs. Pane did not appear in time for dinner, however, his alarm overbore his fears, and he was driven to go to the telephone and call Mrs. Horn.

"Hasn't come home?" Mrs. Horn exclaimed in surprise. "Why, she left here last night about half-past ten. Haven't you heard from her?"

"No," Professor Pane confessed. "No, I supposed she was staying with you or with some other friends."

"She drove away alone in her car," Mrs. Horn told him. "I offered to send someone home with her. But you know Jessica. She just laughed and said she didn't need an escort. What in the world can have happened?"

There was a suggestion of amusement in her tones, and Professor Pane felt suddenly ashamed of his fears and regretted that he had telephoned her at all. She was, he knew, a woman with an edged tongue, and he could imagine the tinkle of laughter in her voice as she described his solicitude to her friends.

He said carefully, "Oh, I'm sure there's no occasion for alarm. Sorry if I've worried you."

She held him still with questions, and when he was at last free of her he sighed with relief. He should have known better, he told himself. But as the evening dragged along with no word from Mrs. Pane, and he faced the prospect of a sleepless night, he found it impossible to support the situation alone, and so turned at last to his oldest friend, called Professor Cammett on the telephone.

It was Marian who answered his call, and when he asked for her father she said laughingly, "Why, I'm afraid he's gone to bed, Uncle Howard. Von and I just came in. He's not downstairs. Shall I call him down?"

"No, no," he protested; "don't wake him. It's of no importance."

She was a young woman of sensibility, and she knew Professor Pane well enough to be sure, in spite of his disclaimer, that only a matter of moment would prompt him to call at this hour.

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He Could Not Blind Himself to the Fact That Whatever Her Feeling for Him Had Originally Been, It Was Now Turned to a Bitter and Venomous Hatred

THE CALIFORNIA RAY

By Kenneth L. Roberts

THERE is a theory in California—where there are more theories to the square inch than exist to the square mile in any other section of the world—that some sort of ray is exuded by certain unknown minerals that underlie the state.

This ray, according to the theory, causes Californians to develop theories that would never be developed anywhere else. It even causes them, theoretically speaking, to break out into activities that seem normal in California but that might arouse considerable comment if practiced in more prosaic and stupid states, where the inhabitants are protected from most ray effects by heavy underwear, an inherited tendency to regard all originality as a form of sin, and six months of cold weather that toughens the cuticle and numbs the brain.

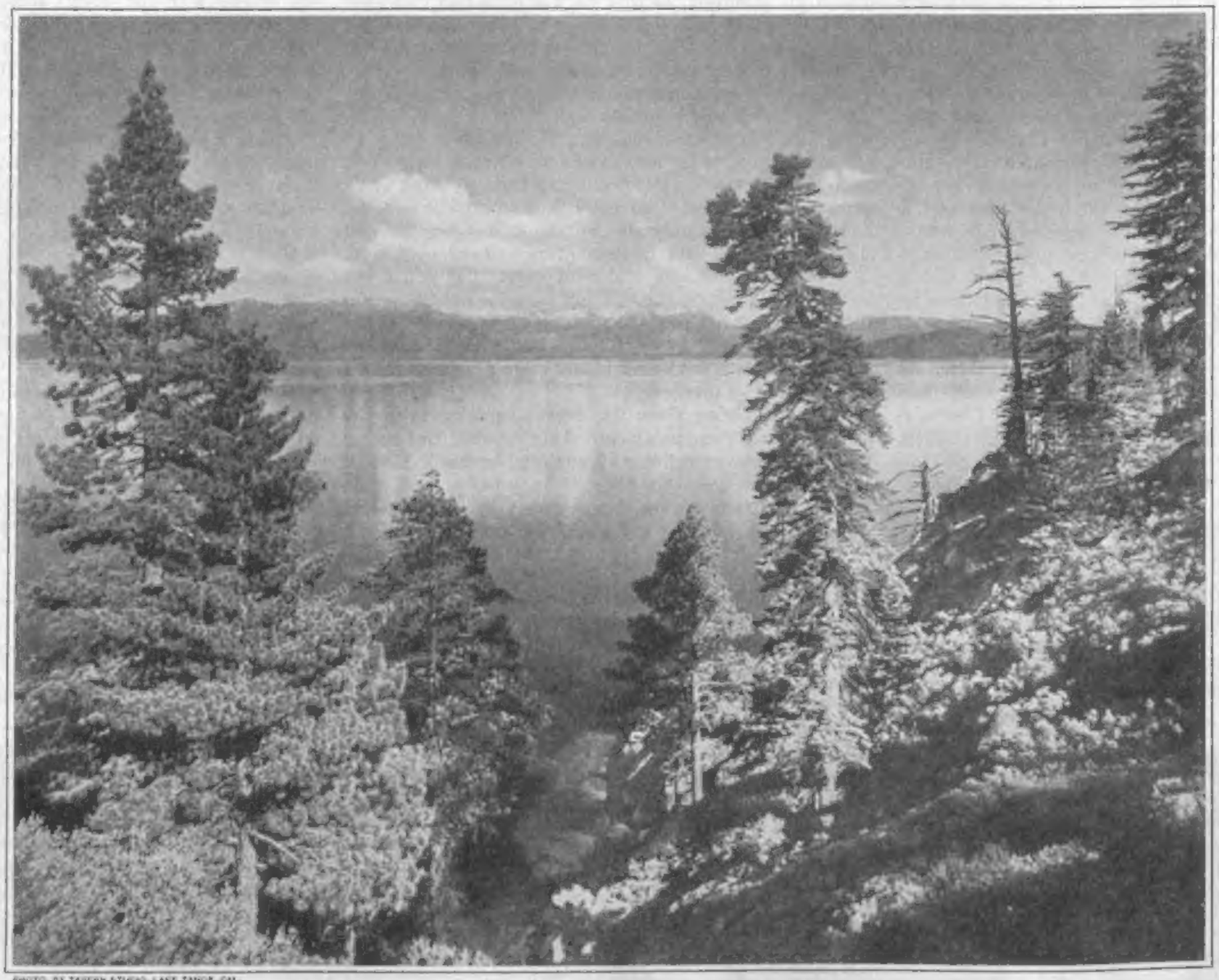

PHOTO BY TAHOE STUDIO, LAKE TAHOE, CAL.

Lake Tahoe, Whose Beauty and General Excellence are Admitted by Californians to be Worthy of California's Climate

There is no formal scientific name for this ray; but Californians who believe in its existence call it informally the Zow ray, because it strikes its victims quickly, in a manner that is usually described by the more advanced members of the younger generation with the one word "Zow!" or "Zowie!" "It hit him, zowie! Just like that," they say, with their fine, eager powers of description. Hence the Zow ray, with which are affiliated many interesting matters.

Nor, say the Californians, is there anything peculiar in their faith in Zow rays. There are rays, they point out, hidden almost everywhere. Old Wilhelm Röntgen, they remind one, was fooling with a vacuum tube and about twenty cents' worth of electricity one day, and by the merest chance a paper screen covered with barium platinocyanide happened to be lying beside him.

A Scientific Explanation

FORTUNATELY there was no one in authority in the vicinity to speak sharply to Röntgen for leaving a barium-platinocyanide screen around where people could sit on it or fall over it or rub their sleeves against it. Consequently Röntgen accidentally discovered that after his twenty cents' worth of electricity had messed around in the vacuum tube the barium-platinocyanide screen became violently excited. Thus he discovered the X ray, which had patiently been waiting to be discovered for thousands of years.

So, argue the Californians, the Zow ray has been gushing upward from the hidden depths of California for centuries, causing peculiar and unusual goings-on at all periods. What influence, they inquire, caused untold thousands of saber-toothed tigers, mastodons, imperial elephants, extinct lions, extinct camels, ancient oxen, giant ground sloths and other strange animals of the Pleistocene period to congregate in the vicinity of what is now Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles, whence their bones are abstracted in carload lots by bright-eyed scientists? Why not the Zow ray?

PHOTO BY L. A. HARRIS, HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

The Los Angeles Plain at Night, From the Hollywood Hills

Similarly, they ask, what influence causes 150,000 former residents of Iowa to gather together in Los Angeles to attend an Iowa picnic? Again, why not the Zow ray?

The Panacea

FOR what reason, they wish to be told, can a man play poker for three days and nights in San Francisco without suffering fatigue? Why is it that Harry Chandler's raspberry vine grew eighty-four feet in 1925? Why do suburban Angelenos place megaphonelike incinerators in their front yards? Why is the climate of any given spot in California considered superior by residents to the climate of all other California spots? Why do many California newspapers neglect to mention epidemics in California, but burst out with hysterical headlines when a high wind overturns a garage in Florida?

Why are Californians of all ages addicted to attending large luncheons and listening to speeches on nothing in particular?

Why do San Franciscans grow bitter at any mention of Los Angeles? Why do Angelenos grind their teeth when speaking of San Francisco? Why are there so many beautiful young women on the Pacific Coast? Why is a New England conscience shot to pieces so quickly in California?

Why can anyone hire a hall in California, propound any given belief—such as that perfect peace of mind can be attained only by living on dried fish and seaweed pudding—and immediately obtain scores, if not thousands, of passionate adherents? Why aren't all these and many other matters, reiterate the Californians, due to the Zow ray?

Some of the more theoretical Californians are even contemplating hiring a hall and starting a movement to induce Dr. Robert Millikan, distinguished head of the California Institute of Technology and winner of the Nobel prize for the discovery of the electron, to devote some of his energies to discovering the source of the Zow ray. Eventually, they believe, all the literature, art and culture of America will be concentrated in California; and when that time arrives California can export the Zow ray in great quantities and save the remainder of the nation's inhabitants from reverting to barbarism.

Zow ray or no Zow ray, something enters into the bodies and brains of persons who migrate to California from other sections of the United States.

It may not be a Zow ray, but it is something that makes them behave in an unaccustomed manner

Take, for example, a hard-boiled Vermonter or New Yorker or Kansan who has dwelt for forty or fifty years in a sizable town—the town of Esophagus, say—and wrenched a fairly comfortable living from it.

He has never grown hysterical over the beauties or climatic superiority of Esophagus. When he meets strangers in the course of his travels it never occurs to him to force them to listen to the advantages of living in Esophagus.

He is willing that acquaintances, and even close friends and relatives, should live in other cities. When people say to him, as people occasionally will, "Where do you live?" he contents himself with replying simply, "Esophagus." He rarely elaborates on this reply unless someone says — as someone does, occasionally—"And where is that?" In that case he explains that it is forty-seven miles east of Minkville and midway between Pie City and Panankus.

Transplant this gentleman to California, however, and an instant change takes place in his cosmos. He settles, let us say, in the flourishing town of Santa Blaha; and Santa Blaha immediately becomes his pet and the pride of his life. He views its shortcomings with an indulgent eye. He is eager to protect it from contact with the rough, rude world. He invents opportunities to tell people about its unsurpassed beauties and its unrivaled climate; and he regards those persons who do not immediately express a wish to reside there as either dizzards or zanies, or both.

The Oil Derricks of Signal Hill, Near Los Angeles, Which Have Pushed the Bungalows Entirely Out of Business

Where Californians Come From

AS FOR dear old Esophagus, it becomes, in his mind, a sort of training school or university of hard knocks in which he prepared for his rich, full California life. He cultivates the same sentimental memories of it that a college graduate cherishes for his dear old alma mater. He seldom has a passionate desire to go back there to live; but he wants to attend all the reunions and hear how all his Esophagus classmates are getting along in the great world.

Probably it won't be long before Californians will adopt the custom of specifying, whenever they sign their names, the year in which their graduation from pre-California days took place and the place from which they graduated. They may even wear similarly inscribed felt pennants on the backs of their coats.

Newspapers, in chronicling a Californian's activities, may soon be obliged by the force of public opinion to adopt the same custom.

"The luncheon of the United Loquat Raisers of California," they may have to say, "was addressed by Adolphus Erp, Lima, Ohio, '08; Herman D. Clamor, West Chilmark, Massachusetts, '21; and Junius Raddle, Cohoes, New York, '99. Abelard Slipper, Hookset, New Hampshire, '17, acted as toastmaster." Thus their readers will be apprised of the highly important information that Mr. Erp abandoned Lima for California in 1908, that Mr. Clamor graduated from West Chilmark in 1921, that Mr. Raddle migrated from Cohoes to the Golden West in 1899, and that Mr. Slipper slipped from Hookset to the mellowing breezes of the Pacific in 1917.

The Zow ray, or whatever it is that works so potently on the inner consciousness of Californians, appears to operate somewhat differently in the northern part of the state than it does in the southern part. In San Francisco, for example—a generous and light-hearted and colorful city which exudes a pleasing and soothing personality, as do a few other favored cities in various parts of the world—the visitor is not conscious, as he is farther to the south, that the entire population has recently graduated from other sections of the United States.

This is possibly due to the fact that San Franciscans, whose forbears arrived in California in the roaring days of '49, have a slight social or conversational bulge, in a manner of speaking, over persons whose parents were more dilatory. A similar state of affairs was once noticeable in Boston, where the advantages that accompanied Mayflower ancestry probably caused many Bostonians to soft-pedal the news that the ancestors had arrived in 1886 or 1892.

A Befuddling Suffix

THE passage of a few more years, however, may effect a change in San Francisco's attitude. "Some day," declares a recent editorial in a San Francisco paper, "San Francisco will be a city of five million people, built up solidly on both sides and both ends of the bay, its various parts knitted closely by tubes, bridges, wide highways and buzzing airplanes. Some day, as sure as you are reading this, five million people will be enjoying what we are enjoying now, and will be as happy as the people of San Francisco are now."

By the time that San Francisco has acquired a population of five million people it is more than likely that the descendants of forty-niners will be lost in the shuffle, and that the bulk of her citizens will be eagerly advertising the location of their pre-California existence.

By that time, also, San Francisco may be thoroughly impregnated with another peculiar manifestation of the California spirit or spiriteria which, in the southern portion of the state, leads new and old arrivals alike to add the syllables "eria" to the name of a commodity to indicate an emporium where that commodity may be obtained.

This custom occasionally baffles the barbarian from east of the Sierra Nevada Mountains; but as soon as he has become a resident of California and has been exposed to the Zow ray, he instinctively knows that a traineria is a place where one gets on and off a train, that a rabbiteria dispenses rabbits, that a galeria is a place where one goes to see gals, that a pieria supplies the populace with pies, and so on.

This may be all very well for Californians; but when California becomes supreme in literature, art, and civilization in general, as most victims of the Zow ray predict that she will eventually become, our British cousins are apt to be jolly well befuddled by California fiction.

Already the English editions of American books

(Continued on Page 111)

PHOTOS BY COURTESY OF LOS ANGELES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Palm Canyon at the Eastern Base of San Jacinto Mountain on the Edge of the Colorado Desert. This Variety of Palm is Found Nowhere Else

THE POOL IN PARVIN

By Robert S. Winsmore

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

THE man stumbled as young Kennedy propelled him up the steps of the shack's veranda, and slumped into a canvas chair without remark. In that second the storm broke noisily, and I saw him shiver in the sweep of chill that came with the rain. Gareth Sandgren lounged in the doorway, staring strangely, while Kennedy said, panting:

"We had to run for it. Hope we're not annoying you two hermits, and we could do with a drink apiece, if you don't mind. This is Mr. Stevens. He's staying awhile at our shop, and we've been out for a stroll."

"Stroll, hell," said the man. "It was a ten-mile hike with a sprint for a finish. I'm all in, doctor." He said to Garry, "It isn't human to feel so weak," and turned to me, asking, "How far is it?"

"Nearly two miles from the sanitarium, if you came by the road," I told him. He was thin, but older than he looked. I thought forty, or perhaps more.

"Only two miles," he said peevishly. "And I didn't believe them when they said I was so soft."

"Overwork," muttered Kennedy.

"Piffle," said the man, and lay relaxed until Garry handed him a long glass. He drank gratefully, keeping his eyes closed.

The shameful flivver stood with a jack where one wheel should have been, and there was no telephone. Kennedy demanded a car from the sanitarium, saying someone would have to go there for it when the storm ceased. From the kitchen Joe Messick called a promise of rain for all night, and the man in the canvas chair said, "What's the matter with staying here? All I need is a blanket and another drink." Kennedy decided they would dine with us. Later, if the weather was not too bad, he would paddle a canoe down the lake and come back with the car.

The patient revived at dinner, talking of pictures to Garry Sandgren, who paints them, and eating zestfully of Joe Messick's cookery. Kennedy watched him with approval, and went off in Joe's yellow oilskins, after banning further libations. His charge followed him with sudden shouts, denying need for his return before morning.

"I like it here," he said. "If you'll take a boarder I'll pull out of that hospital and stay on. I want healthy men to talk to."

He prowled about, showing great curiosity, and found amusement in my writing table, with its litter. "You must love this, to bury yourself through a summer for it," he said; but when I spoke of the commercial advantages of solitude, he nodded his understanding.

"I know," he agreed. "I've needed it myself. I've tried locking my door, but they always kept on knocking, or they called me on the phone."

From behind him Garry Sandgren said deliberately, "But it's different in Wall Street, you know," and the man whirled, scowling. "I knew you at once," Garry told him. "You are Bailey Wallace."

"Yes, I'm Bailey Wallace. What of it?" He glared at us both and said defiantly, "I didn't want to have them snickering. I've been through a jam. I suppose you know. They would be laughing if they thought it got me this way."

"The law of the pack," said Garry coldly.

The man rasped, "My tail's not down," and laughed unpleasantly.

Garry shrugged his shoulders. "Your name is safe enough with me," he said. "I probably owe you that much. I happened to make a little money in your Parvin Stores."

"Yes. I Let the Boys Get Used to Making a Little Money in Turns Like That. It Kept Them Interested, Even Excited, and It Didn't Cost Much, You See"

Wallace turned away, mumbling, "I'm glad you did." He dropped into a chair, and Garry's eyes met mine, signaling for silence. At length the man asked, "What did you do in Parvin?" Garry recited figures. "I think it was rather dirty money," he added.

Wallace said indifferently, "Oh, do you? No doubt you spent it, though, or lost it in something else. At least you picked a good selling spot. Things were getting difficult about that time, but you couldn't know that. It seems a long while ago. You've let these cigarettes get damp."

I broke out a fresh lot and held my peace. Garry said, "You rode Parvin hard—you and that big pool of yours."

"Pool!" Wallace snorted. "There was no pool in Parvin—not the sort of thing you mean. You've been reading newspapers and listening to customers' men in brokers' offices. My big pool, did you say? You probably mean a dozen Parvin directors and another dozen millionaires and bank presidents all holding conferences with me every night in J. P. Morgan's library and handing me more money to buy all the Parvin in sight—to corner it, if possible."

"Not exactly that," said Garry, "but something like it."

"Of course. It's the popular idea of a pool. The Wall Street crowd sees one behind every bush that moves—sees unlimited money hooked up with some big clique's ambition to put a stock up and keep it up because it looks prettier that way. Pools! Piffle!"

Garry Sandgren looked solemnly at me before he said, rather tartly, "Why piffle? You know there are pools in the stock market, and plenty of them."

Wallace reacted promptly. "Do you know what nineteen out of every twenty pools you hear and read about really are?" he demanded. "They're not pools at all. The name means about as much as a bootlegger's label. They are one man, maybe two or three men, working the market to make a profit on a few calls. Calls! Options! Do you understand them? Privileges of buying so much of a stock at such a price within a certain time. Calls! Stick a few of them in the pocket of a man with a little money and a little nerve, and there you have one of these pools the newspapers and the tipsters are always talking about."

"Oh, come now," prodded Garry. "We're not children, you know. It sounds well, but it doesn't fit in with the things a man sees going on when he's watching the market."

"Because he doesn't take the trouble to lift the lid and look in," Wallace snapped. "If he did, he'd see the wheels. A promoting syndicate, or a clique of bankers, or a crowd of stockholders—it doesn't matter what—owns a block of a stock. Call it Parvin Stores, if you like. For any one of a hundred reasons they will want the price pushed up and the stock made active—to give it more value. They may do the work themselves, but more often they get hold of some broker or operator or gambler—call him anything—someone like me. They give him calls—buying privileges—on a few thousand shares of the stock. That is opportunity for him. He may go it alone, or he may pick up a partner or two to furnish a little money. He makes arrangements with a Stock Exchange firm, or several of them. Then he goes ahead, using all the old tricks to push the stock up and get people buying it so that he can sell out at a profit the line he has the privilege of buying. That is what happens—all that happens—nineteen times out of twenty. But you always hear—and you always believe—that a pool does it. A big powerful pool, you know; aggressive, vicious and all that. Pools? Piffle!"

Sandgren yawned elaborately. "Bailey Wallace," he said, "are you seriously expecting me to believe there was no more than that to your boom in Parvin Stores?"

"It began just that way," declared Wallace.

"Began? When?"

"A year ago—more than that."

"But later?"

"The Parvin move began just that way," Wallace repeated stubbornly. "Some of the inside crowd came to me with a proposition to put a little life into their stock. It was dead, and had been for months, hanging around 60. It was steady enough, and paying four-dollar dividends, but nobody paid any attention to it. They showed me things about the company—facts and prospects—that made me believe Parvin was cheap, and we made a deal. They gave me calls on thirty thousand shares in all, at prices ranging from 62 up to 82. And that's all they did—gave me calls and went home.

"I did the rest. I put the stock up close to 90 in ten weeks. We were in a lively bull market, and I had quite a

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JOHN ROLLISON'S GAS MASK

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

PRIVATE JOHN ROLLISON sat in the pleasant September sunshine at Camp de Souge, near Bordeaux, France, and looked with fear at a small ugly building a hundred feet away. Around him sat other privates and noncoms, all of them members of a battery of field artillery which had arrived from the United States six weeks before, and had been training at the camp preparatory to going to the front. As the members of the battery sat about on the grass they laughed and joked with one another as if none of them had a care in the world.

And Private John Rollison laughed and joked with the rest; he was too proud to let anyone else even suspect his fear. But he could not keep his mind off the ugly little building in front of him. It was about forty feet square, built of rough hollow tile and covered with a tin roof. There were no windows, but in front was a pair of large wooden doors. The building was known as a gas house. In a few minutes John Rollison and the rest of the men of the battery would be taken inside to be given a little practical experience with poison gas. And John Rollison was afraid. Ever since he had joined the army the year before and looked forward to going to the front, he had been terrified at the thought of being gassed.

In other ways he had as much courage as any average man. When he reached the front, he felt that he could face bursting shells, machine-gun bullets, liquid fire or bayonets, just as millions of other average men had faced them. But gas was different, and he feared it as he feared nothing else in the world.

He had already had one terrible experience with that sort of thing.

One day when John Rollison was five years old, his father—a refrigeration engineer—had taken him to see a big ice plant. It was so long ago that he could not remember what the ice plant looked like. But he could never forget what happened there. His father had left him for a moment to speak to some of the workmen. And then there had come a sudden explosion, and in an instant the whole place had filled with blinding, choking fumes. An ammonia coil had burst. Little John Rollison, five years old, had run frantically back and forth, choking and coughing, and trying to find a way out. For what seemed hours he had gasped and struggled and fought against this invisible monster that had so suddenly pounced on him. Actual y it could not have been more than a minute or two before his father had found him and dragged him outdoors. But by that time he had lost consciousness. He came to, a short time later, in his own bed at home. And within a week he was as well as ever—physically.

But he never got over the horror of that last moment when the ammonia gas had choked him into insensibility. He had tried to forget it; and as the years passed he had thought about it less frequently. But on such occasions as he did think of it, the horror of the thing was, if anything, more vivid than ever. And if ammonia had been so bad, what about these new and terrible wartime gases?

He realized that the intensity of his fear was foolish. When you reasoned it out calmly, it was no worse to die from gas than from machine-gun bullets. And his present fear of the gas house was especially idiotic. He knew that things would be controlled in such a way that the chance of his being hurt was most remote. But still he was afraid, and thoroughly ashamed of himself for his fear. Never, he resolved, would he admit to anyone else what a coward he was.

He looked around at the other men. There was Sergeant Gans, chief of the battery telephone detail, of which Rollison was himself a member. Gans was big and strong, with the build of an athlete, and he was always calm. John Rollison was also big and strong, with the build of an athlete, but he felt far from calm. Beyond Gans was Jim Snyder, a timid little runt, who was afraid of the horses, afraid of the officers, afraid of almost everything apparently. And in front of the gas house Jim appeared as unconcerned as could be.

"Good Lord!" thought John Rollison. "If Jim can go through with this, I can."

Overhead the sky was blue and the sun shone pleasantly. And the front—where men were killed—was hundreds of miles away. There was nothing to fear. And yet, there in front of him was the ugly little gas house; and near by a group of men with brushes and pails of disinfectant were cleaning the mouthpieces of a lot of gas masks which had been used by the outfit which had preceded them in the gas house.

"Line up!" shouted the first sergeant.

John Rollison wanted to run, but he forced himself to line up with the rest.

"Fall in!" shouted the sergeant. "Right by files, march!"

They filed past the men beside the gas house, and were issued gas masks—the first they had had. Then they lined up again and an officer instructed them as to how the masks were put on. Like everything else in the army, it was done by the numbers.

Awkwardly John Rollison put on his mask, took it off, and put it on again as ordered. It was an uncomfortable thing to wear. There was a pair of pinchers that clamped

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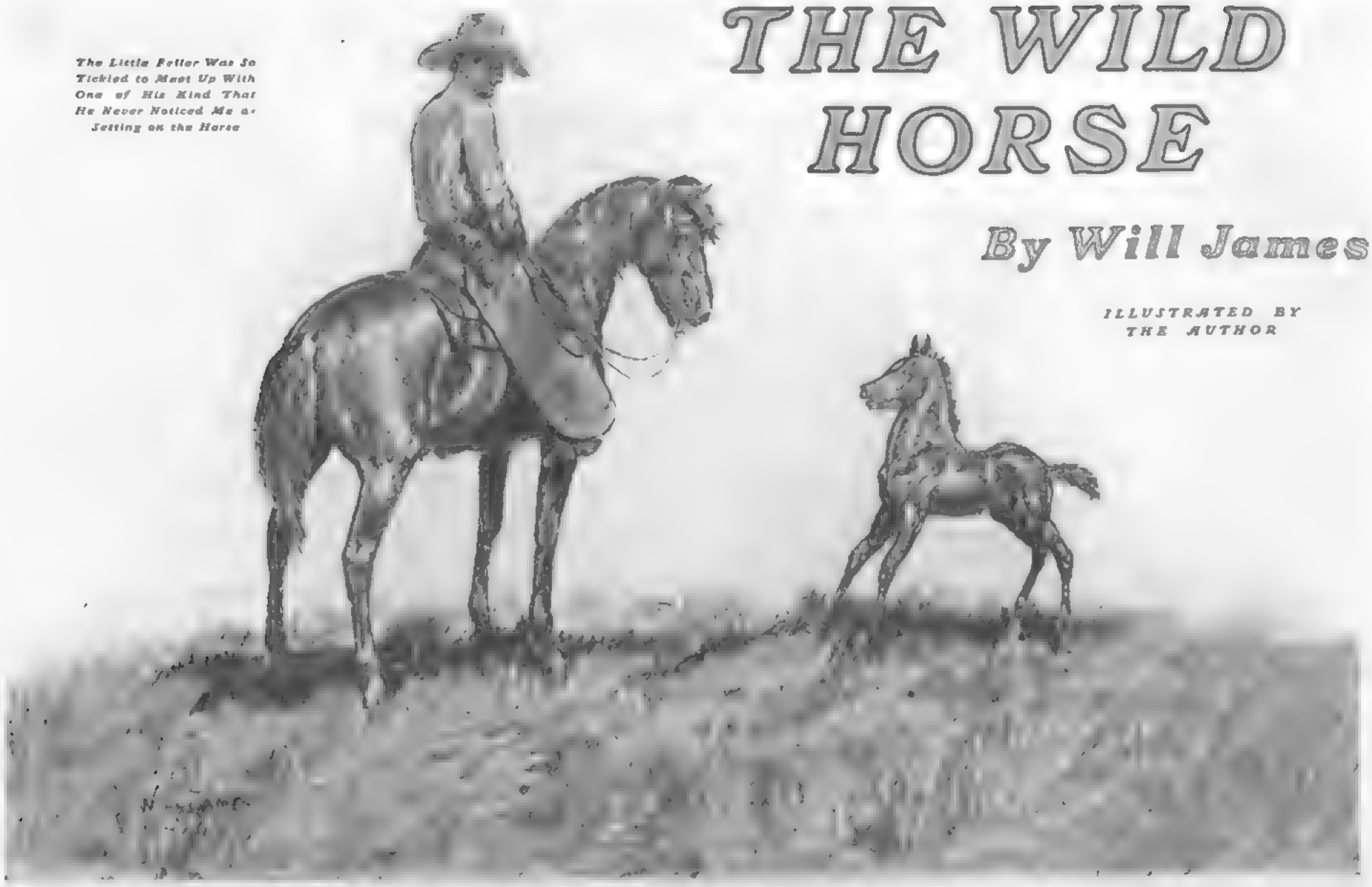
"Gee," said Jim, in His Weak Little Voice, "I Don't Like the Sound of Them Things. Don't They Make You Feel Kinda Nervous?"

THE WILD HORSE

By Will James

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



The Little Feller Was So Tickled to Meet Up With One of His Kind That He Never Noticed Me a-Setting on the Horse

I'D THOUGHT it all out long before I pulled my gun out of the holster, and getting down to hard facts I'd realized it was the best and only right thing to do. I raised my gun slow and easy and, being all was decided on, I tried to keep from thinking on the subject as the gun barrel went up past the target. Pretty soon it would come down again—it'd come down till the sights would be straight in line with the target, and then the trigger would be pressed.

A-shining to the sun was a little white star, the little white star was on a little bay colt's forehead, and that was the target.

A haze of dust was hanging over the big valley, the dust had been stirred by hundreds of hoofs of wild horses, which all was sashayed by many riders. Them riders was wild-horse hunters hired to rid the country of the mustangs, so that cattle or sheep could have the grass the ponies was using. The wild horses wasn't worth anything; cattle and sheep brought good money; so the horses had to go.

As the dust was stirred up in the long runs and left behind to soar above and form a haze, I'd noticed a small object running around through the sage and like it had no perticular place to go. I rode on closer, and there I could make out it was a little mustang colt, just a week or so old. The run had been too long for the little feller and he'd been left behind by his mammy and all.

Lost From the Bunch

THEM little fellers being left behind that way was one of the main things that kept me from getting any thrill or sport out of mustang running, and thinking on the subject, I've often wished I'd never had anything to do with wild-horse hunting no time.

My horse, seeing the little colt, nickered at him, and the poor little devil near fell down in his hurry to turn towards the sound; up he came fast as his long shaky legs could carry him, head up, eyes a-shining, and nickering back for all he was worth. The little feller was too young to worry about me, besides he was so tickled to meet up with one of his kind that he never noticed me a-setting up there on the horse.

I watched him for a while and felt dog-gone sorry. I knowed his mammy was running as fast as she could go right then, and away from him; that she was on her way to a trap where she'd be herd broke with many others and then shipped out of the country. Of course there was a chance that she'd get away, but if she did, she'd be many long miles away before she'd cool down to realize that through the stampede and mixture of dust and many horses she'd lost her colt.

A cow and calf can be separated by many miles, but they always find one another again; it's their natural instinct always to go back where they both seen each other last. But with a mare and colt it's altogether different; they can only find each other for as far as the eye can see, or as far as a nicker can be heard; and when there's forty miles or so separating 'em, as I figgered the case would be with this little colt and his mammy—if she made her get-away—why it'd be plum hopeless that she'd ever find him again. That accounted for, it didn't take no imagination for me to follow on and see what would become of this little feller if I left him to shift for himself. I knowed what would happen. There'd be long days of suffering from the sun, thirst, and starvation, maybe a prowling coyote would drag him down; but any way you take it, the end would be too slow a-coming.

I remembered, and will never forget, when I was in the mustang-running game, how once in a while I'd run acrost some little colt that'd been too young to keep up with the bigger horses and had been left behind that way, specially one little feller. I run acrost him out on a bare white sage flat, and he was the sorriest sight I ever seen a living animal in. I won't go on to describe what he looked like, but it was easy to see what suffering he'd went through.

All the Way From His Thick Jaw, Along His Slick Roan Hide to His Tail Was Scars to Show That He'd Met Other Enemies Besides Man. Pure Black Hair Had Growed on Most of Them Scars

An Act of Mercy

BEING a-way too young to live long without his mammy, he'd had all of a sudden to shift for himself in a country which takes a full-grown horse to make out. He'd been too young to look for water, or even know what water was if he found it; bunch grass and shad scale, which was all strange to his stomach, had to take the place, in nourishment, of his mammy's rich milk. A lot of times he'd et plain sagebrush—anything to fill up an empty space. I sort of pictured his lone moping around in the big country; and it's a wonder, I thought, how one of them little fellers can live so long sometimes, and alone that way. This perticular one, I'd figgered, had been away from his mammy for about three weeks, and somehow—I don't know how—he'd made a go of it all that time.

When I rode up to within a couple of feet from him, that little shadow of a colt never raised his head from where it'd been hanging close to the ground. He never knowed I was there; he never even twitched an ear when I touched him, and it was a wonder to me how he could stand up. When I put

him out of misery—if he wasn't past that—with a careful shot, I know he never felt a thing, and I only wished, as I rode on, that I had run acrost him sooner.

Now, here was another little feller. I had run acrost him sooner, and before any real suffering had come his way. Now was the time to snuff the life out of him, but I was awful slow; my gun seemed like to want to stick in the holster, and it felt awful heavy as I raised it up careful to make a sure shot as it come down.

I was finding that it was one thing to put out of misery an animal that's suffering, and altogether another to draw down on one that's young and before the suffering's took holt. Shooting down a little feller so young and full of life struck me as an awful mean thing to do right then; and even though I knowed what was ahead for him if I left him be, I couldn't quite picture it. He was so slick and shiny and so dog-goned innocent-looking.

Looking for an Orphans' Home

THE long blue barrel of my six-shooter was up in the air; then I begin repeating "right thing, the right thing" as I slowly brought it down; the front sight began to get lower and lower. It seemed an awful long while before the points of two little ears showed between that sight, and then I got a glimpse of the little white star, but it was just a glimpse, and no more. For instead of looking where I was supposed to shoot, I was finding myself staring at the little feller's eyes, which was a-looking straight at me and shining. My gun dropped from there, and when it reached the holster not a shot had been fired.

It was near sundown before I got sight of rambling corrals and then, near the foot of a hill, a ranch house. I was mighty glad at the sight, because the little colt with the little white star on its forehead a-tagging alongside my horse was getting awful tired. He'd followed for ten miles or more, and as tired as he was, he showed no sign of wanting to let us out of his sight.

"I sure hope I can find you a home here, little feller," I says as I got down to open the pasture gate. "Yes, I sure hope so, 'cause if I don't, I'd have to attempt to relieve you of living once more. I know it'd be just another attempt."

An old cowman was just unsaddling as I rode up to the corrals with the colt a-following. He turned as he heard my horse's hoofs, took in all about me, my horse and the colt, an then grinned a "howdy."

"Another little orphant looking for a home, I see," he says. "But get down, stranger," he went on, "and turn your horse loose." It was as I was unsaddling that the old man told me how this was the fifth colt that was brought in by different riders the last month.

"My daughter's been putting in a lot of time trying to help 'em pull through," he says, "but it's no use. These little fellers that's left behind that way are most all too young to live without their mammies' care. Of all of them that girl of mine's had brought in to her, there's only one living, and that one don't look to me like he's going to make it either. There's only one thing to do with them little fellers what gets left behind that way, and that's to shoot 'em soon as they're spotted. But who's cold-blooded enough to do that?"

"Another one?"

It was the girl who'd come up behind us as we was talking; she'd spotted the colt and had come a-running.

The old man turned, looked at me and grinned, "The little feller is off your hands now," he says, "and in as good a care as you could find. Put your saddle away and let's go throw a bait."

"I suppose you're running wild horses," he says, as we start a-partaking of the evening meal.

"No, not me," I says. "I've had my fill of that a long time ago, and if mustang running's got to be done, I'm willing to let the other feller do it. I'll take a cow outfit for mine, even if it is slower."

"I get you," says the old man. "You think too much of a horse to see him crowded into box cars, shipped to a slaughterhouse, and then put on the block to be sold as meat like any common critter. I admire your sentiments. I feel the same way about it, and so does all of us that knows horses. I can't figger out myself the caliber of a human that'd eat horse meat—to me it'd be like eating my best friend—but that's them kinds of folks' business and not ours—what they eat. The main thing with us is that we've got to rid the range of 'em, so that we'll have the grass for our cattle.

"Right here in these hills alone there's around five thousand head of wild horses. You know how much feed that many ponies use—just as much and more than eight thousand head of cattle would use. It sure is a problem on what to do with them. Everybody is against shooting 'em, many is against shipping 'em out to packing houses, and you can't sell or give 'em away. What's more, they're accumulating, and accumulating awful fast."

The old man chewed on a while, then stabbed a potato and pointed it at me. "I'm in the stock business," he went on, shaking his fork. "My life's wrapped up in that business. I'm running cattle now, but it's because they bring me and my family a living. Sometimes, I like running cattle, but I'd ten to one run horses, 'cause I like horses best. It don't make me happy that they've turned out as a luxury to raise, and it makes me a dog-gone sight less happy to see that now they've got to be made away with; but it's come to that, and ——"

Here he looked around to see if his wife or daughter was near. "—— for the good of the horses, the country and all of us in general, whether we be town or range folks, there's only one best way out, and that's for every rider to load up on plenty of ammunition and shoot down the wild horse right where he's born and raised, and burn the carcass."

Consolation in a Quick End

"THAT way," he goes on, "there wouldn't be such a thing as little orphant colts like the one you and other riders took pity on and brought in. There's not a ranch around where these wild horses are being run that hasn't got a few of these little colts which they try and raise, and for no reason only to keep them from suffering. A few of 'em pull through of course, but it's a long hard pull—and what do we pull 'em through for? We're trying to get rid of 'em.

"But these little colts being orphaned that way is nothing as compared with other things I hold against mustang running and shipping. Not mentioning the good saddle horses that's stove up a-running after the wild ones, there's the traps and shipping pens and box cars which breaks many a wild one's neck, leg or heart.

"There's only one consolation I get out of the whole thing. Of course it makes me feel pretty bad to see 'em jammed that way after being so free, but the consolation I get, being they have to go, is that the end of it all is not far away for them. I figger that it's a lot better to have them

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There Was Another Spurt of Speed as the Bunch Was Made to Come Down Over the Steep Point of the Ridge

VALHALLA-BOUND

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY
RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"I Opened a Confab With Him, and After a While He Said, 'Aren't You Afraid of the Smallpox?'"

NO MORE of his type are coming on; and, if it is safe to say that he ever represented a type, then it is fast disappearing. He and his clan—their eyes are turned toward the sunset. They are probably Valhalla-bound, for in the glow of their youth they were a fighting breed. I think they might like Valhalla. Heaven, I fear, would not greatly interest them. Anyway, they are outward-bound, and that, perhaps, is why I want to tell the story of the one I knew best. Most assuredly the story itself is not lacking in drama, but even so, the man himself remains, to me at least, vastly more interesting; for his type—if one may venture to say that such an explosive individualist could possibly represent a type—played a far from inconspicuous rôle in the American scene. Those who knew him, and they numbered thousands, loved him for his faults no less than for his virtues.

"I'm a newspaperman; see?" he would say. And you were to understand that that explained everything. It was his social code, his religion, his politics, his honor, the basis of his pride, and accounted for every detail of the way of his life. However hazy this explanation may have been to the rest of us, who were much younger, to him it was lucid and utterly complete.

"I'm a newspaperman; see?" That was the prologue to all of his stories, and so it served as introduction to the almost incredible recital which is here to be set down. But there is no use trying to tell his story until you know the man; indeed it would be no less unreasonable than to launch into an account of the Children's Crusade for the entertainment of persons unacquainted with medieval history. Would they believe that thousands of children led by a French boy set off with the approval of their parents to conquer the warlike Turk with psalms? They would not.

First, then, let's meet the man. Jack, we usually called him, though he was known to other intimates as Spot. Since no one ever used his last name, there is no reason why it should encumber his story; he was the sort who would inevitably have a nickname. Even those who, like myself, had probably not yet used a razor when he celebrated his thirtieth birthday called him Jack as naturally as though they had been his schoolmates.

Jack began life as a telegraph messenger boy. His rare lapses into autobiography disclosed nothing about his parents or place of birth. He seems to have been born at about the age of ten, possessing, in lieu of the conventional silver spoon, a job which he valued immoderately. Taking advantage of its golden opportunities, he met scores of important personages and nearly all of them remembered him. Why? I don't know. Also he learned telegraphy. Not only that; he became an expert. This accomplishment led him to the receiving end of a press wire and thus into a newspaper office, probably before his twentieth anniversary.

He was now among the Titans, as he understood life, and therefore eager to acquaint himself with the secrets of their magic. Having already acquired skill in the use of tobacco, and finding it natural and graceful to toss waste paper, ashes and everything else not wanted onto the grimy floors essential to the journalism of that day, there remained only the fairly simple thaumaturgy of producing headlines that would fit the column and writing crisp, short sentences that would conform to the elementary rules of grammar.

He was soon graduated and received his credentials as a junior demigod, in the form of assignments from the city editor. That there might be wizardry in journalism higher than that practiced by city editors never occurred to Jack. Even managing editors were more or less mythological; as for persons said to bear or to have borne such names as Dana, Greeley, Bennett, Pulitzer, Hearst, Munsey—well, what of it? Owners, weren't they? Not newspapermen. "I'm a newspaperman; see?" And you were to understand that a newspaperman is a person who goes out and gathers facts and writes news. I doubt that Jack ever read an editorial; even the society and financial pages existed only because it was customary to print both sides of each sheet, and this stuff was probably needed as filler. He was not aware of the advertising department, and printers were merely persons who made proofreading necessary.

With his black derby hat tipped back at an angle that makes it impossible to explain why the thing didn't fall off, Jack would sit late at night in a tilted chair with his feet propped on his desk and, if the spirit moved him, discourse of the Great Ones in newspaperdom. There is no biography of anyone he ever mentioned. They were for the most part reporters who lived during the era when scoops were not only possible, but offered the usual, and almost the only road to distinction. A place of honor was also reserved for keen observers who had impressed themselves upon his memory by forecasting accurately the outcome of contests for the heavyweight championship in pugilism.

Highest rank of all, however, in Jack's gallery of the great was reserved for the men who had got the facts for their news stories by overcoming tremendous difficulties. These might be fire or flood, lack of wires or couriers, obstruction, false statements by the principals or threats of bodily harm. He himself had encountered all of these and stood ready to submit his record to whatever god it was he may have worshiped. If news had beckoned, he would have dared the waves of the Atlantic in a rowboat without a moment's hesitation.

No building where men gathered in secret conclave could bar its doors against him. Always there was someone who knew him, someone who would let him in, or talk, or take him to a third person who would talk. And what tales they told! Jack not only found out whether the strike

would be called off or the candidate would withdraw or the case would be appealed but he was also accepted as a suitable confidant for disclosures about the superstitions, religious doubts or beliefs, family discords, and favorite lucky omens or prejudices of these newly made acquaintances. More than one fiction writer launched his career with stories that Jack told. They were welcome to use whatever they liked from his inexhaustible store. Books and magazines were something to read; the making of them didn't interest him.

"I'm a newspaperman; see?" And he would inspect the battery of five or six lead pencils in his vest pocket to make sure that all were primed and pointed. Having thus transferred quite a bit of the soft carbon to his index finger, he would meditatively toy with his cheek and thus produce a dark smudge on the right side of his nose. He then presented his characteristic office appearance—a study in genteel rather than offensive slovenliness. Only his vests grew old and worn; the coats and trousers were never either new or old. With his coat off, sleeves rolled above the elbows, hands grimy and hat tilted back, he seemed not quite the person available for an assignment at the Ritz, but give him ten seconds and he would work a transformation. Hands washed, the sleeves came down looking as though they had never been up; with his coat on, the battery of pencils and corrugation of wrinkles in that vest were no longer visible. But the real magic of the transformation was accomplished with his hat.

Magicians have always been enamored of hats. Jack would give his a dexterous turn in contact with his coat sleeve and, presto, it was no longer frowsy, but a very genteel hat that presently assumed a correct, even conservative position. And now you noticed, possibly for the first time, that his shoes were always presentable, his shirts and collars always clean. He could go anywhere inconspicuously.

The angle at which his hat rode not only disclosed the nature of the task in hand, but also gave notice of leisure, and served as an infallible guide to his moods. It did even more than that; it recorded a part of his biography, for every veteran telegraph operator recognized him as a graduate of the key and claimed his fellowship; they knew that their craft alone is privy to the secret by which a derby hat can be tilted as far as he tilted his; they alone among mortals may thus suspend the law of gravity.

Jack was of medium height, rather stocky, his eyes gray and kindly. In spite of the fact that he had read widely and wrote well, it pleased him to affect a common manner of speech, though he frequently forgot the affectation and spoke in the direct, crisp style of his news stories

"Married, aren't you?" he asked me one night as we ate together in a little restaurant. I nodded affirmatively and he recalled with embarrassment that this information had been imparted long, long ago. However, his lapse of memory was not without extenuating circumstances; he was then employed on what is known as the lobster shift of an afternoon newspaper, which meant that he went to work at midnight and finished at about seven o'clock in the morning with an early mail edition ready for the presses; consequently his opportunities for social contacts were limited. At 11 P.M. he was eating breakfast. However, he liked the job, because, working almost alone, he could still throw waste paper all over the floor without reproof. Journalism was now housed in ridiculously clean buildings and had suffered other evolutions which were distasteful to Jack; the lobster shift afforded him simultaneously a salary and the privileges of a recluse.

"I used to be married," he said. And that was news to me; indeed, I think it would have been to many of those who knew him. Doubtless my countenance registered lively inquiry; at any rate he added: "I think she got a divorce." Silence for a few seconds while he poured the French dressing on his salad, then: "Yes, she must have got a divorce, because I remember seeing something in the papers about her marriage." Silence while he sliced his tomatoes, then: "Nice girl. Fine girl." The recital would probably have ended there but for the arrival of our friend, Tom Hawley, who was also a newspaperman.

"Came to tell you good-by," he announced.

"Yeah," Jack said, and we could see the question forming in his mind: discharged? That was one of the things that could happen to a newspaperman. And since it had happened to many a good one, it implied no reflection upon any of them, in Jack's opinion.

"Got any money?" he asked. "Are you all right, kid?"

Tom Hawley smiled. "I'm all right, Jack," he said. "I quit."

"Better job, eh?"

"No, I'm going to buy a little newspaper. I inherited some money." Jack's face clouded. Buy a newspaper? Why, if Tom did that he wouldn't be a newspaperman any more. Thus he would lose caste. Owners of newspapers, Jack had heard, sometimes had to associate with people in the advertising department. Surely a real newspaperman like Tom Hawley, who was both a first-rate reporter and desk man, wouldn't deliberately court such a misfortune! And then there was that word, "little."

"A little newspaper?" Jack queried. "In some hick town?" Jack recognized only five urban communities in the United States—New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Philadelphia.

"Yes," Tom Hawley was grinning broadly now. As Jack stabbed a bit of tomato with his fork, Tom winked at me.

"I wouldn't do it, Tom," Jack pleaded earnestly. "I'm a newspaperman; see? I've worked on The Times, World, Tribune, the old Press, Mail, Globe; I've worked in Chicago, Los Angeles, Philly and San Francisco. Stick to the big towns, Tom. That's the only place for a newspaperman. They print the news in a big town. But in the little towns ——" Jack abandoned the sentence with a grunt.

"You've never worked in a little town, have you?" Tom asked, and his tone expressed confidence as to the reply.

"Yes, I have," Jack asserted, and we were astounded. "I'll tell you about it," he continued, still eager to save Tom Hawley. "I was helping out on a big political assignment here in New York when I met a fellow from the South; a fellow named Carter. He was here to brew some politics with the rest of the birds we were trailing. Well, he and I decided we liked each other, so we'd drift around together. He had plenty of money and was looking for places to spend it and I knew just about all the places there were, so we got on pretty good.

"One day he said to me, 'Jack, you'll never amount to anything here. Why don't you come on down South with me? I've got a newspaper down there. I'll give it to you. Become part of the community and we'll elect you to Congress and you'll amount to something!' Well, I'm a newspaperman; see? Any other day this would have sounded like the bunk, but it happened that I'd been stewed the night before, so I was carrying a handicap of remorse

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"Carter Said That Marrying Her Was Just Like Leasing a Seat in Congress, Because People Around There Liked Me and Everything Would be Jake. He Was a Great Talker, Carter Was"

KNIFE AND FORK

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I'll Always be Grateful to You, Dear, and I'll Always Love You. You Don't Know What it Means to Me to Get Away From Where I Am"

ANY woman who sits and looks fixedly at herself in the mirror for minutes at a time is thinking of herself and a man simultaneously. Possibly of more than one man; possibly her husband, if she has one, or some other woman's husband, whether she has one or not; but most certainly that prolonged critical self-examination has to do with the gazer's attraction for the other sex.

Millie Tolliver was thinking of herself in connection with no less than four men—count them, four—Gerber Rudd, of the Rudd Bookshop; Tom Vandiver, insurance; Jameson Lowe, real estate; and Dr. Charlie Mardell, all her fellow citizens and contemporaries, all unmarried, and all known to her since earliest childhood. And Millie, being now over thirty, was wondering why she wasn't married, and whether she would like to marry any one of the four, and if she decided that she would, which one should she choose to work on.

She had been that day to call on one of her women friends, Grace Wilson, who was married and the mother of three children, and Grace had so preened and paraded her matronhood, and so etched on Millie's spinster state with insidious caustic, that Millie had been driven to some very plain thinking.

"Grace Wilson is too utterly disgusting," was the way this thinking began. "She seems to feel just because she's married to that poor stupid Bob Wilson, who never did have good sense, and just because she's got those three bad-mannered, homely children, that she's Queen of Bavaria or something. Any woman could get married if she wasn't more particular than Grace. And she's let herself go until she's a sight, dowdy and fat."

At the word "fat" Millie turned herself slightly before the truthful glass. She was exceedingly plump herself, but no one could call her dowdy. She dressed well, for she had taste and money, the former inherited from her mother, the latter from her father. Her skin was charming; its flushed girlishness was perhaps her best point. Her hair was good, too, a golden brown, wavy and unfaded as yet, though now and then she did pull out a gray strand. She hadn't bobbed it. She looked at herself very hard, and tried to see no difference in her figure from the days of her slim teens.

"I want to get married, and I'm going to," she thought. "I'm tired of living alone in this great big house. I'm tired of going to parties by myself and having to depend on someone to see me home. I want a man of my own, and I'm going to get one. And I'm not going to lose any time, believe me!"

Now—to choose. Gerber Rudd was good-looking and considered intellectual; Tom Vandiver had the most money; Jameson Lowe was a widower and the best connected—one of his ancestors had been a Signer; Dr. Charlie Mardell wasn't anything in particular, but then he wasn't hopeless. Anyway they were the only four unmarried men in Sunchester, and Millie never dreamed of adventuring off to other towns to find a husband. No, she wanted someone she knew, a man whose faults wouldn't be an unpleasant surprise and whose virtues she could bank on from old acquaintance.

She heard Rosemundine, her colored maid, coming upstairs and she raised her voice to ask, "Did those squabs come?"

"'At's what I wants to ask you, Miss Millie. Gus, he telephome he ain' got no mo' squabs, en he sont up br'ilers in place."

"Now isn't that too stupid! I'd got my mouth all set for squabs tonight." The whole world seemed in conspiracy to annoy Millie Tolliver.

"Now, Miss Millie, honey, Etta say she gwine fix dem br'ilers wid a li'l' chop-up chives en some bacon stripe, en serve 'em up wid spoon bread en apple jelly, en she'll mek some holledays sauce fer de fresh sparrowgrass, en you won' never miss dem squabs." Rosemundine's voice cajoled and petted. "Supper be raidy pretty soon; you better get yourself fix," she added.

"Bring me out my pink tea gown then," said Millie. "Nobody's coming, so I might as well be comfortable."

Rosemundine helped her out of her smart gray-dotted foulard and carefully dropped the chiffon and lace pinkiness of the tea gown about her. "Cert'n'y is your color, Miss Millie," she said with admiration. "Cert'n'y meks you look lak a rose."

Millie again interviewed the mirror. Yes, it was becoming, that delicate pink. It would make most women her age—and Grace Wilson especially—look yellow. A rose—maybe—a full-blown rose, ripe for plucking. Wasn't there a quotation from some old book about being left to wither on the parent stem? She loved quotations; they made her feel clever.

She'd look it up after dinner. But she wasn't going to be left to wither, not with four eligible men in town. If it was true, as people said, that a woman who was determined to marry could get any man she wanted, she was going to show Sunchester something very soon, and that something would be the third finger of her left hand with a plain gold—or preferably platinum—band on it.

She sat alone in the dining room, at the head of the shining table. Silver candelabra held pink candles, and there were pink sweet peas in a bowl of old Minton. The cloth was satin-striped damask; the service, queen's ware of a creamy white. The table silver was silky-smooth to the touch, a fine old family treasure.

"This table's too big for one," thought Millie. "And this room's too big. I rattle round in this house like a lonesome pea in a pod. Now if there was a man sitting across from me, a good-sized, nice-looking, chatty sort of man ——"

Rosemundine set a cup of soup before her—clam broth topped with an island of whipped cream colored with paprika, hot, delicious—and offered thinnest circles of toast, and ripe olives.

Then came the broilers, and Etta had kept her word. Basted with cream and flavored with chives, ringed with bacon curls, they made Millie forget the lost squabs. The spoon bread was a golden quiver, the apple jelly an amber

one. The asparagus was good to the end of the stalk. Dessert was a frozen custard, with a heart of marron, and there were crispy *langues de chat* to go with it.

As Millie rose to go into the drawing-room she was suffused with that sense of innate superiority and power that comes only to those who have eaten well. She settled herself among the cushions of the big sofa and sipped the cup of black coffee Rosemundine brought and let her thoughts again run on the subject of getting a husband, the best sort of husband, but acquired with the least effort and in the least time. After that supper Millie did not feel like making any great effort even to get a husband. Yet her determination did not waver.

Her thoughts went on dreamily, happily. How nice it would be to have a man to take coffee here with her in this comfortable handsome old room, after supper—after supper—after supper—why, of course! The way to get a husband was to invite a man to a party and let him see how perfect existence might be with a charming woman—not too young, but not too old, either—who has a cook like Etta. Etta would never leave her, Millie knew, for the very good reason that Millie never pried and peered into the bundle that Etta carried away every evening. Every really conscientious housekeeper in Sunchester waged eternal war against this custom of feeding the cook's friends and relations from the mistress' larder, but Millie did not. And in no other house in Sunchester were there so many and so diverse and so interesting supplies. Etta was proud to work in a kitchen where mushrooms, artichokes, sweetbreads, hothouse lamb, alligator pears, forced fruits and vegetables were not rare company dishes, but daily staples.

No, Millie was sure Etta would never leave her. The thing to do then was obviously to do some intensive entertaining. During her father's long, long invalidism, which had preceded his death three years before, Millie had not been able to give parties. Then had come her period of dutiful mourning, one year of crape, one year of black without crape, and then a gradual shading into mauve and gray and white. This pink tea gown was the first really colored garment she'd bought.

To be sure, she'd had her card club several times, just ladies, in the afternoon, and she'd given a luncheon or two; but those were all feminine too. Nobody ever caught a man by flocking around with a bunch of women, though; that was plain. She'd wait no longer. She'd give a big dinner party next week and ask all four of the men, and some extra women and a couple or two to keep people from talking. The evening meal was always supper in Sunchester if you had it alone, but dinner if you had company. Ten or twelve guests, and she'd get Rosemundine's sister to help wait on table, and Etta would do the rest. And she'd have a chance to display herself and her treasures to the four men in a fashion not too crude and obvious, and also she'd look them over and see which one she liked the best.

"I'm going to do my own choosing," she thought serenely. "I don't see why I shouldn't take my pick."

When one has not entertained for a long time the preparations for a party are arduous. Silver not customarily used must be cleaned, plates must be counted, linen inspected, a scheme of decoration and a menu planned that will leave no chance for such indulgent felinisms as "Of course, Millie hasn't had a party for so long she's completely out of style, but at least she did her best." Millie Tolliver meant that her dinner should excel—without any seeming effort—the dinners of the ablest hostesses in Sunchester; and Sunchester was given to hospitality and prided itself on keeping step with fashion.

There was the guest list too. Millie pondered long over that, and also the form of invitation. At last she decided that the telephone would do, so that if by any cruel slither of fate the affair wasn't—wasn't quite—she'd have the good old word "informal" as an excuse for any shortcomings. She asked Grace Wilson and her husband. "I'll just show Gracie that I may be an old maid, but I'm not an old fogy," was the undercurrent accompanying that invitation. Then she asked Lena Pattee, the pretty almost young high-school teacher, and she asked two widows, Ethel Devyne and Margaret Burton, both attractive women, but poor. Ethel lived with her late husband's parents and for her board and clothes enjoyed the privilege of being an unpaid and overworked housekeeper to the two cranky old people. Margaret had a small house of her own and a smitch of an income which she eked out by doing intermittent copying down at the courthouse in the clerk's office, and for the school board. Both of these women were schoolgirl chums of Millie's and she was fond of them. Moreover, they had the added merit of being unable to outshine her in looks, clothes or background. The four men, Gerber Rudd, Tom Vandiver, Jameson Lowe and Charlie Mardell, were added. All accepted promptly.

Under the circumstances Millie felt that she was justified in treating herself to a new frock, and mindful of the effect of her tea gown, she bought a rose-pink crêpe and made a fearful fuss about its lines. There was no use in evading it—she was stout and the light colors accented the curves, whereas her black frocks had softened and shadowed them. But by dint of loose draperies in the back and a soft crossover fold in front, the pink crêpe was a success.

After various consultations with Etta a menu was at last evolved. Melons dashed with lime juice, coolly green, served as a prelude for cream-of-mushroom soup, with finger sandwiches of brown bread filled with caviar; a very light lobster soufflé next appeared, and with it homemade hot rolls, and slices of cucumber touched with oil and tarragon vinegar and a happy suspicion of onion; breast of guinea hen on crisp slices of real Irish bacon, the tiniest rice croquettes with a dab of currant jelly in their hearts came next. In the French manner, a green vegetable followed, served as a separate course; and with considerable daring for Sunchester, Millie chose string beans, because Etta cooked string beans like a *cordon bleu*. For dessert she selected a plain orange ice with a dash of curaçao, and with it pecan macaroons.

Millie sat at the head of her table and was quite satisfied with the effect of the food upon her guests. Even Grace Wilson had to assume a sort of grudging humility, and the three other women were generous in their praise. But Millie did not take much account of them, save to observe that her fresh rosy pinkness made Margaret's old black lace and Ethel's utilitarian blue taffeta and Lena Pattee's green chiffon all look very dingy and dull. Mostly she kept her attention for the four unmarried men, and it seemed to her that Jameson Lowe stood out among them.

His dinner clothes were the best cut and he had more of an air. He wasn't so good-looking as Gerber Rudd; but he wasn't homely either. She wished that he was taller and that he didn't have such an obtrusive bald spot; but then he was so good-mannered, so much a man of the world. What did a couple of inches in height matter, or a little extra hair on the back of the head?

"Because," Millie thought, "considered for a husband, those are no faults at all. I'm getting married; I'm not buying a work of art."

So she was particularly nice to Jameson all through dinner, and after it she called him to her side in the drawing-room and asked him to pass the coffee for her as she

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"I'm Afraid I'm a Boob at Such Things," He Said. "But if I Break Anything, You Can Take It Out of My Wages"

THE GIRL FROM RECTOR'S

It Was the Spot Where Broadway and Fifth Avenue Met

By George Rector

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

THERE may be some readers of these articles who, like a bee on a paper flower, may stop to wonder what it is all about. Why all this fuss and feathers over one extinct restaurant that has evaporated into the limbo of the forgotten, when there were thousands of restaurants and will be thousands more?

We pick out Rector's to speak of for the same reason that Hamlet picked out poor Yorick's skull for a melancholy tête-à-tête. If you remember the play, you will also remember that the Prince of Denmark did not pick up Yorick's entire skeleton to wrestle with. He merely picked up the skull of Yorick, because that was Yorick. And we pick up Rector's restaurant because that was the fountainhead of New York life of the period. The rest didn't matter.

There may be some adherents of Sherry's and Delmonico's who will protest against my claim to gastronomic supremacy of the past. Should they care to throw down the gauntlet of memory, I shall be glad to break a toothpick with them in knightly joust. Rector's did a bigger business than either one of these two famous establishments. But I must admit that Sherry's and Delmonico's occupied unique niches in the Hall of Food. Both these restaurants drew upon the same clientele, the Four Hundred. Rector's not only attracted the Four Hundred but also most of O. Henry's beloved Four Million. It was the spot where Broadway and Fifth Avenue met.

Eight Bells on Broadway

INCIDENTALLY, I was instrumental in helping O. Henry to write a story which he never wrote. At least, I have read every one of his stories many times and have never been able to discover the one to which I refer. He was an infrequent visitor to our place, as he preferred to dine in quiet, odd places. Our place was odd, but not quiet. When he came in, he always picked out a table in the corner and made himself as inconspicuous as possible. I knew of him, but had never spoken to him, because I always respected a patron's desires, either communicated by words or telegraphed by actions.

There is much psychology connected with the running of successful restaurants, especially one catering to a class consisting of brokers, bankers, merchants, turfmen, actors and opera singers. We studied the faces of our patrons at the door, and a glance told us whether they were in good, bad or indifferent humor. A good customer in a bad humor was handled extremely carefully. A man might come into our place with a grouch and imagine that he got it there. The head waiter himself would personally take charge of the disgruntled one and see that he had specially prepared dishes and express service. And I will say that it required an extra-fine dish to make a man forget that he had just finished a disastrous day in Wall Street or a singer that she was an octave below Metropolitan Opera caliber.

The evening I spoke to O. Henry was the one on which he spoke to me first. He sent the waiter to me with a request that I come over to his table. I was delighted, because the man's fame had already taken hold of the nation and his genius was recognized even by those writers who thought they were his rivals. He had no rivals. He introduced himself, which I assured him was unnecessary.

He asked rather abruptly, "Have you a marine clock on your yacht?" I assured him that we had, and he then inquired, "Can you explain to me the striking of the bells?"

I told him that the even bells were on the hour and the odd on the half hour. In other words, two bells meant one o'clock, while three bells were 1:30. He didn't quite grasp this, or he must have had his mind made up to something definite, because he said, "Are eight bells eight o'clock?"

I told him yes, but that eight bells were not only eight but also four and twelve. He said, "That's what I wanted to know. Thank you."

He then inquired whether ship's time ran from one o'clock to twenty-four around the clock or from one to twelve. I told him that marine time was from one to twelve. He then asked, "Would a man in a dark room, hearing a marine clock chime eight bells, know whether it was morning, noon or night?"

I did not grasp the idea of his questioning, but was delighted to assist him in any manner. I informed him that a man in a dark room who heard a ship's clock strike eight bells would not know whether it was night or day by the sound of the bells alone. He said, "Here is the idea. . . . Sit down."

I had been standing up until that time, as it was not the policy of Rector's to sit with patrons. Sometimes I did so upon request, but very rarely. It was the training of restaurants of our type to feel that you were a public servant and to act the rôle throughout. Not one of our patrons ever had to remind one of our waiters that he was a waiter or myself that I was there to look after his comfort.

The Story O. Henry Never Wrote

BUT this was an extraordinary occasion and I drew up a chair gladly, even proudly. O. Henry continued: "I require some technical information. A man is found murdered in a cheap tenement house far in the heart of New York. No one in the house knows anything about him except the landlady, who remembers one solitary visitor of a Latin-American type who came around about two or three times a year. Each visit was the signal for violent quarreling, and the slamming of a door when the South American departed. After one of these visits and an unusually violent argument, the man is found dead in his room the next morning. The visitor is picked up on the landlady's testimony to the police that she heard the sounds of a blow, the falling of a body and the slamming of a door just as the clock struck eight.

"The South American claims that at eight o'clock he was in a barroom on the water front and brings witnesses to prove it. Of course, you understand that I am jumping rapidly and we are now at the trial of the accused man. He is about to be convicted on the landlady's testimony, when his lawyer—he has a lawyer, of course, because it

develops that he is the agent for a rich banana republic on the Isthmus—his lawyer brings in last-minute evidence that the landlady's testimony is worthless because the striking of the clock meant nothing! It struck eight all right, but the striking was eight bells, which not only could have been eight P.M but also eight A.M. And in addition it could have meant four in the morning, four in the afternoon, or noon or midnight. It was a ship's clock."

O. Henry scratched his head a trifle, and then said: "There's one thing I forgot. Even with the striking of eight bells the landlady would have been able to tell whether it was day or night, because, though the windows in tenements are dirty, they are never that dirty. I will have to make the landlady blind, and I hate to do that, because landladies are my best friends—when I have the rent. . . . Thank you very much, Mr. Rector."

When Ignorance Is Golden

I ASSURED him that it was a pleasure to have been of any service, and arose. As I said before, I have never run across that story in the collected works of O. Henry. If any of my readers know about it, I would be glad to hear from them. I do not think that he ever wrote it. He may have discarded the idea as being too involved or because he was too soft-hearted to deprive even an imaginary landlady of her sight. He may have started the tale and never finished it.

Like all brilliant minds, he worked on impulse as spasmodic as the last kick of a dying frog. The magazines which bought his work were compelled to keep after him continually to obtain the fruit of their advance payments. He was a dreamer and not one-hundredth part of his stories were ever placed on paper. This seems to have been one of them. It is to my sorrow that I must say I was never his intimate except on this occasion, which was undoubtedly due to the fact that O. Henry had either heard or read about my father's yacht, the Atlantic, which we had purchased from Wilson Marshall, who afterward built the three-masted schooner yacht of the same name and won the transatlantic race for the Kaiser's Cup. It was a magnificent gold emblem of the jeweler's craft.

Mr. Marshall was a member of the New York Yacht Club and no trophy was ever treasured as this one. It sparkled and glistened in the sunlight like a tarpon breaking water under the aurora borealis. It was the most magnificent cup I have ever seen, and the presentation of such a solid-gold gift must have eaten heavily into the imperial strong box. However, all patriotic Americans will remember the glorious day when this cup was considered contraband of red-white-and-blue emotions and was condemned by its owner to ignoble auction. A test was made to determine its ultimate sales price and it was found to be the cheapest of pewter!

The gold, like all other beauty, was but skin deep. All the rest was junk. There is no doubt that if the New York Yacht Club had discovered this ten years sooner, the World War would have occurred ten years earlier in history. The Atlantic footed it so fast in the race that won the Kaiser's Cup that rival foreign yachtsmen suspected her of using her engine room. She was an auxiliary schooner; but before the race her engine room was sealed and her propeller unshipped. She had coal bunkers, but no coal, and the cup she won would have made a fine auxiliary coal scuttle.

One of Mr. Marshall's closest friends was Augustus W. Mott, of the Mott Iron Works, a millionaire many times over, though he never owned a yacht. He died one of the richest bachelors in the United States, thus attaining two remarkable records of that period. One was to die rich, the other was to die a bachelor. He often sailed with Mr. Marshall on the first Atlantic before my father bought it. It was not equipped with an auxiliary engine, and once, when becalmed among the lobster pots off Rhode Island, Mr. Mott suggested that he be allowed the loan of a rowboat and a couple of sailors.

Not knowing just what his guest had in mind, Mr. Marshall humored his request and was astonished to see the newly created admiral of a rowboat direct his four-oared armada up to a lobster pot buoy and then start to pull up the pot. His crew endeavored to dissuade him, as trifling with a lobster trap off the waters of Rhode Island is equivalent to suggesting to a movie fan that the famous dog Rin-Tin-Tin would make good Frankfurters. It is lese majesty of the finest kind and punishable by a preparatory course in jail and a fat penalty in dollars.

Nevertheless, Mr. Mott pulled up the pot, picked a half dozen buds from the beautiful bouquet of clawing green and deposited them in the rowboat. Then he placed twenty dollars, a good cigar and his calling card in the lobster pot, lowered the pot and was rowed in triumph back to the Atlantic. After the finish of the cruise, Mr. Mott returned to his beautiful home on Fifth Avenue, refreshed in mind and body. There was a letter awaiting him, date-marked Rhode Island. It was from the bereaved owner of the six lobsters and read.

Dear Mr. Mott: Thanks. Call again.

The twenty dollars probably consoled the fisherman for the absence of the lobsters and the presence of the cigar. Mr. Marshall raced his boats all over the world, but never had the good fortune to compete with Sir Thomas Lipton. But they were very good friends, either ashore or afloat. Sir Thomas visited Rector's very often and was fond of Virginia ham, a delicacy not obtainable on the other side We cooked it for him in champagne sauce. He celebrated all his international victories at Rector's and he did not drink tea. I might add that he had good judgment enough to celebrate all his victories in advance.

Where Good Yachtsmen Got Together

HE WAS usually accompanied by Sir John Dewar, who always made the speeches for the taciturn Lipton. Sir Thomas was rather bashful about after-dinner speeches, while Sir John loved them. He was a good talker, too, and very humorous. I remember one of his lines which has been appropriated by many of our own speakers. In finishing a talk, he said: "And now, like Lady Godiva, after a short but interesting journey, I approach my close " The play on the word "clothes" was, of course, the key to the joke. Sir John didn't drink tea either.

There was a yachting table in our place where famous and luxurious navigators used to gather. Among these men were Howard Gould, owner of the famous Niagara:

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There Was No Way of Excluding Them Provided They Behaved Themselves. And They Always Acted Very Well in Rector's

HUSBAND IN THE DARK

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

RAY WHITAKER, through the open window of his blue sedan, saw that the dance in Red Men's Hall was still in progress, although it was practically midnight then. He stopped his engine and snapped off the car's headlights. The dark was never denser. Even after he had accustomed his eyes to it, he had all he could do to make out the tombstones in the graveyard just across the wall; and in walking up to one of the side windows of the hall, he stumbled over an old well cover. The hall was used three nights a week as a movie house, and all the windows were painted green; so nothing but the faint pulse of music from within betrayed the fact that anything unusual was going on.

Still, through a holiday in this paint job, he did, just by screwing up one eye, catch a floating glimpse of that dream of a tall girl with flaxen or really golden hair whom he had seen an hour before sunset standing chatting in front of the post office. On the way to the hotel, another traveling man had nudged him and whispered that he had just overheard that corn-silk blonde asking a friend of hers who the good-looking youth was in the brown fedora, and that was Ray Whitaker.

"But Truly, There is an Ugly Dog Somewhere on the Premises," She Protested, Her Flawless Voice Enchantingly Airomic

Something dropped out like that was just enough to fill his head full of any girl to all perdition, meaning the balance of the evening, which unluckily he had been forced to spend talking perfume and toilet accessories with a crab of a customer who hadn't been willing to give him time through the day. He kept saying to himself, when the customer's head ducked under the counter to look for hollow spots, that he could imagine being sold on that girl solid, and without half trying. She would be likely to play well within her game for one thing. Then again she had carriage, he informed himself.

He went knocking together the mental scaffolding for a new romantic masterpiece. He was a runner for a big concern in which his father was a heavy stockholder, and expected, this trip back, to be transferred to the Western branch as manager.

Looking back of him now in the dark, he saw a group of blazing cigarette ends weaving about in the vicinity of his car. He went toward them.

Certain young men of the party were shellacking the inner man from the contents of a varnish can deposited at one end of the running board. They were drinking out of waxed cups and then scaling them over the stone wall into the graveyard.

"How about slipping a jolt or two into the women's punch bowl unbeknownst—just a longshoreman's slug?"

"Appoint you a committee of one to do it."

This was Joe Trevet speaking, and he felt his elbow seized. He jumped a mile.

"Private dance, Joe?" Mr. Whitaker whispered.

"Private, yes. Here's your cup. At a pinch I might rush you in, Ray. It's about over though."

Ray found himself rushed in, or half in. Joe, emerging from what he called the inner precincts, chuckled.

"It's all right. Mabel was afraid there might be a cry of favoritism raised if one was let in and not others—this is just the card club's dance, see?—but I described you, and that Esther Gideon was all for you."

"She's the blonde?"

"The blonde incarnate."

Ray slipped past him. Some of the girls in there he knew, he discovered. One was a waitress at the Crosby House. He sat beside her, muttering, "Who's the fair lady in the flaxen wig?"

"Esther Gideon. She's a revelation, isn't she?"

The music began again, and the waitress from the Crosby House was in his arms. He promised himself the next dance with Esther Gideon; but the next dance was a broom dance, and he, one of three odd males, drew a broom to dance with.

With each stop of the music, a shift of partners was enforced on all; the broom dancers dropped the brooms with which they had extravagantly gyrated; but they were, or should be, strategically situated to pounce on a flesh-and-blood partner.

Ray Whitaker was stealing up on the right of Esther Gideon when called upon to drop his broom. Quite as close to her, on her left, was a big, sullen, shambling devil, red-headed and heavy-footed, with another broom. The brooms clashed handles in falling; and the girl, forsaken by her own partner, felt the blaze of the broom dancers' ambitions springing up like a circle of wildfire from her enchanted heels. Ray had her by one arm and the red devil by the other.

"Are you going to tear me limb from limb?" she shrieked.

Ray felt her draw slightly back from the other and press toward his side. He half encircled her. He was close enough now to be more than ever affected by her stormy breathing, her vivid lips parted, a little uncertain, and that flaxen swirl of hair. The snow-molded shoulders floated just under his chin.

Then the hall went black out, came back, went out, appeared once more like the mere ghost of itself, with all its figures in stricken attitudes; and then went out for good.

"It's just like foundering, isn't it?" Ray heard the waitress from the Crosby House say.

"Sparrow on the wires!" Jim Shawkey called. "As you are, folks! As you are! Lights on directly!"

There were the usual titterings and flickerings from the irrepressibles. Jim Shawkey, it was announced, had gone to call up the light company and find out what was what. Almost at once he was back to report that some special part had given out, or burnt out—gone back on them at all events. There would be no more lights that night.

This brought the entertainment to an end. There were no candles in town; they had been used up at the last breakdown; and the janitor of Red Men's Hall, warned by his insurance agent, refused to allow the placing of kerosene lamps about on tables. A torch dance was suggested; but the older women vetoed that on the ground that it had been tried out once before, and unsuccessfully, in as much as "works" had followed.

Before the movement for home could get well started, Jim Shawkey announced that all the girls who would like to play husband in the dark for a partner on the homeward journey should gather at the punch bowl.

"Now you people that think you brought the best looking women don't want to be spoil-sports," he roared.

"They aren't actually doing it, are they?" the waitress from the Crosby House said to her neighbor.

"I don't see the harm where everybody knows everybody," said the invisible neighbor. It was Miss Gideon. "It's not as if it was a public dance," she added, very low.

"Still, I can think of complications," the waitress said guardedly.

Miss Gideon did not have time to reply. That red-headed Mr. Bassett, who had brought her, had worked her off into a corner, where he was arguing down her evident desire to take part in husband in the dark. Whitaker himself, his ear very acute at this state, heard her voice, he was sure, contesting with that fellow in a hot whisper. Then everything was lost in the turmoil of setting up the game of husband in the dark. It was more usually a method of choosing a partner for a dance, but the machinery of it would serve just as well to provide a companion for the homeward journey.

Jim Shawkey had brought in the end of the bell rope from the entry and skillfully and playfully girdled such of the young women as had gathered at the punch bowl.

"Any more going to put their neck in a noose?" he shouted.

There was excited laughter; one or two more vague shapes came scurrying.

"Last call!"

Mr. Whitaker felt Esther Gideon brush past him. A beam of light from somebody's pocket torch glided over her dress; but even without that, he couldn't have mistaken that delicate waft of an expensive perfume which his firm carried, but had been unable to sell here on account of its costliness. Esther had come from away; she had been teaching in a high school somewhere, and must have bought this perfume in the city.

Jim Shawkey got the girls out into the coat room, where they counted noses. Then the men drew numbers out of a hat for order of precedence, and Ray Whitaker came first. The girls, meanwhile, had got their things on by torchlight.

When the darkness was total again, Jim Shawkey opened the door and Ray Whitaker walked into the fluttered midst. He felt himself more than a little fluttered. It was narrow quarters at the best of it, and filled with nothing but a breathing menace to any man's composure. The girls had been sternly admonished not to speak out loud, not so much as to cough or giggle, since where they were all so well acquainted it wouldn't take much to let the cat out of the bag. They couldn't, however, make themselves small. Ray touched a shoulder and Shadd's fat daughter started for him, laughing right out loud.

In the dark he stooped under her arm, muttering that he had merely stumbled over a nail head in the flooring and hadn't actually made his choice. Certainly, he reflected, the old-fashioned devil was walking tonight, and with a vengeance. Husband in the dark, if only the game were to be played with the right sagacity, had enough and to spare to recommend it.

And now, by what he took to be an infallible receipt, he had found his woman. This was by nothing more tangible than an exhalation, a waft of that exclusive scent of hers coming to his nostrils. But he was a dog for scent.

"Will you favor me?" he whispered. She yielded her arm and he got outdoors with her. They heard Jim Shawkey yelling "Next!" and couldn't keep from laughing outright.

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Where do we go from here?"

"At least we can draw a full breath again," the girl said. "The heat in there was just oppressive."

He could tell nothing by the voice. He had heard practically only that one shriek from her lips, when she had asked them if they meant to tear her limb from limb. But this voice at least was perfectly in character. Like her hair, it had the gold tinge. In unlocking his car, he kicked the empty varnish can off the running board by accident, and for just a second he stared through the dark as if that tinny crash had raised up some doubt or other in his mind.

The dark was pitchy, and seemed to cling to the earth and ooze out of it. He put her into the car and went round to get in himself from the other side. He couldn't slide his body under the wheel quickly enough, in his eagerness to snap on the light on the dashboard. But at the click of his forefinger there, she put her deterrent hand over his.

"You evidently weren't instructed in this game."

"How's that?"

"Husband in the dark means what it says."

"Does it? Say, it seems natural enough. I did half expect them to throw rice and old shoes after us."

He yielded to her whim and started up the engine. His headlights were dim and did little to disturb the darkness back of them. Besides, she had turned her fur collar up on his side.

"You're the pilot, remember," he laughed.

"Am I? Straight ahead, then, and take the river road," she murmured.

But they had not gone a hundred yards when he remembered that he was a little low on gasoline. He stopped the car by a yellow sentinel, thinking he might get somebody roused up out of the dark house there with a lantern and so kill two birds with one stone. She foiled him by saying that the handle probably wasn't locked. There was no need of getting anybody out of bed; that would be cruelty to animals, she whispered. She slipped out at her side of the car and called to him that the handle was unlocked, just as she suspected. She turned it for him while he held the nozzle to the tank.

"That's fifteen gallons." They got back into the car and he said, with a movement to his pocket, "Maybe I'd better pay you now, and you can hand it on."

"Don't, when you're all settled back. Wait till we get out again."

Neither of them spoke again until they had got well past the stone soldier and out into the country. Then she asked a little shyly, "Aren't you awfully silent all at once?"

"I was thinking, since I don't know you at all, what kind of a lead would be—safest."

"Safest?"

"Yes. How do I know what I may bring down on my unsuspecting head, talking to somebody who's just a voice? What do I know of your likes and dislikes? You take that new barber underneath the Crosby House. He got a girl in his chair yesterday he didn't know, and just to make conversation, mind you, and not for any other earthly reason, he said, 'This new piano player they've got playing for the movies at the opera house is pretty rotten, don't you think?' And she said, 'Perhaps we'd better not say anything more on that subject, for it so happens I'm the piano player's wife.' Well, he simply had to go on cutting curls. And, good Lord, you may be that very woman now!"

(Continued on Page 133)

"Are You Going to Tear Me Limb From Limb?" She Shrieked

THEN TO LET GERMANY OFF

By GARET GARRETT

IN BERLIN, at 33 Luisenstrasse, sits an American citizen with a scepter in his hand. His title is agent-general for reparation payments As chancellor of the Dawes Plan, he is on one hand the protector of German credit and on the other hand sheriff representing Allied creditors on the premises—a kind of international receiver and financial magistrate extraordinary.

Germany, as you understand, no longer meets her creditors. She has nothing to do with them. All she does is to write reparation checks payable to this American citizen personally. He puts them in a German bank. There Germany's worry ends and the worry of the rest of the world begins. The problem is how to get out of Germany and into the hands of her creditors what those reparation checks represent. This is the famous transfer problem of endless controversy.

It is simple enough for the German Government to write a check payable to the American citizen; it is simple enough for him to deposit that check in a German bank and say, "So much to the Allies' credit."

So far as Germany is concerned, reparations are at that point paid. But from the Allied creditors' point of view the difficulty is that they have been paid in Germany This is the unique principle of the Dawes Plan. All payments on account of reparations shall be made in Germany. How the stuff shall be got out of Germany is for the American citizen to say. He must see that it is got out as fast as possible; but he is charged also with the responsibility to see that Germany's credit shall not suffer in the process.

Suppose that against his checking account in the Reichsbank he writes out checks payable to France, Great Britain, Belgium, Italy, *et al.*, to each according to its share, and drops them in the post box. What happens? Suppose the specific case that the British Government sends its check around to the Bank of England, saying, "Please get the cash on this."

Cashing Germany's Check

NOW if it happened at the same time that British merchants owed German merchants for imported goods a sum of money equal to the face of the check, the transaction would be quite simple. The Bank of England would sell the check to those British merchants for cash and the British merchants would send it to Germany in lieu of money. The German merchants would take it to the American citizen at 33 Luisenstrasse, Berlin, and get their money. That is to say, they would be paid in German money out of the reparation funds standing to his credit in the Reichsbank.

But now suppose it happens that no British merchants are owing German merchants for imported goods. Then what does the Bank of England do with that check which the British Government has asked it to get the cash on? It can do only one thing. It sends the check to the Reichsbank in Berlin, saying, "Please remit in gold."

The German Reichsbank may then appeal to the American citizen at 33 Luisenstrasse in this manner, saying: "The check you sent to the British Government has come back to us to be paid in gold. There is more than enough standing to your credit in the reparations account to pay this check; but, as you know, this credit is not gold. We cannot afford to send German gold away. To do so would cause our new gold currency to fall."

The American citizen, in the performance of his responsibility as protector of German credit, is obliged to examine these representations; and if it is true, in his judgment, that the German Reichsbank cannot afford to honor his check in gold, he is obliged to notify the British Government that the check, although it is perfectly good, cannot be paid. The British Government will have to wait until German merchants have sold some more goods to British merchants or to merchants in other foreign countries.

No. 33 Luisenstrasse, Berlin, Where Sits the American Citizen to Whom the Germans Pay Their War Reparations Under the Dawes Plan

Outside of illustration, this would never exactly happen. The American citizen would not let it go so far. He is supposed to know beforehand what checks Germany can afford to pay from the proceeds of German goods already sold in foreign countries, without having to touch her gold reserve. He would simply not send out the checks if Germany could not conveniently pay them out of her foreign credits—that is to say, in the invisible currency of foreign exchange.

To keep him advised of the amount Germany can afford to pay, so that he will know how many checks to send out, there is at his right hand a transfer committee. It is all the time watching German exports and imports and weighing the balance of exchange and reporting how much Germany can pay without upsetting the scales—that is, without drawing on her gold, for that would hurt her credit.

The members of this transfer committee are six, of whom, after the agent-general for reparation payments himself, who is chairman, one other also is an American citizen, one is British, one is French, one is Italian and one is Belgian. All together, fourteen American citizens are at 33 Luisenstrasse, Berlin, and they run the Dawes Plan. A former Undersecretary of the United States Treasury is the agent-general in supreme authority. They run it very well. No criticism of their work has ever been heard. The Allied countries—that is, the creditors—trust them implicitly; the Germans accept them with a systematic civility that is surface perfect.

You could hardly have imagined anything more improbable than that American citizens should come to administer the whole affair of German reparations. It is an American citizen who says day by day what Germany shall pay and how, and what the Allied creditors shall receive and what on account of war reparations. He does not in any way represent the American Government. He is responsible only to the Reparations Commission, and the Reparations Commission represents only those powers that act under the Treaty of Versailles. The United States Government is not a party to that treaty; nor did it sign in 1924 the London Protocol which instated the Dawes Plan and named an American citizen to administer it—first Owen D. Young, temporarily, and then S. Parker Gilbert as permanent agent-general.

From a rational point of view nothing could be more appropriate, since it is the American investor who provides the money. If you say Germany is paying reparations with American money the statement may be technically disputed. But if you say the same thing in another way—if you say that without the money they borrow in the United States the Germans perhaps could not and certainly would not be paying reparations, that is undoubtedly true.

The New European Language

HOWEVER, appropriate as it may be that an American citizen should administer a European reparations scheme which depends upon enormous loans from the United States, that is not the reason. The true reason is no reason of ours. It lies deep in the resources of Old World diplomacy, and Americans are not wanted to explore it.

To start with, the fundamental political idea of Europe is to charge the whole international war debt to the United States. The Allied powers, acting under the Treaty of Versailles, are much more anxious to get rid of their war debts to the United States Treasury than to collect large reparations from Germany. The thought has been implanted in Germany that for the good of Europe the Allies are willing to let her off, if only the rich American Government will forgive them their war debts. From every European point of view it is the ideal solution.

Hence the determination to relate German reparations to war-debt settlements. Every artifice in the arcanum of European diplomacy has been employed to that end. That was and is the meaning of the French Government's insistence upon what it calls a safeguard clause, making payments to the United States Treasury contingent upon the continuity and extent of German reparations. You can see that if the United States once admitted this principle, and made payments by the Allied powers on account of their war debts to the United States Treasury conditional upon German reparations, naturally Allied enthusiasm for getting reparations would wane. Why should they worry any more about it? If Germany failed to pay them they would not have to pay the American Government. They would have only to say they could not make Germany pay, therefore they could not pay us. It would be up to the American Government either to make Germany pay or accept the war bill.

All this passes in a language we neither speak nor understand. It is a new language, invented since the war. It was explicitly mentioned by the French Premier, Monsieur Briand, in his appeal to the Chamber of Deputies for ratification of the Locarno Accord.

"I went to that rendezvous on the shores of an Italian lake," he said, "to meet the German ministers. Do you realize that I was filled with complex and disturbing sentiments? But I went. They came. We talked European. That is a new tongue which it would be well for all of us to learn. I must acknowledge that the two gentlemen with whom I conferred showed both moral and physical courage in coming there, in view of the threats against them in

their own country. But they understood the new tongue. Do the German people understand it? I hope so."

At any rate, the German Foreign Office understands it; and now in the European hymn of dispraise against the United States for holding the principle that war debts are payable you begin to hear, each time a little louder, the German voice, intoning: "Woe, woe is Europe! She has so much to pay. She pays it all to the rich American people. If the United States were more lenient with its debtors they would be more lenient with us. We have to pay them in order that they may pay the United States." Germans cannot say this loudly—not yet, for if they did, it might hurt their credit in Wall Street. Still, they say it audibly in that new tongue. This tongue European is first and always anti-American.

The idea of charging the international war debt to the United States was spontaneous. The Allies had had and spent the United States Treasury's $10,000,000,000. By no means all of it was shot out of cannons. A great deal of it that was not may still be seen in Europe. You could trace it physically—American steel in ships and railroads, American engines, American motortrucks now working on the roads of France. The Allies had the $10,000,000,000. The United States Treasury had only their I O U's. How easy it would be for the United States Treasury to tear them up! Then the Allies could clear off their debts to one another and anything they could get out of Germany would be all their own, the United States having declined to take for itself anything—reparations, property or territory.

Cancellation

LLOYD GEORGE, the war premier of Great Britain, probably regards himself as the original cancellationist. Before the Peace Conference he began to talk of an all-around cancellation of war debts. At the Peace Conference he urged it. After the Peace Conference he interfered to stop negotiations between the British Treasury and the United States Treasury for a funding of Great Britain's debt according to the first understanding, saying he would write to President Wilson about it. He did write to President Wilson about it, strongly representing the use and admirability of sponging off the war debts. Still from time to time he rises in the House of Commons to criticize those who after him were responsible for settling with the United States Treasury at eighty cents on the dollar.

But he was not the first cancellationist. He did not understand the meaning of that word when he first heard it. This was during the war, before the advantage of cancellation to Great Britain was a statistical fact. The Russian effort had suddenly stopped. There had been a revolution in Russia. The people were saying it was a capitalistic war and they would have no more of it. Kerensky was trying in vain to turn them back.

The Newly Completed Sports Stadium at Frankfort-on-the-Main

Youthful Contestants Gathered on an Athletic Field to Start the Nation's Good Health Week

A State-Owned Hydroelectric Power Plant on the Danube, Bavaria

At this moment it occurred to the editors of the New York Tribune that it might strengthen Kerensky and alter the feelings of the Russian people for the Allies and associates to say to Russia: "In token of our appreciation of what you have already done at great cost and with fine gallantry, we now forgive outright the war loans we have made to you and cancel forever all obligations on account of them."

The United States and Great Britain were the countries that had made war loans to the Czar's government. The United States alone could not make this sign to Russia without perhaps embarrassing the British Government. So the editors of the New York Tribune went with their idea to Lord Reading, then British ambassador to the United States, and asked him if Great Britain would concur. He thought very well of it and said he would ask the British Government at once.

The editors of the New York Tribune added: "And let us have in mind that this act would establish a precedent which ultimately might be very helpful; for if the war goes on for many years and inter-Allied loans continue to rise in such enormous volume, it may be impossible in the end to handle them intelligently. General cancellation may be the only way out."

Politics

THIS impressed the British ambassador even more. He cabled the idea to the Lloyd George government and reported presently that the Lloyd George government had turned it down. Russia owed Great Britain more than she owed the United States. That may be why the Lloyd George government declined a mutual cancellation of the Russian war debt. It was another boot when later it appeared that Great Britain had more to gain than to lose by a general cancellation of all war debts.

The direct British-made propaganda having failed because the United States steadily refused to submit its principle to be debated in any one of the numerous European economic conferences arranged for that purpose—the principle that war debts were payable—the next step was the Balfour note, on August 1, 1922. This was before the British Government had settled with the United States Treasury. For its success in the ways intended, this document deserves to be remembered as one of the rare achievements of the political mind.

The British Government called upon its debtors to pay their war debts because the American Government had required the British Government "to pay interest since 1919 on the Anglo-American debt, to convert it from an unfunded to a funded debt, and to repay it by a sinking fund in twenty-five years."

The American Government had not. There was yet no settlement, and the settlement afterward arranged called for a payment of only four-fifths of the British debt over a period of sixty-two years.

(Continued on Page 142)

THE CYGNET PACKET

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE negative attention Willie Gerald was paying Miss Denham's long-continued genealogical and historical dissertation yet noted the principal facts of her family narrative. Aside from that, he thought she was an astonishingly unattractive sort of woman. She was the perfection of a type and locality of birth—the descendant of an autocratic shipping family of Massachusetts. Miss Denham was large and blond and coldly handsome; her consciously fine voice was cold, and the gaze turned upon him, Willie believed, was the coldest gray he had ever encountered. Her most evident quality, however, was a self-satisfaction that nothing, it seemed, could damage by any permissible comparison—the Denhams, their family, and the annals of their voyages, were the most notable accomplishments of that New England which alone had lent the United States some dignity and some tradition.

Gerald wondered profanely if she had ever been drunk or in love, and how she kept her stockings up. Certainly none of those trivialities, of necessity, blemished the marble splendor of her being. In addition, he realized that, though he had been often patronized in the social past, never had he been so looked down upon, talked down to, as now. In the past he would have been acutely uncomfortable, apprehensive; but in May Cobbet's drawing-room on a train coming from Virginia to New York Miss Denham's manner no more than amused him. May, who was very small, had frankly fallen asleep in a corner, overcome by the burden of consequential words; but mechanically, Willie Gerald continued to listen.

"It isn't a general condition I object to, but something very specific," Miss Denham declared. "It is the failure of the present men. The men you meet. None of them are interesting or of the slightest importance. It's quite remarkable even if they have a good stable, or a yacht; actually I know men who go everywhere simply because they have a yacht. Most of them have nothing—no properties, or qualities, either."

Gerald smiled at her cheerfully. "You couldn't have a better proof of all you're saying. I own absolutely nothing. My family, in the strict social sense, is commonplace, if not actually common; and here we are together in a very small space, with May asleep. In a decently run world that couldn't be possible."

In answer to this Miss Denham gazed indifferently out of the window. It was plain that she hadn't been reached by Gerald's clear and faintly acid reply. It was hopeless, he recognized; nothing he could say would engage her. He began, finally, to be annoyed, even vindictive.

"Of course," he continued, "you are in the wrong world to meet the men who are interesting now. Once they may have been aristocratic, but that's no longer true. The oil drillers in Texas, the individuals who fly the mail, and the city firemen have all the force and humor that is available. Specially the humor. I'd like to bet you the most interesting man on this train is the engineer."

A lesser personage might have answered that it was obvious he wasn't in the drawing-room, but not Miss Denham; she was exclusively occupied with her own mental processes and judgments.

"They have no stamina," she asserted, "and no minds to take the place of it. They have neither the courage of my grandfather, Jerel Denham, nor the charm of—well, Matthew Arnold. It has been a great many years since he was in America, when as a very little girl I walked with him, but I have never forgotten his beautifully bred intellect. The poets of today"—she paused, at a loss for an adequate expression, but she managed to add the word "frightful." "Quite as bad as their verse." At any rate Willie Gerald agreed with her generally about poetry.

"Jerel Denham was lost at sea when he was twenty-two. He went down with his ship, the Cygnet packet, in a gale on the North Atlantic; and by twenty-two he had been twice out to China on one of the family brigs, and he had been in command of a schooner in the West India trade. He sailed to Madagascar and Java and the Coromandel Coast, the South Sea Islands and South America, where he was wrecked on Tierra del Fuego; and scarcely twenty-one, he was master of a Horizon packet ship, from Boston to Liverpool."

Willie Gerald thought, quite a boy. But he wasn't much concerned in the Denham epic of dangers and death on far seas. At last he had begun to think that there was nothing of interest or value for him in all the talk he was enduring. He was, mostly, an indefatigable listener to long narratives; for in them, and from the most unlikely persons, he had more than once found histories and facts which he had been able to turn very much to his own and private account. This, it had seemed to him, might be true with Miss Denham, who was connected with a great deal of celebrated furniture—it was of course the furniture that absorbed him—but it appeared that he was wrong. If he had been a writer she might have been valuable—there was undoubtedly a novel in her grandfather's career; a novel but no hint, no money, for him.

However, his annoyance at her frigid inhumanity continued; he had never met anyone to whom he would rather sell a thoroughly bogus piece of early America—a set of fabricated chairs, such as he had been victimized by, or confected girandoles.

"The Horizon packets," she went on, "were owned by the senior branch. But they were given up soon after Jerel went down. I believe they couldn't compete with the coarser ships out of New York. The Cygnet was very beautiful, a half clipper; although I believe that term is held to be wrong for her period. When I was a child, when I walked with Matthew Arnold, there was a model of the Cygnet in our dining room, on the overmantel; it used to be at the Boston offices of Denham and Company. But about twenty years ago it was stolen from us by law."

"How?" Gerald inquired, out of the thickening haze of cigarette smoke and dusk.

"Mrs. Moone-Denham, who was divorced from my father's brother, convinced everyone that the model of the Cygnet had been willed to her. A ridiculous person to have it. Criminal!" Miss Denham exclaimed. Gerald gazed at her in surprise. Actually there was a trace, a flutter of color on her smooth pallid face. "I never, certainly, see Mrs. Moone-Denham—I believe she lives in New York—but I can imagine what her surroundings would be and how the Cygnet looks in them. That is, if the ship model still exists. Perhaps it has been broken up. It wasn't sold, I

"Gracious," She Said Once. "What Do You Need That For?" The Color on the Hull, the Staining of the Deck, Willie Gerald Was Copying in Water Color

know; for our lawyers made her repeated offers. They said she was totally unapproachable. I authorized them to pay as much as five thousand dollars."

"Why don't you have it stolen?" Willie Gerald asked "Possession and the nine points." Plainly Miss Denham was not disturbed by this—her manner continued to suggest that she was beyond both good and evil—but glacially she declined even to consider the appalling possibilities of such a combination as Mrs. Moone-Denham and a search warrant. In those circumstances, Willie agreed, it would be inevitable. Suddenly May Cobbet waked up and confusedly demanded where she was. Gerald looked out of a window.

"Wilmington," he told her; "you are in Delaware. It was extremely nice of you to have me in your drawing-room, and now I'm going back to my seat. Miss Denham has discouraged me. It seems that I have neither stamina nor brains." He was going, May replied, because he wanted to escape dinner with them; and that was so near the inadmissible truth that he could only bow in the narrow doorway.

As usual, alone in his rooms before the activities of evening Gerald found his thoughts returning to the grandfather of Miss Denham and to his adventures. Fine ship models, he recalled in this connection—models more or less contemporary of the hulls and rigs they commemorated—were, when they were small enough, quite valuable. That was, it wasn't out of the way to give four or five, or even six or seven, hundred dollars for them. But five thousand! That amount lifted such transactions into the realm of his own strictly practical and ambitious concerns. If he had a model of the Cygnet he'd offer it to Miss Denham as quickly as possible. But he owned no such agreeable property and he didn't see how a copy could be come by. It wasn't, as Miss Denham had discovered to him, really practicable to steal the original—which seemed to be very firmly in the keeping of a Mrs. Moone-Denham—and it would be hardly less difficult, he thought, to have a copy of the first made; and even with that accomplished it would be quite impossible to keep not only the ship models but the vanities of the two women from colliding. He had no intention of reestablishing, in miniature, the Horizon packets between Boston and Liverpool.

No, whatever was in his mind now was vague and impracticable. In addition, his annoyance at Miss Denham had vanished; rather he was exasperated to find that he was still susceptible to such trivial reactions. It appeared to indicate that he wasn't, after all, free from his earlier and servile ambitions. However, he insisted that Miss Denham and her friends had lost their old power to impress him. A year ago he would have thought of her as Miss Denham, an integral part of the highest American society, a descendant of one of America's few aristocratic families; but now she seemed to him only a nuisance, a woman who talked incessantly. Formerly he would have made every effort to improve her opinion of him; he would have schemed to see her again, to go to a party at her country house—the country first and then, perhaps, town afterward—but, again he had been happy to exchange insults with her.

Still he continued to dwell on Jerel Denham, and he determined, when the occasion arrived, to widen his knowledge both of packet ships and ship models. Barton Kingdon could instruct him, he later realized, sitting after dinner in Kingdon's library, and he asked at once, "Barton, what is a packet ship?"

There was a loud protest from the depths of an enormous wing chair. "Good Lord, why did you ask Barton that? He'll tell you, and we won't have any peace or bridge for the rest of the night."

Kingdon said, "On the contrary, I can tell you in a very few minutes, if you don't expect me to be technical.

"They were passenger and freight carriers, sailing mostly between New York and Liverpool; they were British or American owned, but the American were a great deal the best. The most famous was the Black Ball Line; they began soon after 1800 with three or four ships about five hundred tons register. They crossed eastward-bound in twenty-three days, but it took them forty to drive westward. . . . What else do you want to know, Willie? The names of the companies, or the records; or are you interested in the accommodations? They might have been worse. A sailing packet had a cabin, usually, about forty feet long, with the staterooms leading from it, and in the rooms there were good beds with linen sheets. You can find out all about it from Tyrone Power, an actor, who wrote the devil of a good set of American impressions in the 30's.

"At eight o'clock he was rung out of bed with a hand bell, and for breakfast had broiled ham, spitchcock, eggs, frizzled bacon and mutton cutlets. There was salted shad fish for lunch, and Schiedam gin. They drank Holland swizzle and Guinness and champagne, sherry and Madeira, hock, claret, port and champagne, and then played backgammon. You had your bath when the deck was washed, at six in the morning, when a sailor poured two buckets of cold salt water over your back.

"The Black Ball Line was followed by the Red Star, the Red Star by the Swallow Tail, and the first race I know of was out of New York—three packets—and two of them were in the Mersey River in seventeen days. A year later the Columbus challenged the Sheridan, a Dramatic Liner, for twenty thousand dollars a side, with a picked crew and a bonus of fifty dollars a man for winning, and the Columbus won in sixteen days. Then Donald McKay came along and built the New World for the Swallow Tail; she was fourteen hundred tons and the best ship of her day in the American merchant marine. I think it was 1846." He paused, and Gerald said.

"Thank you very much. Now I'm sure I know everything there is about packets. But tell me, Barton, wasn't there a line running for a short while out of Boston—the Horizon?"

"There was," Barton Kingdon promptly replied. "It belonged to the Denhams, though for once in their history they made a failure. They couldn't compete with crews of hard-driven New York and Liverpool packet rats, and when Jerel was lost with his ship they soon stopped."

"I must have read about it somewhere," Willie Gerald admitted; "anyhow it was at the back of my head. . . . And he was very young."

"Under twenty-five, and a master at nineteen. With that kind of merchant marine there'd be a place for Alice Denham. There is no place for her on earth; she belongs to the autocratic loneliness of the old quarter-deck."

Gerald replied that he had met her. "She seemed to me to be just a bother."

Kingdon was surprised. "I'd have thought you would appreciate things like that, Willie. The fact is I once heard you were dealing in them. I mean traditions and the shapes they take. Well, Alice is a tradition. One of the gilded figureheads on a family tea ship. If there is anything in what we're told as children, though, I am looking to see her destroyed for pride."

(Continued on Page 45)

"Very Well," She Challenged Him, "Since You Do Know So Much—What Is That One a Model Of? We'll Soon Find You Out"

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 4, 1926

The 1926 War Debt Bombardment

EVERY so often the debtor countries of Europe turn their propaganda guns on the United States. In the nature of things political the attack is a barrage of publicists rather than an engagement of negotiators. The month of July witnessed another such barrage in the several countries of Europe. Sometimes these bombardments are pitched to the tune of America's inability to receive debt payments.

At other times they thunder the note of Europe's inability to pay. This summer the big gun in the bombardment was none other than the head of the British Exchequer, Winston Churchill. The barrage was laid down by the Daily Mail of London. The presence of Secretary Mellon in Europe seemingly intensified the virulence of the campaign.

We venture to suggest that the present agitation in Europe in favor of war-debt cancellation is related to political circumstances in Europe and to the state of the foreign commerce of the United States. Europe is in political turmoil, largely the result of conflict between bloc politics and dictatorship politics.

The second point concerns our state of trade. Europe has the idea that the developments in our foreign commerce during the past fiscal year have served to make us more receptive to the propaganda of war-debt cancellation. During the fiscal year closing June 30, 1925, our positive balance of foreign trade in goods was $1,040,000,000. During the past year this was reduced to $286,000,000. Indeed, for several months our imports of goods exceeded our exports, and there was much talk of the turning of the tide of trade in goods. Since we have sold less and bought more, relatively at least, Europe contends that this is the result—the first result—of debt payments, the first cloud on the sky.

Last fiscal year our exports of goods were $100,000,000 less than the year before; the imports of goods were $600,000,000 more. This is in dollars, not in volumes. Our share in the total of world merchandise trade, which in the past year reached the high level of $58,000,000,000, was 15.6 per cent; in the previous year our share in a trade of $51,000,000,000 was 13.8 per cent. Though our exports of goods fell, the sum was still the leader in the list. The loss in exports has been principally to Europe. Our export of finished manufactures displayed a substantial increase.

The reduction in exports to Europe was due mostly to lowered shipments of foodstuffs. On account of a short crop of wheat and rye we exported about a net 100,000,000 bushels, while in the previous year we sent over some 250,000,000 bushels. There was a heavy reduction in exports of pork products and coarse grains. The export of cotton in terms of value was also notably depressed. All this, and more of like import, served to give to the shrinkage in our export trade a meaning that is not inherent in the transactions as indicating a reversion of the trade balance. On the side of imports, high prices for essential raw industrial materials, notably rubber, accounted for most of the increase.

One must be very careful in jumping at conclusions of far-reaching purport in matters of international trade. The gross figures must be adjudged only in the light of careful scrutiny of the details of the several commodities. International trade is apparently in transition, in respect of *modus operandi*, and this must influence the interpretations. Signs are not wanting to indicate that we are entering on the age of the international cartel. The objectives of these cartels seem to be to protect the home markets of the subscribing parties and thereafter to divide between the subscribing members the markets of the outside countries.

Under these circumstances competition in foreign trade may become greatly restricted, and nationals may find it hard to distinguish themselves from internationals. But at the same time the international obligations remain and offer difficulties in the transfer of payments.

Europeans ought to be advised that American opinion stands behind the settlements of the Debt Commission. Neither the frothings of politicians nor the splashings of printer's ink will avail to change that opinion. Only the facts of long-time experience will influence our policy. These facts we await in confidence.

Bouquets for Ellis Island

THE daily press has, on sundry occasions, given such liberal space to the attacks of foreign critics, both official and unofficial, who have visited Ellis Island and have then taken pen in hand to describe its medieval horrors and the hardships and indignities to which their nationals have been subjected, that it is peculiarly pleasant to read the friendly, almost flattering, account of it given by a recent European investigator. Mrs. Betzy Kjelsberg, of Oslo, Norway, lately made a careful study of the physical plant at Ellis Island, the daily routine and the methods employed in handling, inspecting and housing immigrants. Her elaborate report made to the International Council of Women has been published in full in The United States Daily.

This lady brought to her task not only the experience of one familiar with public institutions and official routine but the eye of a housekeeper and a mater familias as well. Her account of proceedings in which the men are examined by male doctors and the women and children by women doctors gives the impression that no greater hardship is imposed upon immigrants than Americans voluntarily submit to every time they make application for life insurance or go to their family physician for a general overhauling. According to Mrs. Kjelsberg, the dormitories have recently been redecorated. The white beds, furnished with snowy bed linen and good bedclothes, have been relacquered. The linen is changed every day on those beds whose occupants change daily; otherwise twice a week. Women with children sleep in smaller dormitories and a mother with several youngsters is given a separate room for herself and her brood.

Mrs. Kjelsberg was impressed by the modernized sanitary arrangements and the politeness and consideration shown to immigrants by the officials. She found the meals good and the food tasty. The kitchen was clean and its equipment up-to-date. The play rooms for the children, equipped with toys, games, books and sand piles, appear to have made a favorable impression. The lounging rooms for adults, the schoolroom and the hospital seem to have been up to a good housekeeper's standard.

Mrs. Kjelsberg's criticisms are of the constructive sort and they deal largely with methods of administration. Her chief suggestions are that the admissibility of immigrants be determined, so far as possible, in their countries of origin and that the Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island be empowered to make rulings in doubtful cases after personal examination, instead of subjecting the immigrant to the delays incident to a long-distance study of the facts by Department of Labor officials in Washington. Neither of these recommendations seems unreasonable and both have often been sponsored by our own immigration officials. Foreign examination of immigrants is now being conducted on a large and increasing scale, and it is not impossible that the Commissioner at Ellis Island may sometime have conferred upon him the larger powers which Mrs. Kjelsberg bespeaks for him. This highly favorable report does not entirely invalidate all the adverse criticisms directed against Ellis Island in former years. Conditions there ought to be, and apparently are, much better than they have been for a long time. The immigrants who are today passing through this national sea gate are for the most part clean, intelligent self-respecting folk, and it is possible to care for them and their surroundings in a manner that was out of the question in the days before the Johnson Act had screened out the unwashed and the vermin-ridden.

It is not likely that Mrs. Kjelsberg's report will receive the world-wide publicity that was accorded to the sweeping attacks and bitter denunciations indulged in by some of her predecessors. Careful analysis, judicious praise and temperate criticism do not make such snappy reading as angry and irresponsible outbursts, but they are not without real value to those who wish to know the truth. When Congress reconvenes, the results of Mrs. Kjelsberg's studies should be reprinted in full in the reports of the hearings of the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization.

Financing German Steel Exports

SEVERAL months ago a number of German steel companies were merged into a large combination, for which a part of the requisite new capital was secured by issue of new securities. Considerable American capital is understood to have gone into the new organization and is expected to return generous dividends, for German iron and steel exports have been expanding rapidly.

The purposes of the merger were to reduce overhead, cheapen costs, enlarge volume and develop foreign markets. This may mean new export markets; it may mean merely supplanting American steel from existing markets. There are, doubtless, people in the United States who own shares in the competing American and German steel companies; this is the right of the investor, but it is advantageous for the right hand to know what the left hand is doing when the left hand is being played against the right hand. Only lately certain export tactics of German steel companies led the Treasury Department to announce the imposition of extra countervailing import duties.

This is only a particular piece of the general question. We lend money to Europe to aid rehabilitation, to enable her to pay her debts, to enlarge consumer capacity so that she will import more from us, and to expand and stabilize world trade, of which we expect to hustle for a goodly share. At the same time, we lend money to Europe to rehabilitate her export trade and to reorganize industries whose products will be sent out to supplant ours in the markets of the world. The outcome will represent a balance between indirect benefits and direct injuries. Most of us hold the hope that if the American foreign investments are not driven too far the indirect benefits will outweigh the direct injuries. Several years ago we were warned that German goods would inundate us and drive us from world markets as soon as she had her industries reorganized. We are certainly aiding their reorganization. It is estimated that since the adoption of the Dawes Plan some $900,000,000 has been borrowed by Germany, largely for use in export industries, whose exports are to yield to Germany the balance of payments to enable her to make the transfers imposed on her by that plan. Many of these goods will be American made in the sense that they are the products of American capital though made with German labor in Germany.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSTONE

By WILL PAYNE

DECORATION BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

THE law affects everybody more or less. Everybody therefore ought to understand its underlying principles. But one can hardly read a newspaper or turn any casual conversation in that direction without discovering fresh evidence of a very widespread misapprehension of the law. Probably lawyers are more responsible for this delusion than anybody else. At any rate, there it is, operating injuriously. In the hope of doing something to correct it – since experience is the best teacher I propose to describe my first head-on experience of our legal system, as follows:

It was hot that afternoon in Oriole, Nebraska. At eight o'clock in the morning Bill Root had duly driven the town sprinkling cart up and down Main Street, but the dust was thick again. Little clouds of it puffed up from horses' plodding hoofs, and dust cascades fell from slowly turning wagon wheels Even with the window shades down, it was hot in the office of J. Tilden Wesley, Loans and Insurance.

Heavy Responsibility on a Dray

I SAT in my employer's swivel chair, in shirt sleeves, reading a novel, oblivious to the clump of feet on the stairs. But I looked up when the door opened and saw George Mercer, owner of an embarrassed half-section farm seven miles southwest of town; a big chap, with curly red beard, in overalls and calico shirt that was open at the neck, exposing a sun-baked hairy chest.

"Where's Tilly?" he asked. In a town where everybody else was Tom, Dick or Hank, my employer used the style J. Tilden; but he was seldom called anything except Tilly.

I explained that Mr. and Mrs. Wesley had left the day before for Ohio on receipt of a wire announcing the sudden demise of Mrs. Wesley's father, who was rather awesomely known to us in Oriole as the senator.

Mercer plucked his beard, evidently not well pleased to transact his business with a lank youth of nineteen. But there was nobody else, so he gave me his message:

"Chick Weeks is back; come back day before yesterday, but I didn't git wind of it till this mornin'. He's layin' out at home." With that he turned his broad back and clumped out, annoyed at having to tell me instead of Mr. Wesley.

The news threw me into a painful agitation; but I knew what my duty was, and went across the hall to Judge Hecker's office. As our legal adviser, he should have been a staff for me to lean upon when my optimistic employer suddenly departed for Ohio, leaving the office in my callow hands. But in fact I was more nervous about our lawyer than about anything else. The very last thing, on his way to the train, Mr. Wesley had whispered anxiously in my ear, "Whatever else you do, don't on any account let the judge have any money."

Having lived several months in Oriole, I already knew that to let the judge have any money, on any account, was to bid an earthly farewell to the money. Yet I liked him. He was a tall, portly man of noble appearance. I still think he looked more like a statesman than anyone else I have ever seen; and he was invariably kind to me—not with mere perfunctory courtesy, but stopping to talk with me and listening soberly to whatever views I chose to express. He was also a grand orator and fine lawyer. At any rate, if the case was tried before a jury, he generally won it. I dreaded his fatal persuasiveness if he should try to get some of Mr. Wesley's money from me.

Hearing my rather breathless statement, the judge replied in a kindly, matter-of-fact manner: "You're not of age. I'll go down to Squire Holt's with you and swear out the warrant."

Without bothering about coats, we went downstairs. Main Street really extended two blocks, from the small red railroad station to Joe Goehring's furniture store; but only the last block counted for much. The first contained, on one side, Jake Rupiper's Metropolitan Hotel, saloon and livery stable; on the other side, a long shedlike structure used as a warehouse for agricultural implements, then a smaller frame building in which one could buy tinware, garden implements, garden seeds, clover and timothy seed, oil cake for cattle and a surprising variety of other articles. Squire Holt operated this emporium, and as our justice of the peace, held court, when occasion required, at a small pine table in the back of the shop. He issued the warrant and Judge Hecker left me.

My next step was to look up Bill Root. When I came to Oriole the fall before, Bill was simply town drayman. He always drove standing up, his legs well apart. There was something impressive about it. One could see that the slow, solid, one-track man was concentrating powerfully. The captain of the Leviathan, docking his ship with the help of a dozen tugs, doesn't seem to have nearly so much on his mind as Bill seemed to have when he navigated his dray, with deliberation and judgment, up and down Main Street. That spring Oriole took a long forward step by setting up a town sprinkling cart. Bill was engaged to run it. Then, somewhat as a matter of course, he was made town marshal and deputy sheriff. He took the heavy responsibility with due gravity. Having found Bill and given him the warrant, I hired a pair of broncos, somewhat larger than Newfoundland dogs, and a buggy at Jake Rupiper's livery.

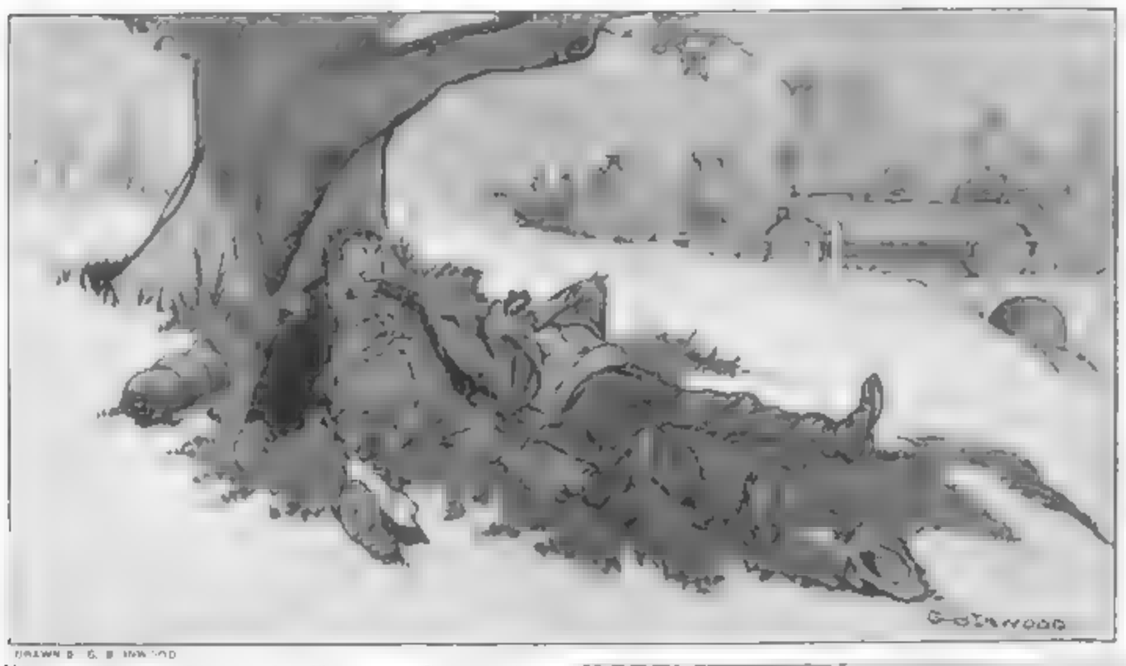
An Unpleasant Business

IT WAS a seven-mile drive, on very dusty roads, across a flat, brown, treeless prairie to the eighty-acre Bengtson farm that Chick Weeks rented. Probably, as our little beasts jogged in a yellow cloud and we perspired under the July sun, Bill would have remarked that the wheat and corn looked fair to middling, and I would have agreed. But I was too preoccupied with an inner misery to pay real attention to the conversation, if there was any.

A draw ran across one corner of the Bengtson farm. After heavy rains or melting snow there would be water in

(Continued on Page 58)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



"Don't Worry About the Younger Generation, Pete. They'll Turn Out O. K. Remember, We Was Once a Younger Generation Ourselves"

The Society Editor's Catechism

WHO was the bride?

ANS. A beautiful and charming young lady.

How did the bride look at the wedding?

ANS. She was never more beautiful.

Do homely girls ever get married?

ANS. No.

How was the church decorated?

ANS. The church was impressively decorated with flowers.

What ceremony was used?

ANS. The impressive ring ceremony.

What did the wedding accomplish?

ANS. The wedding united two of the oldest and most prominent families in this section of the state.

Do scions of obscure families ever marry?

ANS. No.

Who is the groom?

ANS. The groom is a prominent young business man and universally popular.

What is the groom's occupation?

ANS. The groom holds a responsible position.

How was the ceremony performed?

ANS. The wedding was beautifully solemnized.

What did the bride carry?

ANS. The bride carried a gorgeous bouquet.

What did the flower girls do?

ANS. The two lovely little flower girls strewed petunias in the path of the bride.

Where will the couple reside after the honeymoon?

ANS. Their many friends are happy to know that the young couple will make their home in this city.

What did the couple do after the ceremony?

ANS. Immediately after the ceremony the happy pair left for an extended Eastern tour.

Did a couple ever go for a short tour?

ANS. No. —*Dewey M. Owens.*

The Morality of the Villain

WHAT has become of the villain
Who swaggered through all the old plays,
Who used to put most of the thrill in
The drama of earlier days?
The plays of today have reformed him,
He tries to behave as he should;
The villain is not very bad any more,
And the hero is not very good!

The villain of old would not wrestle
With scruples that tortured his brain,
As he tied a fair maid to a trestle
In the track of a limited train;
He would laugh with a laugh diabolic
As he sandbagged his prey from behind;
But the villain is not very cruel any more,
And the hero is not very kind!

The villain was thoroughly evil,
He was wicked as long as awake,
His morals were those of a weevil,
His manners were those of a snake;
To death and despair and disaster
His innocent victims he'd lure—
But the villain is not very foul any more,
And the hero is not very pure!

Alas, he is gone; for our time is
Too wise for such simple demands;
We now have discovered that Crime is
The result of malfunctioning glands;
But still I regret the old villain
And the hero's damfoolhardihood—
For Vice doesn't seem very bad any more,
And Virtue is not very good!

—*Morris Bishop.*

"Continued"

From an Edition of Favorite Poems, Arranged for the Printer by the Make-Up Man of a Daily Newspaper

MAXWELTON braes are bonny
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
(Continued on page 2)

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
(Continued on page 3)

Lars Porsena of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
(Continued on page 4)

The Fortunate Brother

TWO colored brethren, who had married on the same day, met for the first time after an interval of twelve months.

"Well, Mose," said Sam, "what so't of a wife did yo'-all marry?"

"Dat woman," answered Mose, rolling his eyes upward ecstatically—"dat woman is an angel!"

"Does you say so?" exclaimed Sam. "Colored boy, you is lucky! My wife is livin' yet!"

A Famous Dialogue in Modern Dress

THE DIALOGUE. "Have you struck your colors?"
"I have not yet begun to fight."
—*Paul Jones to the captain of the Serapis.*

MODERN DRESS

SECRETARY TO THE CAPTAIN OF THE BRITISH SHIP SERAPIS: Hello, is this the Bon Homme Richard?

OPERATOR: Yes. Whojer want to speak to?

SECRETARY: Will you connect me with Captain Paul Jones, please?

OPERATOR: Who is it wants to speak to him?

SECRETARY: The captain of the Serapis.

OPERATOR: One moment, please.

(Interval)

BORED VOICE: Y-e-e-e-s?

SECRETARY: Is this Captain Jones' office?

BORED VOICE: This is his secretary speaking. Captain Jones is busy. Can I take a message?

SECRETARY: No, I wish to speak to Captain Jones personally.

BORED VOICE: What is the name, please?

SECRETARY: Tell him the commander of the Serapis is on the wire.

BORED VOICE: Just a minute, please.

(Interval)

CRISP MALE VOICE: Yes. . . . Well?

SECRETARY: Is this Captain Paul Jones? *(Continued on Page 46)*

Temperamental Husband—"I Can't Stand the Eternal Humdrum of Life With You Any Longer. I'm Going to Leave You Now Forever." Wife—"You Can't, Raphael. Sarah's Pressing Your Pants"

Visitor to New York—"The Usual Cover Charge, I Presume?"

No wonder we eat soup every day!

12 cents a can

SOUP
and a bit of history

IN THE year 1898 there first appeared in the windows and on the counters of grocery stores a product new to the public. The product bore a Red-and-White Label upon which were displayed the words "Condensed Soup."

Today its name and its label are familiar everywhere. It is sold in every food store in the United States and in the sea-ports of the world. This soup filled a demand that had never before been answered. Its enormous popularity and success furnish one of those romances of American business which are based upon originality and inventiveness in serving the public well with what the public needs.

At the time this product was first introduced to the public, America presented a sharp contrast to Europe in the use of soup. In Europe soup had been for many years one of the great staple articles of diet. In homes of high and low degree, soup was eaten constantly and the people thrived upon its delicious and nourishing qualities.

BUT IN America, as recently as the end of the last century, soup was not appreciated at its true food value. It did not appear with such regularity on the family table and it could by no means be called one of the household standbys. In this country we had yet to learn that soup should be eaten regularly, and not just occasionally.

The new condensed soup was originated with this Idea: "Everybody should eat soup. It offers a variety of delicious flavors not to be obtained in any other food. It is nourishing and wholesome. It stimulates the appetite and causes the digestive juices to flow more freely. People should eat soup every day both for their health and their pleasure. If only they can be supplied with soup of splendid quality, already prepared for them and at a price which all can afford, they will serve it regularly and derive as much benefit from it as do the Europeans."

And so the Red-and-White Label appeared. Condensed soups in delightful variety were placed at the disposal of the public, relieving them of all the trouble of making soup at home. And today in millions of homes soup is appreciated at its true worth—as a dish that *belongs* in the daily diet.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET!

ONCE THERE WAS A PRINCESS

"I Guess I Dare! You've Been Trying It on All the Morning, First With One, Then Another—I Was Onto You! I Saw!"

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

PHIL had evidently lurked near, for he came back by way of the window the moment the coast was clear. "You're here!" He sat on the sill, shining on her. "I can't believe it, and yet it is true. I'm not asleep and dreaming, am I?"

That seemed alarmingly possible. Their hands sprang together to prove the waking reality of the moment.

"Ah, you are just the same!" she cried.

"Did you think I'd be different?"

"Yes. But I had to come and see."

That visibly took his breath. "You came to see me?"

Her color deepened. "To see them all, but you most. Only, I thought you would be so famous and so successful ——"

"You wait!" he broke in. "I've got an invention now, a window washer—Ellen, it's a wonder! I have had bad luck; everyone does. But this thing—give me a year more and I shall have money enough for—anything." It was a meaningful word. "Everyone here calls me a fool, but I know," he told her gravely.

Her faith was as great. "I have always known."

He searched her eyes as though an old question had to be answered. "Ellen!"

"Yes, Phil?"

"Why did you stop writing?"

Her amazement could only stare. "I—stop writing?" she said at last.

"I wrote and wrote and not a line came back."

She repeated his words: "But I wrote and wrote and not a line came back!" Then the shock of understanding brought a cry. "Oh, my dear!"

"What was it? What happened?"

"Oh, don't you see?" Her eyes filled, brimmed over. "My poor mother! She hated the village so—and she was afraid of you."

Wrath took Phil to his feet. "You don't mean she took our letters—kept them from us?"

"I'm afraid so, Phil."

He had to stride about. "Oh, that was rotten! That was abominable!"

Ellen was seeing Abby Guthrie's iron will with new sight. "To hurt us like that! Oh, how could she, for any earthly reason? How could she?"

Her distress quieted his anger. He came back to his window ledge. "It hurt you too?"

"Hurt? I wanted to die!" Then she saw past the cruelty of the act to its futility. "But, Phil, in spite of what she did, and the pushing up in the world, and the money, and marrying me to a prince ——"

Suddenly he caught up with her. "Here we are!" he cried. "Nothing could stop it! Ellen, you are not going away."

"I must."

"I won't let you," he said, and again it was April in Millertown. All the birds of spring were shouting it, spring winds breathed it through the window. The dead past could bury its own dead.

"You can't help it," she warned him.

"You're a princess and I'm only the chore man," he admitted. Audacity put a quirk in his nice face. "Would a princess live in a barn—a pleasant, clean barn, with a big roomy box stall that was all hers?"

Her gravity had an answering quirk: "She could keep her things in the manger."

It was play, and yet he had kindled excitedly. "There's a shower bath in the harness room. And old Peter's stall makes an A-1 kitchenette."

"It is the old parsonage barn?"

"Yes. Remember my father's study, upstairs? That is my living room. Downstairs it is all workshop."

She was smiling over the study in the loft. "Do you remember how we used to play house there?"

"Say it," said Phil.

"Say what?"

His voice became young, cozy, domestic: "'Now, Phil, you be the father and I'll be the mother.'"

Her lips and eyebrows took anxious matronly lines. "Mabel Elizabeth was kept after school today," she told him, "and Marie Rose played in the dirt in her pink silk dress. I don't know what I'm going to do with those children!"

Phil seemed to round out bodily. "Wife, I have my sermon to write and must not be interrupted," he said pompously, and then they laughed, richly, foolishly, in the spun magic of the moment.

"Phil, do you remember our last party?"

He remembered everything. "At Mamie Purrington's. And do you remember coming home from it—at your gate—under the big syringa?"

Her flush told how well she remembered. "But we were good children," she pleaded.

"Oh, yes, poor little nuts." He sighed over them. "Not half knowing what it all meant. And yet—that it has lasted—child, do you know how strange that is?"

She nodded solemnly. "Not so strange with me. It was all so hard and so horrid afterward. But with you ——"

"It means just one thing," he said, rising. "Once in a blue moon two persons are born for each other. Ellen ——"

Aunt Katie was bustling in. "Here's your money, Phil. Sorry I kept you waiting."

He stared at her unseeingly until she would have put a bill in his hand. Then he awoke with a start and waved it away.

"No money for today," he said.

She found that absurd. "Oh, come, Phil! All those windows!"

"My little offering to the princess. Perhaps they are the last windows I shall ever wash—except to demonstrate my window washer."

(Continued on Page 33)

S W I F T

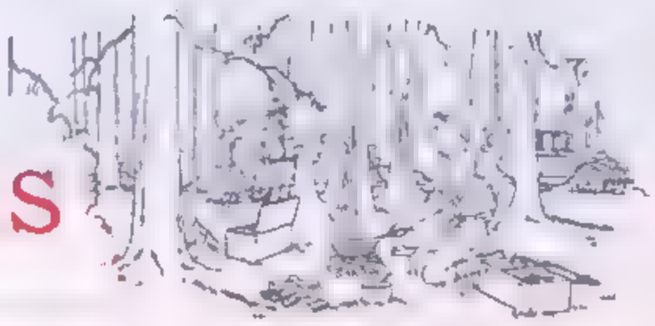
Many women prefer Premium Bacon as it comes in these pound and half-pound cartons—evenly sliced, free from rind and all ready for cooking. Others who want a generous supply always on hand, buy it in the whole piece protected by the original parchment wrapper

They have a delightful flavor of their own — these tender slices

Women and men who make an art of good living are agreed that few other foods vary so widely as bacon of different kinds. Whether served at the table or by the camp-fire, the pleasure which bacon can bring depends upon many delicate steps in its preparation.

Back of the special savory taste and exceptional tenderness of Premium Bacon lies skillful and painstaking work. Only the choicest cuts are used for Premium. Throughout the long processes of curing and smoking, in countless small but vital details, that care is given which has made Premium Bacon a favored dish in many homes. Only the slices themselves, broiled ruddy-brown and fragrant, can tell you just why Premium is prized so highly.

Swift & Company



Premium Hams and Bacon

Important: Don't assume that a Mobiloil sign means that the dealer sells Mobiloil only.

He may carry a cheaper oil, too. You may get it if you ask merely for "a quart of oil."

So always ask for Mobiloil by name . . and . .

30¢ a quart is a fair retail price for genuine Mobiloil from barrel or pump. (Slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.)

Make this
CHART
your guide

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1926		1925		1924		1923	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler 1	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Cleveland 6	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Ford	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	Arc	BB	BB	Arc	BB
Hudson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hupmobile	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Maxwell			A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Oldsmobile 4 & 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland 6	A	Arc	A		A	A	A	A
Pierce-Arrow 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pierce	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	A
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Star	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Velie	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc	A	Arc				

look for the name Mobiloil on the container.

3 out of every 4 motorists who buy oil by name ask for Mobiloil. They find in this simple, definite request—added power, lower oil and gasoline consumption, added freedom from carbon, operating troubles and repair bills.

That is something worth remembering the next time you stop for oil. Don't merely say, "Give me a quart of oil." Always ask for your Mobiloil *by name*.

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(Continued from Page 30

Aunt Katie was troubled about him. "I hate to have you counting on those contraptions," she said, sitting down to her sewing. "You got it patented?"

"The patent is applied for; it's all safe." He was dangerously happy. He had to talk. "When it is launched I can do anything, go anywhere."

Aunt Katie was taking pins out of her mouth like a conjurer. "What you think of doing?" she asked thickly. "Now, Mrs. Arden, suppose you hem those sleeves next."

"What if I got married?" Phil suggested.

"Married!" Her opinion of Phil as a husband came out in a heavy "Good gracious!"

The sewing woman spoke up stoutly: "I don't see why he shouldn't marry."

Phil smiled down on her with an enveloping tenderness that would have betrayed everything if Aunt Katie had not been spacing snaps and sockets. "You think a lady would—look at me?"

"Oh, yes, if you loved her."

Phil found that so moving that his hands visibly ached to push Aunt Katie out of the room.

"Don't I smell something burning?" he asked anxiously.

Aunt Katie rocked and sewed undisturbed. "That's just some trash I put in the kitchen stove. . . . You got a girl? Who is she?"

He hesitated, then ventured it: "What if she were the princess?"

Aunt Katie's "Huh!" recognized a joke. "That's about the craziest yet," she said placidly. "Mrs. Arden, aren't you hemming that on the right side?"

Ellen apologized and flushed the more deeply because Phil's laughter was so close to bursting out.

"If the princess is too grand for me," he went on, "perhaps Mrs. Arden would make me happy."

Aunt Katie interposed. "Now stop your nonsense Don't you let him fluster you, Mrs. Arden. Phil, if you expect to see the princess you better make yourself presentable. My, she'll take you for a tramp!"

"Well, princes are always stooping to beggar maids," he argued. "Why shouldn't a princess stoop to a chore man?"

"Oh, get along with you. We're busy here," Aunt Katie commanded, and so he had to go. "I'm afraid Phil's kind of worked up over the princess, after all," she said when the door had finally shut on him. "Well, there's no harm in Phil, if he'd only drop his inventing and go to work like a man. . . . Why, aren't you hemming that on the right side again?"

"I'm so sorry," said poor Ellen.

"Well, it's hard to keep your mind clear. This house is like a windmill today." Aunt Katie spoke indulgently, then looked up with a sharp change of tone: "My land, Joe, if you keep racing home, you'll lose your job!"

Joe came in looking more than ever like an old piece of brown string, but with a whimsical slant for his wife

"That would just about kill me," he said. "Sitting all day in a cupboard adding up figures—it's heaven."

"Well, you'd find it no joke to get anything else to do, at your age," was the tart answer.

"We-ll"—it was a soothing drawl—"they don't fire a feller for coming home to his dinner. Though I don't suppose he gets any dinner, with a princess coming."

Aunt Katie looked at the clock and started up. "Gracious goodness, where has this morning gone to!" she exclaimed. "I won't be long, Joe. It's mostly cold lunch." She hurried off, running a needle in and out of her dress front and calling, "Girls!"

Uncle Joe sighed unconsciously, pushing a heavy hand up his forehead into his scanty hair. He looked so patient, so touchingly middle-aged, that Ellen's heart went out to him and would not be hidden.

It was all in her eyes, and, as though it had called, he turned and caught it. The dropping of her lids came too late and she knew it. She could not pretend to go on sewing. She could only sit very still and wait for what would happen.

A long time passed before he moved. Then he pulled a chair beside hers and sat down, his forearms along his knees, his eyes studying her averted face.

"Ever been here before, Mrs. Arden?" There was a tender mockery in the question.

"Yes," she faltered.

"H'm—kind of thought so." He leaned back and considered. "What in tarnation are you up to?" he suddenly shot at her.

Ellen clung to her part.

"I am helping Mrs. Boyd get ready for Princess Dellatorre."

"Dellatorre!" he imitated her. "Where'd you learn that foreign roll?"

"I have lived in Italy."

"Thought so. I wonder if you ever met a friend of mine there?"

"Perhaps." Do what she would, a smile was breaking through

"Nicest little girl in the whole world," Uncle Joe went on. "You don't look like her—much, and yet you kinder do. Uncle Joe, she called me. She used to go off on walks with me Sundays, little hand stuck in my paw, making nothing of briers and stone bruises for herself, but awful concerned if they got me. Sweet—that's what she was. But she went away and dinged if they didn't make her into a princess. After that, of course, she didn't care any more about an old codger like me."

"She did! She did!" Ellen cried. "She always loved you!"

Uncle Joe had risen. "Funny way to show it," he observed, turning away.

She jumped up. "Uncle Joe!" she wept, her arms out.

"Well, Nelly!"

The arms closed tightly about his neck and he kissed her cheek. And neither saw Aunt Katie come half through the open door, stop in stunned shock, then draw quietly back and go away like one walking in her sleep.

"But what're you up to?" Uncle Joe demanded.

She told him all that had happened, and he laughed and hit himself and promised eternal secrecy if that was her desire. Then the girls came in to set the table, so they had to draw apart and sit like strangers.

"Mamma says her head aches and she doesn't want any dinner," Hazel explained. "She's lying down."

"Too much princess," Joe said, but he was concerned and would have gone upstairs if Ruby had not stopped him

"She wants to be let alone. No one is to go up," she commanded. "Mrs. Arden, do you take tea or coffee?"

Ellen did not answer, for Phil was at the side door. He came in with a heavy step, a changed, white, stricken Phil, with an open letter in his hand. Bad news was so written on him that they all waited in silence until Joe's kindly "What's wrong, Phil?" set them going. Hazel ran to him and took his limp hand.

(Continued on Page 73)

"Would a Princess Live in a Barn—a Pleasant, Clean Barn, With a Big Roomy Box Stall That Was All Hers?"

HORNS APLENTY

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

Signor Perinelli Was Doubtful. He Spoke Long and Earnestly With the Interpreter, and That Individual Explained to President Latimer That the Estimable Proprietor of the Cabaret Danza Jazz Would Return the Following Morning at Ten o'Clock for a Second Hearing

THE long train crept and crawled and clanked over the Apennines, en route from Florence to Venice. In one of the second-class coaches twenty-one colored persons looked out mournfully upon a foreign soil which was mountainous and snow-covered. Gales howled down the ravines and through the cracks in the ancient car, and twenty-one sets of ivory teeth clattered like castanets on the inside of twenty-one dusky faces.

The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of Birmingham, Alabama, U. S. A., was slowly but enthusiastically becoming disgusted with sunny Italy. Since leaving Rome they had seen no sun, and now snow—lots and lots of snow, and all of it white and cold—had descended upon the craggy landscape. Trees groaned under the weight of the feathery burden, mountainsides shed large drifts which roared into yawning canyons, and even the famous two-letter river in Italy—immortalized in cross-word-puzzle literature—was sheeted with ice.

The train stopped long enough at Bologna for Florian Slappey, liberally encased in mufflers, to negotiate a rapid deal in refreshments. He purchased many large sandwiches at three lire apiece, and numerous bottles of pallid wine at the same price. These he brought back to the coach which his friends occupied, and dispensed them liberally at 100 per cent profit. But because the train was late, the dining car closed and Venice yet lay far ahead, he found a ready market for his wares.

A rotund and pompous little conductor stepped onto the track, tapped the rail sharply with a spike and thus signaled the departure from Bologna. The Birmingham negroes huddled into their compartments and stared moodily and without interest upon the snow-covered city. They moved into the country, the engineer taking great care and making no speed whatever on the slippery rails.

A languid, somewhat lopsided gentleman of ebon hue left his compartment and walked up and down the corridor. He discovered that in that particular coach there was no one present save the Midnight troupe from Alabama. Wherefore an idea hit him square in the brain and he poked his head into a section where several unhappy colored gentlemen were sitting. The voice of the lopsided man came with the ring of authority.

"Orchestra will dissemble in my compartment fo' practice," he commanded—and vanished.

Jasper Sneed, the little trap drummer, nodded to the others. "'Tain't such a bad idea which Professor Champagne promulgates," he said. "Slapping my traps around might keep me warm."

They gathered as per orders: Professor Aleck Champagne, dilapidated but positive director; the diminutive Jasper Sneed with his traps; Sidney Sprott, who caressed the violin with unusual grace and skill; and Spokane G. Washington, the Gargantuan pianist, who doubled with the banjo. And last of all came Sam Gin and Willy Trout. Sam Gin was tall and sad. Willy Trout was short and melancholy. They were as inseparable as tweedledum and tweedledee, and considerably less loquacious.

But they were cogs of no mean importance in this traveling jazz band, which had been brought along by the Midnight troupe for the purpose of enticing casual revenue in times of financial stress. Mr. Gin could coax heart throbs from the twisted throat of a saxophone and fat little Willy Trout could make a cornet lay back its ears and laugh.

They seated themselves in the corner and bent unsmiling faces above the treasure chests in which their beloved instruments were contained. Their fingers were cold and moved with exasperating lack of speed. Professor Champagne became irritable.

"What you two fellers think this is, a sleepin' party?"

Sam Gin raised his head and blinked. "Nossuh," he answered seriously. "Do we, Willy?"

Willy nodded. "Yassuh—we sho don't."

"Well, hurry. I never seen no fellers which could take so long to do so little."

"Us hastens," affirmed Mr. Gin.

"We does," assented Mr. Trout.

Mr. Gin tested reed and mouthpiece. He exhaled largely and loudly into the instrument. Mr. Trout's preliminaries were rather more brief. And finally the two heads—one long and egg-shaped, the other of the general formation of a coconut—nodded readiness.

Professor Champagne tapped with his wand on the windowpane. "We tries fust that Valencia," said he. "All of these heah Europes is crazy 'bout it, so the sooner us learns it, the popularer we gits to be."

The drum sounded off. Then there came the tinkle of banjo, the wail of violin, the clatter of traps, the siren of cornet and the human sobbing of Sam Gin's saxophone. The really excellent orchestra attacked Valencia with a vim and mastered her within twenty minutes. Then three or four American numbers were tried with toe-tickling success. A gentleman in a black shirt, acting as train inspector for the Fascisti, stood in the corridor and regarded the negroes unsmilingly for a few minutes. But he moved on without voicing official objection.

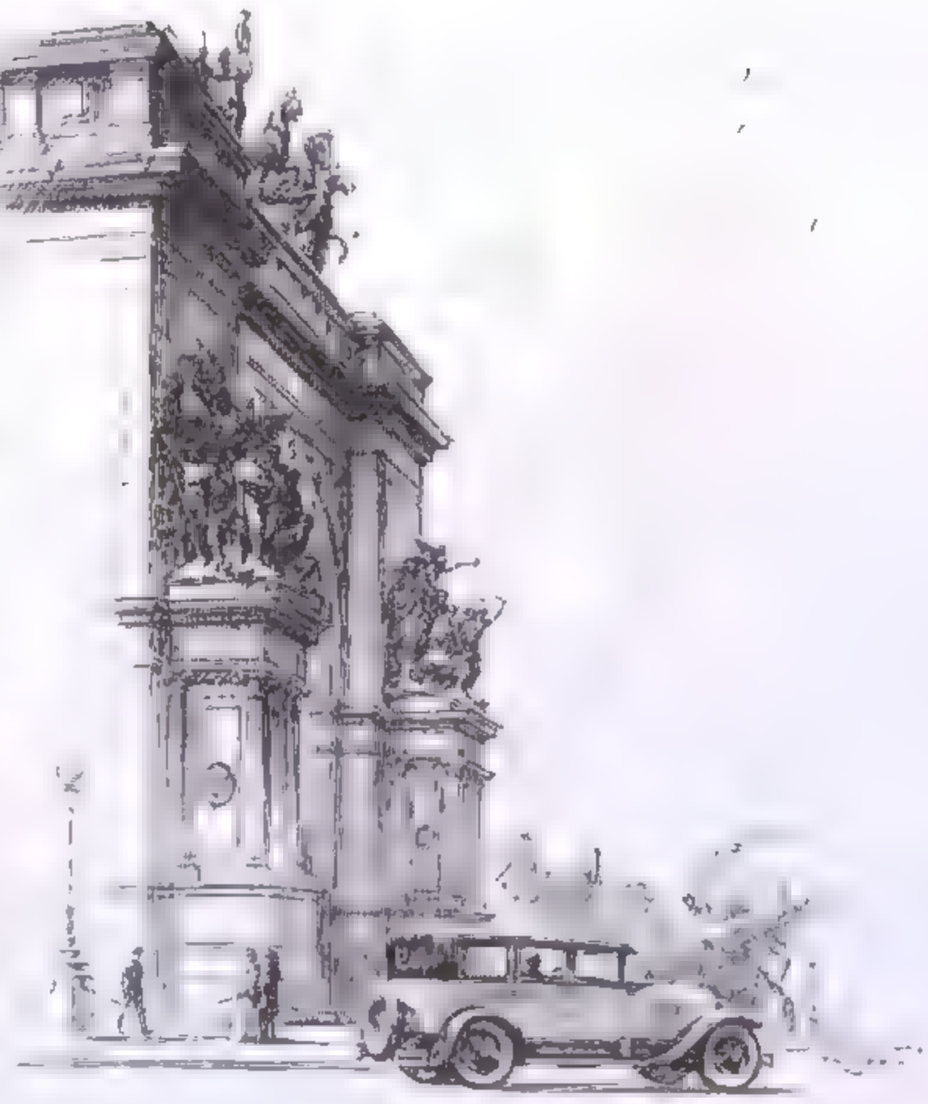
Professor Champagne reached into his case, drew forth several sheets of music manuscript and distributed them to the musicians. A close observer might have detected symptoms of nervousness in the manner of the eminent impresario. He seemed tense and ill at ease.

The men accepted the parts which he passed out and arranged them on their music racks. The title of the number stared into the face of each player:

THE GINTOWN BLUES
By Professor Aleck Champagne

The professor tapped. "Us puts a li'l' pep into this thing ——"

(Continued on Page 36)



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(Continued from Page 34)

In a corner of the compartment a very long figure, the property of Mr. Sam Gin, uncoiled itself. Mr. Gin regarded his chief with a sorrowful eye. "Professor," said he, "you has sholy created a mistake."

"You sholy has," chimed in the miserable Willy Trout.

Champagne's voice crackled in challenge. "Says which?"

"Says you has most posolutely made an error."

"How come?"

Sam Gin's voice was freighted with pain. "You kind of slipped on who authored these heah Gintown Blues, professor. You sho did."

"It's the one thing he didn't do nothin' else but," whispered Mr. Trout.

Aleck worked himself into a fine frenzy. "Foolishment what you-all talks with yo' moufs. Who says I didn't write The Gintown Blues?"

"We does."

"Uh-huh," agreed Willy sadly. "We bofe."

"Well, you is crazy as you looks. I written them Gintown Blues an' ——"

"Me an' Willy Trout decomposed that piece, professor."

"Uh-huh. Sam Gin an' I."

"Nothin' of the kind. I wrote them my own se'f, an' ——"

"Ain't no 'and' about it." Mr. Gin was trembling, but he gave a peculiar impression of stubbornness. "I an' Willy Trout written The Gintown Blues an' we don't crave to see yo' name on it."

The professor sought refuge in authority.

"Discussion ain't the fondest thing I is of. Specially with two tripes like you-all. Band! Us toots!"

The drummer rapped on his box, instruments were raised to lips, and the opening bars of The Gintown Blues burst into the compartment. But despite the manifold merits of the piece, this particular rendition was sadly thin. The cornet and saxophone remained defiantly mute, and even the best efforts of the other musicians could not overcome the lack. The face of the director wore an angry scowl. He signaled a full stop and swung furiously on the rebellious musicians.

"What's the matter?" he rasped. "Why ain't you playin'?"

Sam Gin's pale voice was unyielding. "Who wrote them Gintown Blues?"

"I did."

Sam sighed. "When you talks truthful, Aleck, I saxophones. Not befo'."

"Nor neither I cornets," confirmed Willy Trout.

"Well, can you 'magine that?" Champagne struck an attitude and addressed the other members of his orchestra. "These heah two fellers gittin' muttonous! Don't ev'y las' solitary one of you-all know that I wrote The Gintown Blues?"

It was a bold strategic stroke. The other members of the organization flatly refused to participate in the argument.

"We don't know nothin'," affirmed Jasper Sneed, "an' we don't crave to discuss it."

"You see," exulted Aleck to Sam Gin. "Tha's just the same as sayin' I authored the piece."

"'Same as' ain't 'is.' Me an' Willy Trout invented that chune."

"Fummadiddles! Is you-all ready to practice?"

Sam's voice droned through the car. "Who wrote them Gintown ——"

"I asks you: Is you is or is you ain't?"

"Who wrote them ——"

Professor Aleck Champagne possessed a volatile temper. He rose to full height, raised his arm, and it crashed against the partition.

"You-all two fellers is fired!" he howled. "Fired, kicked out an' discharged! I ain't gwine stan' fo' no such talkments as you makes. Ise sick an' tired ——"

Calmly and unemotionally the tall slim figure and the short pudgy one set about the task of returning shiny instruments to plush-lined cases. There was no word of protest, no argument, no slightest hint of yielding to the plagiaristic professor. At length the two men rose and stood in the doorway—one a long dark vertical line and one a short blot against the whirling background of snow-covered Apennines. Sam Gin voiced the inevitable query: "Aleck—who wrote them Gintown Blues?"

"I did! An' ——"

As though impelled by a single motor, the two figures stepped back into the corridor and gently slid the door shut. Champagne turned furiously to the other members of his band. He made several sulphurous comments.

Sam Gin and Willy Trout moved down the corridor and settled themselves in a vacant compartment. Mr. Gin stared at the gelid landscape.

"Willy," he commented, "Aleck Champagne is the most man I hates."

"You an' me bofe, Sam."

"He's done swiped our piece."

"Ain't you speechifyin'?"

"Tain't to be stood fo'."

"It suttinly ain't."

Their faces were expressionless. Neither reflected through his eyes the worry which was eating at the soul.

"Bumminham," remarked Sam Gin absently, "is a heap of miles fum heah."

"Oh, golla."

"We ain't got no job."

"No job."

"An' no money'"

"No money'" came the dutiful echo.

A long pause, and then, with a hint of spirit: "But us authored them Gintown Blues, Willy."

"We authored."

A great soggy mantle of gloom descended upon them. It never occurred that perhaps Professor Champagne had exceeded his authority in thus summarily discharging them. They didn't know that the professor himself was excessively worried.

The other members of Professor Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra did not know whether Aleck or the melancholy duo had written The Gintown Blues. All they knew was that the disputed piece was perhaps the most enticing, bewitching, hoof-stirring, body-twisting, nerve-jumping, whistle-inspiring jazz concoction which had been put on paper in the course of their musical careers. It was such a tune as cascaded from the throats of band instruments into the hearts of all listeners and set their feet to shuffling and their lips into a pucker.

But there was not a man of them who did not suspect their estimable leader was attempting a bit of musical hijacking. The personalities of Sam Gin and Willy Trout were defiantly negative, and if they were sufficiently sure to take such a position and never even consider receding from it. . . .

Professor Champagne was worried. He knew that he was not the composer of The Gintown Blues. Three or four times he had heard Willy Trout and Sam Gin practicing the piece on cornet and saxophone. He heard it first in Naples, when it was in the process of composition. In Rome it took shape and in Florence was rounded off into a perfect whole. Whereupon the professor set it down on paper and thereafter did a very excellent orchestration.

(Continued on Page 38)

"Ise Beginnin' to Think," Murmured Sam Reflectively, "That Maybe Aleck Wrote Them Gintown Blues"

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Watch This Column

E. A. DUPONT
Europe's Master-Directing Genius

This is an important announcement which will doubtless be hailed with delight by theatre-owners and should be read with deepest interest by motion-picture fans everywhere.

Universal's forthcoming elaborate production, *"Love Me and the World is Mine,"* is the first American work of E. A. DUPONT, Europe's master-directing genius, who is known over there as "Dupont the Great."

His work in the past has been so artistic that he has been sought for years by every leading picture-producer. He finally succumbed to the offer I made him which gave him the opportunity to make the masterpiece of his career at Universal City, Cal., with its matchless American resources.

***"Love Me and the World is Mine"* will be a super *"Merry Go Round"* and somewhat along the same lines. The story is by Rudolph Hans Bartsch, and became an extremely popular German novel under the title of "The Affairs of Hannerl." The locale is again the gay Austria before the war with a climax in the days of suffering.**

Several of the artists who made *"Merry Go Round"* famous the world over are leaders in *"Love Me and the World is Mine."* They are MARY PHILBIN, NORMAN KERRY and GEORGE SEIGMAN, and the cast has been further strengthened by the addition of HENRY WALTHALL, BETTY COMPSON, ROBERT ANDERSON, MARTHA MATTOX, ALBERT CONTI and others.

MR. DUPONT was given carte blanche in this picture. I told him to spare neither time nor expense in making it one of the great pictures of screen history. He has responded most ably and I am eager for an early date of release because of the pleasure I know it is going to give all of you.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 36)

He intended to take it as his own by sheer force of a dominant personality combined with the high authority of his position as orchestra leader. But there had been no anticipation of this Gibraltar-like opposition. Such firmness was teetotally foreign to the natures of his two best men. They should have remonstrated pallidly, then accepted the edict of a cruelly adverse fate.

Aleck had taken it upon himself to discharge his two best musicians. That was all well and good provided President Latimer didn't hear. Aleck shook his head in doubt and apprehension. He had a hunch that Latimer wasn't too crazy about him anyway.

Two months before, the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of Birmingham, Alabama an organization of negroes, making motion pictures of negroes for popular consumption all over the world—had departed for Europe to film a series of two-reelers against Old World backgrounds. The personnel of the troupe had been selected with scrupulous care and an eye to revenue.

Aside from the actors, directors and technical men, the most important cog in the money-earning machinery was Professor Champagne's orchestra. Each man had agreed to act minor rôles and help in every possible way. But they had been brought along primarily because President Latimer understood that American negro jazz bands were immensely popular in Europe and he saw thus a chance to accumulate certain cash that might otherwise escape his avaricious paws.

In the two months of their European sojourn, however, no single lira had been earned by the orchestra. It had practiced assiduously and sought engagements futilely. And President Orifice R. Latimer, who was paying each man a flat salary plus expenses, was beginning to question the wisdom of his course and to vent spleen upon the members of the band.

In discharging Sam and Willy, Aleck had stepped far beyond the bounds of his very limited authority. In Birmingham his action would have been final and unappealable. Here it was a mere formless gesture. Sam Gin and Willy Trout were directly in the employ of Midnight and President Latimer. But, unfortunately, Sam and Willy did not know that.

Aleck said that they were no longer members of the famous Jazzphony Orchestra. They accepted the statement. They did not protest and they did not recede one inch from their righteous position. Starve they might; perish in a foreign land; be kicked from the train on the very top of a frozen Apennine—but they would never admit that Professor Champagne had written The Gintown Blues.

The train crept on through the bleak afternoon, into the face of an icy wind and a lowering sky. At Padua the wait was unusually lengthy, but from there on the train clanked and clattered with greater speed. The terrain was more level, the rails more free from ice.

Dusk came upon them, gray and forbidding. Occasional canals appeared criss-crossing the lowland scenery—and the canals were frozen. An arctic breath swept in from the Adriatic and punctured the rickety second-class coach in which the troupers rode, then proceeded to penetrate beyond their woolens and into the protesting flesh.

The train slowed down, picked up again, and roared out across the bridge which separates Venice from the mainland. The arm of the Adriatic which they were crossing lay icy and sinister beneath the wintry blasts. The lights of the city were beginning to flicker palely. The Birmingham negroes gazed out upon a scene of uncompromising frigidity and longed for the warmth of Alabama firesides, the soothing air of Shades Valley and, most of all, the toothsome, tummy-tickling taste of Bud Peaglar's barbecue sandwiches.

They were in the station before they knew it. Porters descended upon them in a cloud. Corridor windows were lowered and luggage was seized unceremoniously and dumped upon the platform. Sam Gin and Willy Trout essayed a weak protest when saxophone and cornet were taken along with the rest, but the porter did not understand English and merely paused to assure them in Italian that everything was quite all right. He succeeded in impressing them with the fact that everything was quite all wrong.

Sam and Willy were the last of the troupe to descend. The other negroes were crowding about the exit where Lawyer Evans Chew, as temporary master of ceremonies, was surrendering twenty-one tickets to the gatekeeper. The truck, piled high with their baggage, had passed already into the cavernous recesses of the waiting room. Sam and Willy gave chase, Mr. Gin eating much space with each stride and Willy puffing and panting at his heels.

They were held up for a few minutes at the gate while Mr. Gin explained in sign language that they were members of the company which had just passed through. The official carefully recounted the sheaf of tickets and permitted them to pass. They stood uncertainly, not knowing which way to turn. The others had vanished; only the stenciled face of a certain Mr. Mussolini stared at them from all the walls. "Don't know what show that feller was in," commented Sam, "but he suttinly must of been a riot."

They followed the crowd and found themselves facing a narrow street. No one else was there. They decided instantly and unanimously that they had made a mistake, and returned to the cool interior of the vast station.

They found the waiting room. And there, in a corner, they sighted something. Side by side, forlornly alone, were the cases containing their horns—all by themselves; just the two leather cases.

The musicians seized the cases and followed a few stragglers. They stepped blithely out upon the Fondamenta San Lucia. Mr. Gin paused abruptly. "Look out there, Willy, or you'll git yo' foots wet."

Willy was glad enough to stop. And, lonely and shivering, the two gentlemen from Birmingham, Alabama, stared fretfully upon the turbulent icy waters of the Grand Canal.

There was nothing in the scene to inspire any outburst of rapture from either man. Night was falling swiftly. Lights glowed palely through the haze. The thermometer rested below freezing and there hovered over the city the ghastly brooding quiet which is the most outstanding feature of a wintry Venice.

Suddenly Mr. Trout wrapped trembling fingers around the skinny arm of his elongated friend. "Look yonder, Sam."

Mr. Gin followed the direction of his companion's index finger.

"John J. Disaster," he murmured. "Come step on my face!"

Across the canal, shrouded by night and mist, a long slim gondola was disappearing. It was turning blithely from the Grand Canal into a narrower, blacker stream. And in the revealing instant that Sam and Willy watched, someone stood up in the gondola and ostentatiously lighted a cigar. The glow of the match brought a thin black face into sharp relief. It was Professor Aleck Champagne!

Sam looked at Willy, and Willy looked at Sam. They knew without comparing notes that Aleck's gondola was the last of the fleet which must have been used to bear the troupers to their hotel.

Gravely Willy deposited his cornet case on the stone steps before the station. Sam followed suit. They looked at each other and then at the cold gray waters which lapped hungrily at their feet.

For a long while neither spoke. Their misery was abysmal. It was Sam who broke the silence. "How much moneys you got, Willy?"

"Dunno. Never could make no sense out of these lire."

"How many of them?"

"'Bout a hund'ed. Maybe a few mo'."

"H'm-m! I got some. Not much. Maybe"—he consulted a battered wallet "on'y twenty. But President Latimer owes us bofe some back pay."

"Le's us go git it."

"Good." Sam rose with sudden interest. Then he sank back. "Where at?"

"Hotel"

"Which hotel?"

Consternation took possession of Mr. Trout's countenance. Wrinkles of worry seamed his pudgy cheeks. "Great sufferin' side meat!" he ejaculated. "Ain't you said nothin' an' said it pointed! Us don't know where at the comp'ny is stoppin'."

"We finds out. I hires us a gondola ——"

"Nossuh!" Mr. Trout was quite positive in his negation. "This ain't no night to go fo' no boat ride."

"Shuh! Willy—does you travel in Venice, you boat-rides. All their streets is water."

Mr. Trout was undecided. "Where does we go when we goes?"

Sam was a bit vague. "Venice ain't so terrible big."

"O-o-oh, boy! Just look!"

Mr. Gin looked and decided that he had grossly underrated the size of the city. The canal had suddenly widened, the smaller canals which emptied into it from all directions looked like yawning traps. A glow hung over the place—and the brightest part of the glow was very far away.

The wind howled in from the sea and whitened the waters of the Grand Canal. It set gondolas to dancing and it played upon the flesh and spirits of the two stranded musicians. They were strangers in a strange land—the very strangest land they had ever seen. A city sans streets, sans street cars, sans automobiles, sans barbecue, sans the English language. They became overpowered with a feeling of vast depression.

"Ise beginnin' to think," murmured Sam reflectively, "that maybe Aleck wrote them Gintown Blues."

"Nossuh!" Willy indicated unlooked-for strength of spirit. "An' when us dies, I leaves a request that they carves on my tombstone: 'Heah lies Willy Trout who wrote The Gintown Blues ——'"

"'—— with Mistuh Sam Gin.'"

"Uh-huh. With you."

Sam cogitated. "Tha's a good idea, Willy. I got a hunch you is gwine need that epithet pretty soon."

They commenced to feel the stirrings of hunger. They moved back into the doubtful warmth of the waiting room and thence to an unostentatious luncheon counter where, after considerable gesticulation, which consisted of pointings toward mouth and midriff, and the exhibition of glittering two-lire pieces, they were served with hot coffee—of a type known as *caffè espresso*, which is steamy and tasteless—and a sort of combination doughnut and jelly roll long since victim to old age and mistreatment. It was a rather sad meal, but the coffee was at least hot and the doughnut was filling. The musicians fancied they felt better—until once more they stepped out upon the fondamenta with their instrument cases and their dilemma.

Venice is at times a smiling, romantic and beautiful city. This night it was indescribably chill and inhospitable. What few gondolas were in evidence moved silently through the bleak night, showing briefly beneath street lights, like giant insects.

Sam and Willy stood alone on the narrow pavement which skirted the edge of the Grand Canal. They felt the urge to go somewhere and didn't know where. Mr. Gin put their worried musings into words.

"No matter who wrote them musics, Willy," he said, "us has got to find Midnight."

"Ain't you tootin'?" Then, pertinently: "Where?"

"Gol-a. Uh-huh! Where?"

They stared dazedly to right and left. For perhaps fifteen age-long minutes they

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-here is a Yardstick you can use to measure motor car *efficiency* and *value*

QUESTION	BUICK	ANY OTHER CAR
How long has the manufacturer built motor cars?	More than 22 years.	
How many?	More than a million and a half.	
How many in service today?	More than a million.	
Is service available all over America?	Buick has 4,000 service stations. Wherever you drive, you are near one.	
What, if any, protection does the car's design provide for operating parts?	1. Sealed-Chassis. 2. Tripled-Sealed Engine. 3. Vacuum-Cleaned Crankcase. 4. Thermostatic Circulation Control. 5. Automatic Lubrication of engine, fan hub and universal joint. *Every operating part protected against outside and inside factors-of-wear.*	
What, if any, protection for the safety and comfort of driver and passengers?	1. Buick *Mechanical* 4-Wheel-Brakes. 2. Torque-Tube Drive. 3. Five-Bearing-Surface Steering Gear. 4. Controllable-Beam Headlights. 5. Balanced Wheels. 6. Fisher Bodies.	
What new luxuries of performance in 1927 models?	1. A new Engine, *vibrationless beyond belief*, eliminates noise and rumble. 2. New Giant-Tooth Transmission subdues transmission noise. 3. New type Muffler stills exhaust noise. 4. New Vacuum Ventilator cleans crankcase of engine fumes and prevents their entry into the car.	
What aids are provided for easy starting?	1. Buick Automatic Heat Control warms the fuel immediately, as the engine starts. 2. Buick's new Thermostatic Circulation Control halts water circulation until proper operating temperature is reached.	
Who builds the bodies?	Fisher builds all Buick closed bodies. All have the V. V. water-tight windshield.	
What do owners and the public think of the car?	Retail sales of Buicks now average a million dollars daily. And for nine consecutive years Buick has led, in volume of sales, all members of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce.	
Does the manufacturer build a model that exactly fits your needs?	There are 16 Buick models, one of which will meet your taste, exactly.	

Buick welcomes comparisons. Select any car—place its facts in the blank spaces alongside Buick facts—*and draw your own conclusions.*

THE GREATEST WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE **BUICK** EVER BUILT BUILT; BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 38)

sat in brooding silence before Sam Gin evolved an idea.

"We finds 'em, Willy."

"How?"

Sam spoke slowly. "Us wrote them Gintown Blues ——"

"Now don't you go startin' that again."

"I ain't. I just said it. What I drives at is this: Us wrote them Blues an' they ain't nobody in Venice has ever heard 'em 'ceptin' on'y our orchestra. Ain't that a fack?"

"Yeh."

"Well, we hires one of these heah gondolas an' we rides all over Venice. An' while we rides, we plays The Gintown Blues. Sooner or later we passes the hotel where the folks is stoppin' at, an' they heahs us tootin' an' knows right away who it is. Then they comes to the window an' calls us, an' we ——"

The cherubic face of Mr. Willy Trout expanded into a beatific smile. "Brains what you has got in yo' haid!" he complimented. "Le's travel!"

Mr. Gin shuffled away in search of someone who could speak English. He eventually located a beetle-browed gentleman whose knowledge of the language was limited enough and who demanded ten lire—cash in advance—for his services as interpreter.

The task of interesting a gondolier in a ride of indefinite length was not easy. But eventually it was accomplished—on a per hour basis—and Messrs. Gin and Trout propelled their weary selves into the pitching, rolling, slender craft and seated themselves uncomfortably in the little cabin.

The gondolier gave a violent push, a sweep of his oar, and the craft oozed into the arctic night. They crossed the Grand Canal and lunged into the narrow reaches of the Rio delle Tolentini, one of a multitude of similar narrow waterways dividing the city into one hundred and seventeen islands. Down this canal they went, then turned off as the gondolier uttered a weird and inhuman cry to warn his contemporaries that his craft was about to turn a corner. Neither Sam nor Willy liked the sound of his voice—they conjured visions of knives and guns and very sudden death. More ardently than ever they wished now for the companionship of their kind, for the warmth of a languid steam radiator, for the jolly kinship of other colored gentlemen who were more familiar with the majestic breadth of Eighteenth Street, Birmingham, than with the tortuous canals of Venice.

They opened their instrument cases and extracted saxophone and cornet. Their fingers quivered with cold, the nickeled surfaces of their horns seemed like ice. Chill breezes put tears in their eyes and their ebony flesh crawled in protest.

Eventually they were ready. They eyed each other, Sam bobbed his saxophone and they poured their souls into the twitchy melody of The Gintown Blues. The phlegmatic gondolier gave a start of surprise, then shook his head resignedly and plowed on.

It was an eerie journey, this argosy of two dusky Blondels in search of nineteen Richards; and even the guitar strummer of history was no more anxious to locate his beloved and imprisoned monarch than were these harassed, half-frozen negroes to find the troupe with which they had traveled from Birmingham to New York and from New York to Italy. They poured their very souls through the mouthpieces. They played as they had never played before. They seemed to make words dance in the thick, freezing air:

I got them Gintown Blues,
I got them Gintown Blues,
I feel my spirits ooze
To any gal I choose.
My foots goes dancin' 'round,
They's rakin' up the ground.
The bestest song Ise found—
Them Gintown Bloo-oo-ooz!

Venice settled down upon them and hemmed them in. The canals were inexpressibly narrow. The puffing, panting pair gazed affrightedly from their gondola to the narrow snow-covered sidewalks skirting the canals; they looked down at the black and ugly water, speckled with floating cakes of ice; they cringed involuntarily as, every once in a while, another slim, slowly moving craft swept by and scraped the side of their gondola.

People walked on the sidewalks, and all that could be seen of them from the gondola was their feet. The pavements were above them, and from the pavements houses rose sheer into the inky sky—grim, unimaginative houses of stone and brick and cement; inhospitable houses with doors and windows locked and barred against the freakish weather. Occasionally they found the Grand Canal again and Sam and Willy would breathe more easily; but their relief at these broad open spaces was invariably short-lived, for their gondolier directed them always again into the dark and narrow canals.

Water, water everywhere—water black and cold and clinking with ice; streets and housetops white with snow; wind which shrieked like a banshee around narrow corners and turned blue the lips of the desperate twain from Birmingham. They turned corners; they passed under narrow, arching bridges; they gazed eagerly at small windows through which light streamed palely—and every few minutes they would pause and strain their ears for sound of a friendly Alabama hail or the strains of The Gintown Blues from some charitable member of the Jazzphony Orchestra who might have heard their musical plea for help.

For one hour—for two hours—they slipped up and down the canals of Venice. For two hours they struggled and fought with their instruments. For two aeons they played out their hearts and their lungs. They improvised tricks of tongue and finger until even the lethargic gondolier swept his oar with greater power and caused the freezing water to purl from the prow of his craft.

But they received no answer. The silence of the city oppressed them. Here they heard no clanging of street cars, no clatter of traffic, no medley of automobile horns. Just silence—lots of silence. Silence which beat deafeningly upon the eardrums and brought misery with it.

"Oh, lawsy!" moaned Willy. "I never in all my life heard so much nothin'."

"Ain't you talkin'! Toot, cullud boy, toot!"

They tooted. They tooted until fingers refused to function and lungs declined to supply more wind for reed and brass. And eventually they came out upon the broad tossing waters of the Canal di San Marco. It was a large and awe-inspiring view of wintry wastes and a frozen city. Off to the left they could see the shimmering lights of the snow-covered Piazzetta, and beyond, the slim, slender form of the Campanile and the massive architecture of the Doge's Palace. A few pedestrians plowed disconsolately through the whiteness to which they were so sadly unaccustomed. Sam and Willy glimpsed the lights of a few windows which might be stores and might be restaurants.

Sam stepped out of the *felze*, or cabin, and addressed his boatman. "Us craves to land," said he.

"*Si-si-si!*" assented the gondolier, and indicated by gestures that he did not understand.

Sam pointed toward the shore. "Venice!" he proclaimed enlighteningly. The gondolier emitted another series of hisses. "Listen," explained Mr. Gin with some acidity, "us craves to git off this heah boat." The gondolier favored him with a blank expression. "Land!" continued Sam desperately. "Walk! Eat! Venice! *Quanto costa?*"

"Ah-h-h!" smiled the boatman. "*Quanto costa!*"

He propelled the slim ship toward the Piazetta and swung it alongside a tiny flight of landing steps. Sam and Willy stepped ashore, the gondolier announced that his charges were *cento lire* and Sam allowed Willy to give one hundred and ten. They waved farewell and mushed through the snowdrifts of the broad thoroughfare toward the broader expanse of the Piazza di San Marco beyond. And there, in the solemn magnificence of that square, they paused uncertainly.

St. Mark's Square gleamed whitely. The palaces on either side were capped with snow, the Campanile rose up and up until it vanished in the darkness. The square itself was a gleaming rectangle of snow, barren of pedestrians. What few Venetians were out cowered along under the protecting balconies and vanished hurriedly into shops and cafés. Sam and Willy moved to the middle of the square and stood there—alone and mournful.

From their point of vantage they could see inside the tiny cafés which lined the square. They could see people sipping coffee and wines, nibbling delicate sandwiches and idling away an evening which outside was bitter cold.

The wind came in from the sea and gathered ferocity before attacking the miserable musicians.

"Nothin' to do," gloomed Willy, "an' we got heaps of space to do it in."

Mr. Gin was doing some financial thinking. He realized that they were in dangerous straits. Their supply of lire was nearly exhausted. "Us has got to play some more, Willy ——"

"Oh, lawsy! I got a callus on my lip."

"Calluses don't matter. Maybe some of the folks fum Bumminham is out sightseein' ——"

"In this weather?"

"Sholy. Le's play them Gintown Blues."

And so the two negroes—one tall and thin and gangling, and the other short and round and fat; both miserable, both cold, both hungry and both very, very frightened—raised horn to lip and blew the opening bars of The Gintown Blues. They blew frantically and well, and even before the first measures of the refrain were reached the door of a cabaret across the square opened and a Venetian gentleman poked his head inquiringly into the night. One or two pedestrians stopped to gaze interestedly at the forlorn figures serenading their lost companions. One small Italian boy, costumed bravely for the not-far-distant carnival, essayed a few steps of the Charleston.

But at that moment no member of The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of Birmingham, Alabama, U. S. A., was abroad in Venice. They were clustered around a pot-bellied stove in the lobby of the exceedingly modest Superbo.

The Superbo did not exactly justify its name. It existed on a narrow, dark, ice-filled canal some distance from the Grand Canal and it did an inexpensive and very transient business. The arrival of nineteen colored gentlemen was a historic event in the history of the Superbo, and the excited management did everything in its power to make the visiting Americans comfortable and happy. They succeeded partially, but age was against them. The hotel was a drafty, dank old place—sufficiently cold to discourage any hardy sight-seers from braving the unknown terrors of this bewilderingly exotic city.

And into the lobby group came a gentleman—a gentleman of much size and great pompousness. He was Italian from the top of his large head to the snow-capped tips of his long, narrow shoes, and through the hotel manager, who could speak both English and Italian, he insisted upon being introduced to the head of the American troupe.

The manager beckoned to President Orifice R. Latimer and performed unctuous introductions. Then, speaking floridly and suffering much in translation, the newcomer—Signor Alberto Perinelli—explained that he was the proprietor of the Cabaret Danza Jazz and that he had heard, through a friend in Florence, that this organization carried with it a fine American orchestra and that it was to remain in Venice indefinitely.

President Latimer pricked up his half-frozen ears. The Jazzphony Orchestra had been a thorn in the flesh of his pocketbook for a considerable time, and this commenced to look as though a benign fate intended to provide some of the revenue which he had expected the band to earn.

Signor Perinelli proclaimed that his cabaret was finding the winter season in Venice a trifle tough. Cold weather had kept the majority of tourists farther south—in Sicily, Naples, Rome or on the Riviera. But there were some in Venice, enough to bring prosperity to his place provided he could attract them with a genuine imported American jazz band. Just at the moment they were flocking to the establishment of a hated and mercenary rival. Now, if Signor Latimer would be willing. . . .

"How much does he aim to pay?" queried Latimer.

There was much chatter in Italian, much shrugging of shoulders and expenditure of vowels. The interpreter gestured apologetically, "Two thousan' lire is pay he for the six-day musical."

Latimer was keen. He refused to consider the eighty-dollar offer. It was promptly boosted to three thousand, and eventually to thirty-five hundred. Signor Perinelli suggested suavely that he craved to hear what this orchestra could do before he signed a definite contract. President Latimer summoned Professor Aleck Champagne.

He explained the situation briefly, graphically and with pardonable enthusiasm, and he was too excited to notice that the more he talked, the sadder Professor Champagne became. Aleck's face, naturally lantern-jawed, took on a new length; his eyes grew large and apprehensive; his feet shuffled uncertainly. He found himself staring full into the face of disaster—and he sparred for time.

"Golla, Orifice, us can't play fo' him now."

"How come not?"

"Sam Gin an' Willy Trout ain't heah."

"What?" Latimer was peeved. "All the time you fellers have been leechin' off us, an' now when I need you to make a li'l' real money —— Where is they at?"

"I dunno," answered Aleck candidly. "An' Ise terrible worried about them."

Latimer explained reluctantly that two of his very best musicians were, at the moment, conspicuously absent. Signor Perinelli frowned. He insisted on hearing what the remains of the orchestra could do. Aleck protested, but his protests were of no avail. And so the thinned orchestra trotted out its instruments and did its pitiful best. The music dispensed by banjo, violin and traps was distinctive chiefly for its lack of saxophone and cornet. The music was thin in spots and too thick in others. Signor Perinelli was doubtful. He spoke long and earnestly with the interpreter, and that individual explained to President Latimer that the estimable proprietor of the Cabaret Danza Jazz would return the following morning at ten o'clock for a second hearing. Latimer was all for closing the formal contract now and produced Lawyer Evans Chew as a person eminently fitted for the drawing of such an instrument. But thirty-five hundred lire were not lightly to be signed away by the canny signor and eventually he departed, leaving an irate chief executive and a trembling musical director.

"Where at is them wuthless Willy Trout an' Sam Gin?"

"I dunno, pres'dent. Honest I don't."

Latimer raved. "Fo' two months we totes you-all aroun' Europe an' you ain't earned enough to buy a mess of chitlins. An' now when us gits a chance to deprive a heap of lire an' a good reputation, yo' orchestra ain't heah! Pff! You is about as useful as a flivver on that canal out yonder!"

Professor Champagne retired in disorder to a cold corner of the lobby. He was more worried than he cared to admit. He thought of the large and pompous signor who wished

(Continued on Page 45)

What would you give for ten years more?

THE chief medical examiner for a great insurance company recently said: "The robust man is not the best risk, ordinarily. He comes into the world a strong specimen. He doesn't know what it means to be sick. Consequently, he never learns to take care of himself. He doesn't see the effects of his many small abuses until it is too late.

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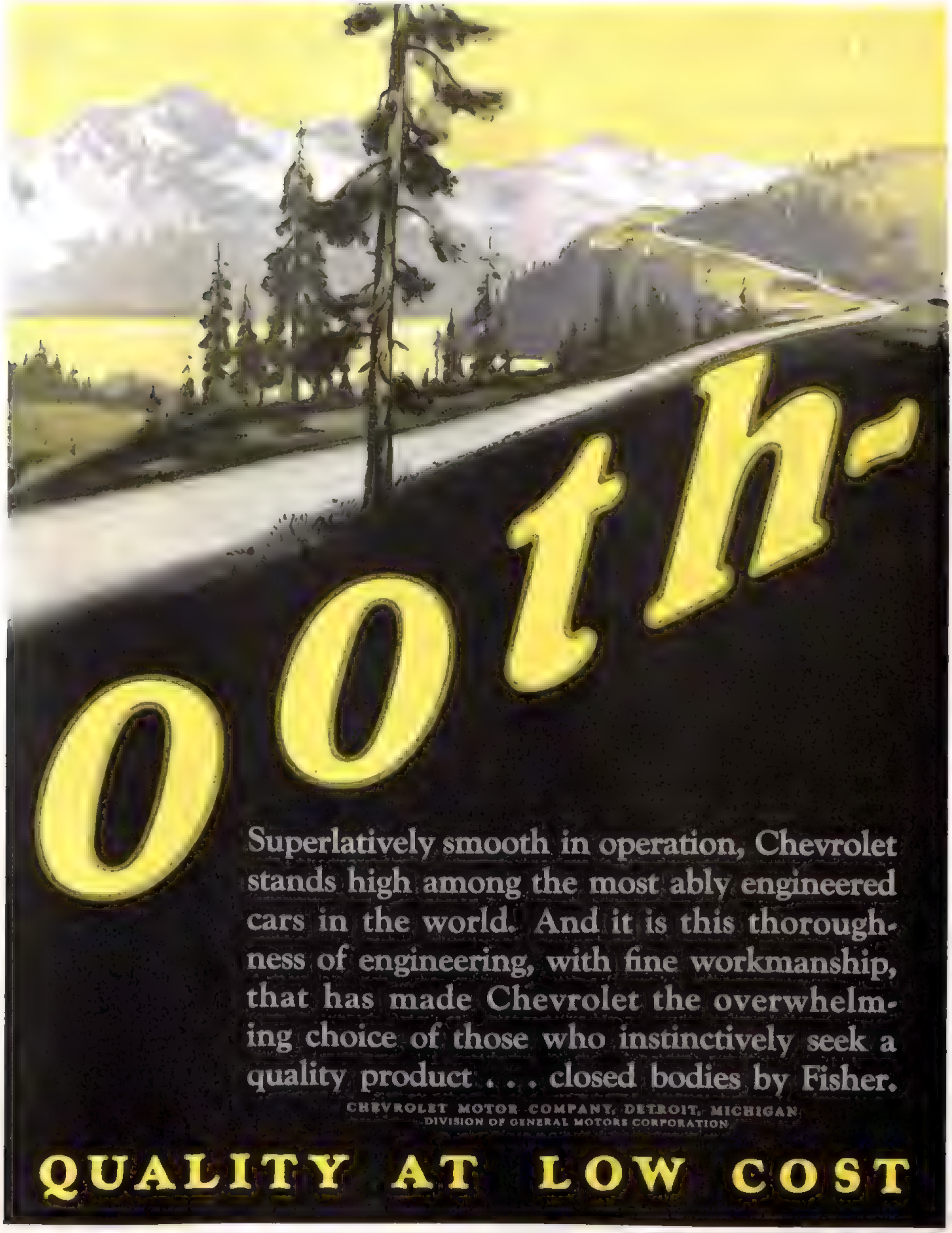
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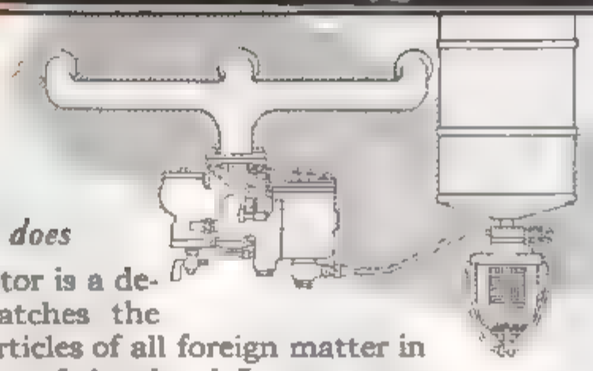

In recent years automotive engineers have found that most all serious engine troubles are due, in a large degree, to faulty carburetion. But further investigation showed the trouble was not in the carburetor itself. It is due to dirt and water that get into your gasoline.

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to hire an orchestra. He thought of the elongated Sam and the stocky Willy. He thought—and thought and thought.

Meanwhile Signor Perinelli was traversing the narrow little back streets of Venice. He had no desire to ride in a gondola this freezing night, and so he trudged through drifts of feathery snow—there being no taxicabs or other wheeled vehicles in Venice—through narrow streets walled in by stone buildings and swept by shrieking winds.

The signor was bitterly disappointed. A friend had written from Florence about the visit of the Midnight organization to Venice. This friend, it appeared, had heard the Jazzphony Orchestra practicing and thought exceedingly well of it. Just at the moment Signor Perinelli, who had counted heavily on an engagement in his cabaret, was torn by doubt. The music which he had heard this night was of a sad and uninspiring sort. Unless the missing musicians supplied a gaping lack, he had no intention whatsoever of parting with his thirty-five hundred lire for any week of jazz.

Signor Perinelli bowed his head against the gale and moved slowly toward St. Mark's Square. His heart was heavy and his fat frame was cold. Disappointment added chill to the night. He crossed tiny bridges, he slipped on the gelid pavements, he came eventually to the broad white expanse of the Piazza di San Marco. And there he paused and raised his head. He gazed upon a phenomenon and gave ear to a miracle.

By all the rules of Venetian hatred of cold, St. Mark's Square should have been deserted. It was cold there—fiercely, devastatingly cold. The wind gathered force before attacking the great quadrangle. Good, true, honest Venetians should have been indoors. Yet there before the signor's eyes—out in the very middle of the square—stood a crowd of perhaps a hundred persons. They stood spellbound, mesmerized into a forgetfulness of the weather, listening to a tune which caused the toes of the signor's feet to do queer things. First they turned in and then they turned out. His fleshy knees wiggled. His torso quivered.

Sam Gin saxophoned and Willy Trout corneted with master skill. Upon the cold air of a wintry Venice they spurted their S O S:

I got them Gintown Blues,
I got them Gintown Blues,
I feel my spirits ooze. . . .

Deep, heart-throbbing notes from the sax; triple-tonguing of cornet; high carnival and symphonic enticement. Music—glorious jazzy music; toe-twitching, knee-wriggling, Charleston-inspiring music. The eyes of Signor Perinelli lighted first with approval and then with vast enthusiasm. He spoke certain words in his native tongue, which, translated into Bumminhamese, would have been something like "Hot dog!" And he darted into a little café and dragged therefrom a thin, piercing-eyed friend who spoke English with a fair degree of fluency. The pair descended upon the hungry and desperate musicians, and as they waded through the snow Signor Perinelli explained what sort of interpreting job he wanted done.

The interview was short, pointed and dazzlingly sweet. Signor Perinelli explained—through his friend—that he wished to hire Sam Gin and Willy and any orchestra they might collect, for a one-week engagement at a salary of thirty-five hundred lire, with the possibility of lengthening the engagement in the event the orchestra proved a drawing card. Sam and Willy stared pop-eyed. They were stonily silent—simply because their slow-moving brains could not grasp in an instant the magnificence of the offer. The signor misconstrued their hesitation as barter, and promptly raised his offer to four thousand.

Sam and Willy accepted. In the freezing blasts of the Adriatic, the oral agreement was cemented. The musicians agreed to meet Signor Perinelli at ten in the morning at the Superbo. It never occurred to them that Midnight was housed in that hotel. It was all the signor's suggestion.

The Italian café owner departed. Sam gazed down at Willy. He spoke with slow, passionate fervor. "Willy," said he, "hot ziggity dam!"

"Sam," replied Willy, "hot ziggity dam!" Solemnly they shook hands.

"Fo' thousan' lire!" mooned Sam.

"Golla! How much money is that?"

"Hund'ed an' sixty dollars."

"Cash!"

A long, happy silence. "Willy," said Sam, "does you have a reflection on what this means?"

"Yes," answered Willy. "What?"

"President Latimer has been terrible sore 'cause his orchestra wasn't makin' no money. Now if us can find out where he is at, we goes to him an' we says that if he gives us back our job pummanent, we turns over this contrack to him. An' then ——"

"We wrote The Gintown Blues," interrupted Willy with sudden stubbornness.

"Co'se we did. We gits acknowledgments we wrote that piece an' we gits our jobs. Is you happy, Willy?"

"Uh-huh!" responded Willy miserably. "I is!"

Sam unslung his saxophone. Instantly the bright-eyed, shivering, expectant crowd which hovered about them emitted a wail of protest. There was a large chattering of Italian. Sam's eyes lighted with the appreciation of the true artist. "We is a knock-out, Willy. They craves that we toot them Gintown Blues some mo'."

Willy was magnanimous. "Le's go, Sam. Is you ready?"

I got them Gintown Blues,
I got them Gintown Blues, . . .

Back at the Superbo, Professor Aleck Champagne was plumbing the nethermost depths of misery. For an hour he had been thinking, and every thought which came to him was more appalling than the last.

He faced a situation which promised complete personal catastrophe. Already his orchestra was out of tune with President Latimer. Two months in Europe and not a cent put in the company coffers. And now when a good engagement dropped in their laps, circumstances made it necessary to explain to the president that because of his own plagiaristic activities, he had precluded the possibility of acceptance.

Professor Champagne was keenly and miserably alive to the fact that he had far overstepped the bounds of his authority in discharging Sam and Willy. As a matter of fact, he hadn't believed that they would take him literally. They should have known that here in Europe they were employed by Latimer and not by himself. He had thought that they would become lonely and frightened in Venice and crawl back to him for forgiveness. His idea then was to demand authorship of The Gintown Blues and accept them again into the orchestra.

Now the entire complexion of that gentle scheme had changed. No matter what trouble Sam and Willy faced, Aleck was in the midst of worse. He shook his head unhappily. More than once he had seen the presidential spleen vented with devastating results, and never with more adequate cause. He discovered a somewhat threadbare overcoat, a new cap and a desire to travel.

The professor did not like cold weather. The gale shrieked down the street and kissed him full in the face. Aleck started to turn back—then reconsidered.

Somewhere in Venice Sam Gin and Willy Trout were cowering. Somewhere their musical genius was combating the wintry blasts. Somewhere the humble coauthors of The Gintown Blues were moodily awaiting forgiveness.

Aleck trudged through the snow. Instinct led him to the right, where, against a leaden sky, he discerned the glow that marked the Piazza di San Marco. As in central Italy all bus lines are reputed to lead toward Rome, so in Venice one cannot walk long without finding himself on the Piazza.

Down one narrow street after another, past warm and comfy cafés, across curving bridges, through man-made canyons which nursed the gale and intensified its force, walked the professor. Eventually he turned a corner and stepped into the square.

But even as Signor Perinelli had discovered something on the square to interest him, so Professor Aleck Champagne became fascinated.

In the middle of the square, surrounded by many twitching Venetians and much swirling snow, stood two black figures, one resembling an exclamation point and the other a rather too healthy period. Nickeled silver gleamed, and jazz music prevailed above the shrieking of the wind:

I got them Gintown Blues,
I got them Gintown Blues,
I feel my spirits ooze
To any gal I choose. . . .

"Hot diggity dawg!" ejaculated Aleck. "They has been discovered by I."

He slipped and slid and skidded across the square. He inserted himself into the crowd and eventually came face to face with Sam and Willy.

But they greeted him with no particular enthusiasm. They lowered their instruments and regarded their one-time chief with chill and hostile stares.

"Howdy, boys," greeted Aleck.

"'Lo!" answered Mr. Gin.

"Pff!" said Mr. Trout.

Aleck shifted uncertainly. He was beginning to decide that there were several things he knew but did not comprehend. "Havin' a good time?"

"Swell."

"I craves to make talk with you-all."

"Us ain't in a talkin' humor," observed Sam moodily.

Willy plucked at his coat sleeve pathetically, and Sam favored him with a disapproving stare.

"Shuh!" commented Mr. Gin out loud. "We don't aim to talk with this feller, Willy. Us craves conversation with President Latimer."

Aleck heard a loud kerthump and knew that it was his heart. A puzzled frown appeared on his forehead. Venice had affected these gentlemen most remarkably. They were no more loquacious than when he had left them at the station, but they were certainly free from worry. He stood regarding them as they incased their instruments in plush cases and then he took Sam by the arm. "Brother Gin," said he pleadingly, "le's us go have a cup of coffee."

Sam frowned, but Willy's inner man howled for sustenance.

"Coffee," repeated Willy rapturously, "an' buns. We accepts."

They crossed the square and found a modest and warm café, where they seated themselves unobtrusively at a corner table. Steaming coffee was served, and toasted buns, and the two Blondels ate ravenously.

Aleck waited until the first pangs of their hunger were appeased, then he leaned forward and commenced to talk. He spoke softly and persuasively. He delivered an oration on the evils of abruptness. He confessed a quick temper. He finally stated that he had been a trifle thoughtless in discharging them from his orchestra —— "An' bein' a noble man, boys," said he, "I has come to you with yo' jobs."

"Who with which jobs?"

"The jobs you had in the Jazzphony Orchestra. My heart was bustin' at the idea of you fellers gittin' froze, or drowned in the canal, or starvin' ——"

"Shuh! Aleck—we has got hot blood, we can swim an' we ain't reflectin' 'bout starvin'."

Miracle of miracles! Nothing negative about these chaps. Aleck thought of President Orifice R. Latimer.

"Boys," he pleaded, "you has got to come back into the happy fambly."

"Hmph!" commented Sam. "Mostly fambly an' leastly happy."

Willy was watching his slim friend with wide-eyed amazement. He thought for a moment that Sam had lost control of his

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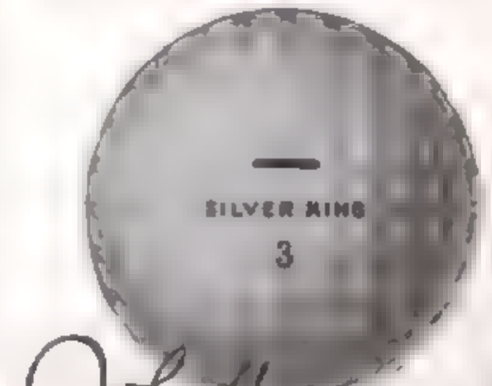

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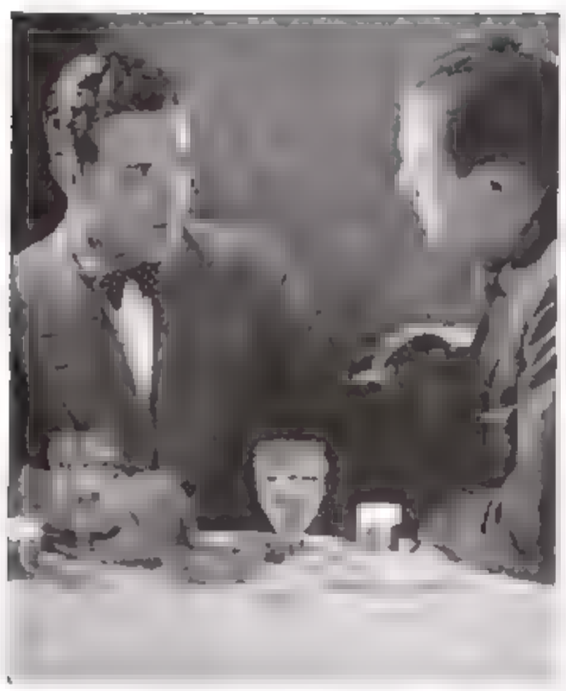

"Why should a new blade be stropped?" asked Smith.

"Did you ever wonder why a new violin has to be tuned?" replied Wilson.

"What's the connection?" asked Smith.

"Just this," said Wilson. "A new violin is tuned perfectly. By the time you get it home the temperature and handling have gotten the sensitive strings all out of tune. You must tune it the first time you play on it—and every time you play."

"Admitted," rejoined Smith.

"Same with a razor blade," explained Wilson. "The tiny teeth which form the edge are as sensitive to contact and temperature as a violin string. If you want a really smooth shave you've got to tune it up by stropping just before each shave."

"Oh, I see," exclaimed Smith.

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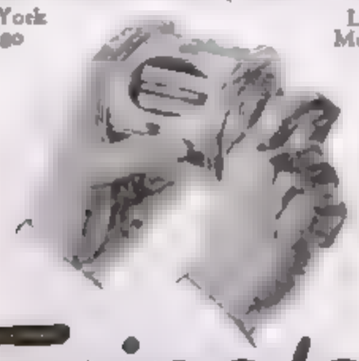

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senses. But Sam Gin, long-suffering and easy-going, was no fool. He realized that there was something more to this situation than had yet been disclosed and he was not minded to trust Aleck.

"Will you-all accept yo' jobs back again?" queried the professor.

And Sam answered with terrific positiveness: "Not fum you we won't accept 'em back again!"

"What you mean—not fum I you won't accept 'em?"

"We ain't cravin' to do no business with you a-tall. Us desires to have a talk with President Latimer."

"But man! Latimer ain't int'rested in this orchestra."

"He will be," proclaimed Sam positively, "when I says what I knows!"

For a moment Aleck closed his eyes and fancied himself back on the Atlantic Ocean. He could distinctly feel the roll of the ship—the same all-gone feeling which comes to the poor sailor in the midst of a lot of restless water.

"Wh-wh-what does you know?"

"Heaps!" affirmed Sam.

"Heaps don't say what."

Sam leaned forward. "I has got something which makes Brother Latimer int'rested, Aleck. What I has got to say to him is about money. Money which I earns fo' him. Lots of money. Fo' thousan' lire!"

"Wh-where at you git any fo' thousan' lire?"

"Workin'! Orches'tring! Tha's where we gits 'em."

"You ain't got no orchestra."

"No. But I can git one. I goes to President Latimer an' I says, 'Heah, Mistuh Latimer, I has got a contrack ——'"

"We!" corrected Willy Trout sadly.

"'We has got a contrack to orchestra fo' one week at fo' thousan' lire. Now,' says I, 'I turns this contrack over to Midnight provided I an' Willy gits our jobs back pummanent with a 'greement what says we don't git fired again, an' also ——'"

Professor Aleck Champagne needed to ask no more questions. The entire appalling situation was crystal clear now. Signor Perinelli had offered definitely to Sam and Willy the job which Midnight would have had if he had been less precipitate in discharging the two musicians.

Aleck was supremely unhappy. His gentle plan for revenge had boomeranged and was now caressing his colorado-maduro brow with stunning force. He visioned Latimer's face when the situation should be thus innocently disclosed to him; he could see himself stranded in Venice when the company fared on to other hunting grounds.

Professor Aleck Champagne surrendered. He surrendered unconditionally. "Boys," he said moodily, "Ise whupped!"

"What you mean—whupped?"

"Ise licked. You-all is too good fo' me. I offers you back yo' jobs."

"We talks that over with Orifice."

"Orifice ain't got nothin' to do with it."

"Oh, he ain't, ain't he? Reckon Ise gwine mention you said so." Mr. Gin was pressing an advantage which he could see without understanding.

"No!" begged Aleck explosively. "Listen, Sam, I done you wrong ——"

"Us," interrupted Willy.

"You two bofe. An' I craves to make up fo' same. T'morrow mawnin' this feller which wants to hire you is comin' to the hotel to heah us play. An' does we do good, us gits the contrack fo' one week, an' ——"

"You don't git nothin'," postulated Sam. "I an' Willy Trout has got that contrack a'ready."

"But it ain't possible. You says ——"

"I gives that contrack to President Latimer. An' I understan's ——"

"Listen"—Aleck leaned forward eagerly—"Latimer is willin' to sign up at thirty-five hundred lire. You gits fo' thousan'. What's to prevent you-all fum makin' five hund'ed lire profit?"

Mr. Gin shook his head in negation. "'Twoul'n't be honest. I wants that five hund'ed ——" Suddenly he paused and transfixed the professor with an inspired stare. "Seems like you is pow'ful anxious to be sweet to us. We hits a bargain with you. We comes back an' accepts our jobs. We plays in you' orchestra. We gives Midnight the whole contrack fo' the fo' thousan' lire ——"

"Tha's great!"

"Just a minute befo' you applauds how great us is. 'Cause, Aleck—does we do that, we still gits our five-hund'ed-lire profit—I an' Willy."

Professor Champagne's face was blank. "How?"

"You gives it to us! You gives it out of yo' own pocket—just 'cause you loves us an' has got a good heart."

"To bofe of us," indorsed Willy beatifically.

Professor Aleck Champagne hesitated. His eye roved through the doorway toward the vast, snow-swept expanse of St. Mark's Square. He envisioned a long and lonely life in Europe on the one hand, and on the other the loss of a mere twenty dollars. He shrugged his resignation. "When I said I was whupped," he agreed, "I di'n't really know that I had also been kicked in the face!"

The lobby of the Superbo was a-quiver with jazz music. In a corner sat the Jazzphony Orchestra and it was playing as it had never played before.

Professor Champagne directed dynamically; Jasper Sneed banged and rapped and pounded his traps; Spokane G. Washington, seated before a decrepit piano, wrung soulful syncopation from its protesting innards; and Sidney Sprott's fingers fairly flew over the throat of his violin. But it was from the far corner where sat the elongated saxophone player and his sorrowful cornet companion that the real spirit of the music came. Never had Sam and Willy performed as they did this morning. Director J. Cæsar Clump was unable to restrain himself. He rose, seized his wife, Sicily, and they whirled across the lobby to the strains of Alabama Bound! Director Edwin Bosco Fizz and his wife followed suit. Lawyer Chew capered a few elephantine steps which he believed were part of the Charleston.

Side by side stood President Orifice R. Latimer and Signor Perinelli. The signor was happy and Latimer was smiling.

Eventually came silence. Through the interpreter Latimer inquired if the signor was satisfied. The signor shook his head and emitted many words. He explained that there was one piece he wished to hear—a most marvelous piece—one that went this way:

Tatata-tata-ta's,
Tatata-tata-ta's
Ta-ta-ta ta-ta tooz. . . .

"That," suggested Sam Gin mildly, "is The Gintown Blues."

Professor Champagne distributed the parts. The trap drummer tapped on his box, Aleck waved his wand, and they were off.

Signor Perinelli listened spellbound. Then his pursy lips expanded into a smile. His eyes closed rapturously. His feet moved. His knees quivered. His shoulders swayed to the hypnotic beat of drum and quiver of reed. His muscles jumped—up and down, up and down. . . .

The music ceased. Rapt silence held for a minute, and then the signor chattered wildly.

The interpreter explained that what the signor wished to say was that The Gintown Blues was the greatest, most superb, most expressive, bewitching, enticing, melodious, symphonic, exotic, entrancing piece of dance music ever written. And, explained the interpreter, President Latimer had informed the signor that The Gintown Blues had been composed by someone in the orchestra and the signor wished to meet the genius.

The president was beaming. "Who wrote them Gintown Blues?" queried Latimer proudly.

Professor Aleck Champagne stepped briskly to the fore. But as he moved, two others uncoiled themselves—the lengthy and melancholy Sam Gin and the short, fat, doubly sad Willy Trout. With sinister significance they ranged themselves alongside the harassed professor.

"Aleck," suggested Sam Gin sweetly, "s'pose you tell who wrote them Gintown Blues."

Aleck looked wildly about. He saw a ring of eager, congratulatory faces. He knew that The Gintown Blues was good. He opened his lips.

"We did!" he said.

"We?" The fat little figure of Willy Trout moved with sudden excitement. "What do you mean—we?"

Aleck surveyed the situation. Sam Gin glared down at him; Willy Trout glared up at him.

Professor Aleck Champagne made a hopeless, helpless gesture toward his two musicians.

"When I says we," he explained with dignity, "I means both of you!"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

CRISP MALE VOICE: Yes, yes. Jones speaking.

SECRETARY: One moment, please, Captain Jones.

CRISP MALE VOICE *(very crisply)*: Damn these ——

(Hangs up receiver)

ANOTHER MALE VOICE: Jones, this is the captain of His Majesty's ship Serapis speaking. Hello. HELLO! *(Aside)*: Get him again. They cut us off. Ask Captain Jones if he has struck his colors.

SECRETARY: Hello, operator! Operator. . . . You cut us off. . . . Well, somebody did. I was connected with Captain Paul Jones' office on the Bon Homme Richard ——

OPERATOR: There's your party.

SECRETARY: Hello. Is this Captain Jones' office? They cut us off.

BORED VOICE: Sorry. Captain Jones isn't here now. Can I call you back?

SECRETARY: Never mind. Will you take this message, please, from the captain of the Serapis?

BORED VOICE: What name? The captain of the Parenthesis?

SECRETARY: The Ser-ap-is. S—S—as in silly. The British ship you're fighting.

BORED VOICE: Oh, yeh. The Separis. What's the message, please?

SECRETARY: The captain of the Serapis wants to know if Captain Jones has struck his colors.

BORED VOICE: Hold the wire, please.

(Interval)

BORED VOICE: Hello. This the British Ship Perasis?

SECRETARY: Yes. Waiting.

BORED VOICE *(slightly animated)*: Yes. Well, I took your message to Captain Jones and he says to tell you he ain't begun to fight yet.

SECRETARY: Says he ain't begun his flight yet?

BORED VOICE *(relapsing)*: No, no. Central, please keep off. . . . Hasn't begun to fight yet. To fight, to scrap, to mix it up. You know—fight. F—F—as in fool.

SECRETARY: Oh. Captain Jones says he hasn't begun to FIGHT yet. Thank you very much. Good-by.

BORED VOICE: G'by. The dumb Dora!

—*Arthur H. Folwell.*

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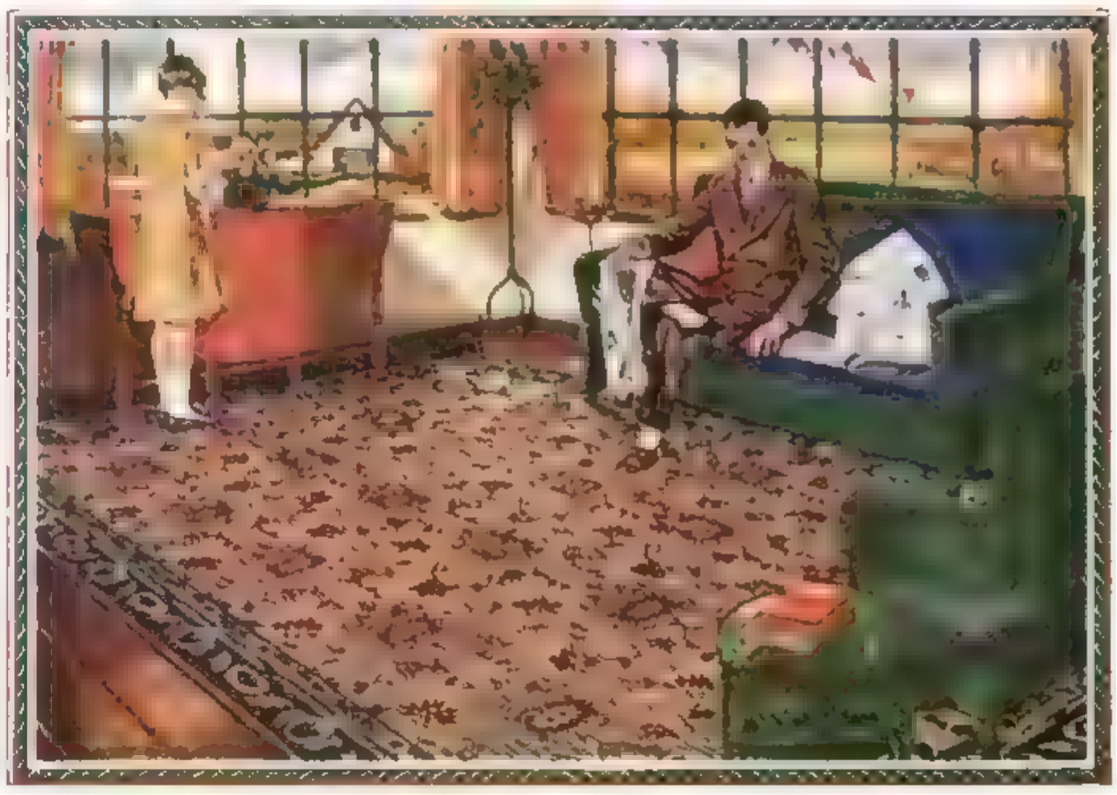

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THE CYGNET PACKET

(Continued from Page 25)

Gerald was repeating to himself the facts he had heard about packet ships. He must discover what, exactly, a spitchcock was. Why he asked such questions, took that trouble, he couldn't yet see, since in the Pullman he had decided that Miss Denham and her history were worth little to him. He walked over to the bookcases that walled the room, and, with an appearance of the purely casual, began an examination of their shelves. Soon—in Barton Kingdon's library—he found what he was looking for—a tall book of ship models, published, he saw, in London; and a thinner volume, from the Marine Research Society, in Salem, called Ship Models. He added to the titles in his mind The Clipper-ship Era, by Captain Arthur Clark; and, because of its pictures, Old Marblehead Sea Captains. Willie Gerald saw, too, that he must read the Maritime History of Massachusetts; and at least look over a book of the reproduced paintings of ships by a celebrated family of marine artists named Roux.

There was no time to do any of that now, for he had come to Kingdon's to play bridge, and the fourth—who had kept them waiting—Baker Patten—had just arrived. It might have been better, more practical, he reflected, smoothly cutting a pack of cards, if he had asked about ship models as casually. He couldn't, with what might conceivably turn up, go flatly to Max Williams. Willie Gerald wondered who, at the present time, made ship models. Certainly it was a mistake to have ignored them. He made three no trumps by very conservative successful play, when a doubtful finesse would have made a slam.

The game was at an end when, by chance, Gerald learned that Carmine Grant was in New York. "I like her a lot," he declared at once. "She was at Cambridge, at some races. She's got an astonishingly good head inside all that powder and paint. I told her that she simply wore her own face for a mask. The point is, you'd never suspect such a young girl, such miraculous eyes, of a really keen mind." Patten agreed with him, and Willie wondered where Carmine was staying. It might be that she had come East to be in a picture, and if that were true she'd remain at least six weeks. He must get her address from her company's New York office. Gerald recalled the Harvard races, the occasion of his meeting Carmine Grant, clearly; but he couldn't remember with whom she had come. For a vague, a formless reason, that seemed to him now to be important. A thin, rather remote girl—as different as possible from Carmine's vivid youth—and pleasant boys rigorously suppressing a natural excitement. A thin and decidedly remote girl.

Willie Gerald's random speculation came to an abrupt end; an expression of quizzical amazement turned into a smile. "The ways of Providence," he said aloud, once more in his rooms, "are strange." They were strange and not, apparently, in any conspicuous opposition to his plans. Carmine, he discovered the next day—and, indeed, as he had most fervently hoped—was staying with a family named Nearing, Central Park West. Lily, that was her name, he told himself—Lily Nearing. And, in the sequel of that acquired information, soon afterward he was standing in the approach to the Ritz dining room shortly after the usual hour for lunch. Gerald was amused at himself and his situation—here he was waiting in a hotel to have lunch with a very young and very pretty actress. He simply couldn't remember when he had done anything like that before.

The place was full of young and pretty and very self-possessed girls; they had on elaborately plain and scanty dresses, the smallest and tightest hats imaginable; and with confidential smiles and quick handclasps, met carefully dressed nondescript youths whose faces were all blankly alike. The small space where Gerald stood was crowded with young slim figures; there was a constant passing sibilance of light feet, and the air was thick with cigarette smoke and strong and subtle perfume. Then he saw Carmine—easily the slimmest and loveliest presence there—and he went quickly forward.

"But I do remember you perfectly," she assured him. "Do you think I'd be here if I hadn't? You see, I can only stay in New York for a short while; about three weeks, I think."

"Then you're not making a picture in the East?" Gerald asked. They were seated at the small table he had reserved on the narrow raised part of the floor by the railing and their lunch was ordered.

"Oh, no," she replied; "it's a party. Father arranged it. The family are going to Europe and they wanted to see me, and I had to see them." Willie Gerald realized once more how self-reliant, how admirably balanced, Carmine was. Her upper lip was painted in the exact bright semblance of a cupid's bow, but beneath the misleading paint there were firm lines, a humorous understanding.

"I see you are still in disguise," he remarked.

She laughed charmingly. "But of course! Why not? And how nice of you to remember what you said to me. Mr. Gerald, now, why did you call me up? Why am I here? I came because I like you, but don't try to convince me that you had such a really nice reason."

"Well," Gerald answered deliberately, "for one thing, I wanted to see you because I felt that I was growing old. I was getting to be entirely serious and all my friends were serious. Not pleasantly, the way you are, but solemn. I accidentally heard you were in New York, and, all at once, I had to be with you."

"I'll have to believe that," Carmine agreed, "because I can't think of another reason. But I am glad you did—I don't have to pretend with you, do I? And you won't follow me around. Promise before another minute that you won't fall in love with me. There was a person came all the way from Chicago. . . . He wanted to give me a gold bag with emeralds. It was marvelous, and I did look at it a long, long while, but I couldn't dream of taking it."

"Very well," Gerald agreed, "I won't follow you about and I promise not to be in love with you. Specially I won't give you gold bags with emeralds."

She leaned across the table and held one of his hands in a warm impetuous pressure. "That will be swell!" she declared.

"Not even a paper bag—of peanuts," he added.

"But you are giving me lunch," she reminded him. "And I won't pay for myself."

Later, when they were smoking, Carmine Grant said tentatively, "It's rather a shame we're not going to see each other again. I mean since it's plain we are not going to be in love. We get along together so nicely. Most people I am with leave me tired and discouraged, but I could talk to you forever."

"See here," Willie Gerald said decidedly, "there is one thing I want you to understand, and it is this: I won't have you falling in love with me. I am sick of having girls kill themselves because I can't and won't marry them. Another thing, I am very busy and you must realize that these lunches can't go on. I haven't time."

She laughed delightfully. "Anyway," Carmine asserted, "dinner is nicer than lunch, and I haven't seen one of the plays." Gerald replied that the only thing he disliked more than the theater was moving pictures.

"Very well," she retorted calmly, "we'll spend a splendid day in the country. Yes, I must do that! You know, there aren't any seasons in California. In the spring I nearly die to get East and see apple blossoms and violets; I mean a few and very sweet after the long winter." He replied that she would be absurd in the country, and in a cool voice she offered to bet a hundred dollars she could run farther and much faster than he. "Or if you'd rather, it can be swimming, or riding, or driving a car, or dancing; and anyone you choose can be judge." The truth was that she owned the most graceful strength, the finest balance, he had ever seen in a girl.

"Tell me something about the Nearings," he said at an apparent tangent. Carmine answered that there was always so little to say about really nice people. "I have been fond of Lily for a great while, but perhaps you remember that. She's a little silly about her family, I think; but that isn't much of a fault."

"What is there to be silly about?"

"But you ought to know that, you are a part of it—of society. It's the Denham blood, naturally. I don't believe I can get it straight. Her grandaunt—would that be it?—was married to a Denham. She is a Mrs. Moone-Denham. That's because there was a divorce, but they don't dwell on that. A rather dreadful old woman, really. She's with the Nearings now; her apartment is being done up, and if I had known it I wouldn't have stayed there. But you mustn't let that discourage you. Please, you won't?"

"I don't know how to answer," Willie Gerald admitted. "It would be fatal to let you see that I wanted to be with you again; and yet if I don't it's nearly as bad—I wouldn't. If that's at all clear. Couldn't I just pretend to run into you?"

She rose and very firmly announced that, with no further nonsense, he must give her his telephone number. "What I'll do with it later, you'll find out."

Alone again, Willie Gerald was disturbed; the contact with Carmine Grant's vivid youth had stirred him uncomfortably; it was as though he had been standing in a strong white light, exposed. His life now seemed to him lonelier than it should be, and almost wholly unsatisfactory. It was his determination, some day, to suddenly end his present occupation, turn instantly and completely into something else far more admirable. But now he doubted his ability to accomplish that transformation. "I am what I am," he said to himself; "a cheat. Morally and socially I'm entirely wrong, and the probability is I'll stay that." He was thoroughly illogical in that he couldn't conceive how he'd act if he were exposed, if he were caught selling false furniture, new furniture for old. And yet every day he invited precisely that; the quality of being totally indifferent to such a calamity should be inherent in him. Well, perhaps it was; perhaps if he were found out he would prove adequately hard.

There was, in the first place, no actual danger from the law—he guaranteed nothing to be genuine, but, at worst, allowed such an inference to be drawn from his reputation, his attitude and the obvious appearance of what he occasionally offered for sale. And then he could count on the vanity of the people who bought from him. No one wanted to make public his ignorance; to admit that, in questions largely of taste, he was deficient. To this Willie Gerald added his cold dislike for the people, the class, that patronized him. These were all arguments, he thought, in his favor; and it was true that he had no moral scruples whatever Quite the reverse, he greatly enjoyed his successful scheming; it required wit, he considered, and knowledge; at last he was actively using what talents he had.

Yet he was troubled: he told himself that he wanted to see Rose Brincker; he needed the relief of her cool charm, her repose. she didn't upset him the way the girl did with whom he had just had lunch. Rose was a calming influence, but Carmine Grant filled him with active doubt. He didn't want to see her again, he concluded - hell, he couldn't be meeting moving-picture actresses at the Ritz! It was ridiculous in his position and at his age. Carmine was hardly more than half his years. He'd give up all thought of clipper ships and ship models. But those subjects in themselves continued to interest him. He read the books whose titles he had memorized in Kingdon's library, and bought some Currier prints of celebrated clippers. It was useless to want to see Rose, for she was in Europe, either at the Lido or a Hungarian watering resort with a strange name he could never remember. Instead, answering the telephone later, he found that he was talking to Carmine Grant.

"It's been two weeks since I saw you," she reminded him, "and that's really too long. You know, I didn't expect you to take me literally."

"I'll take you any way you like," he promptly answered, surprised at the pleasure brought him by her voice; "for long or short, or very much for the worse. And I'll tell you what I will do—come to see you this evening. I mean if you can manage to stay in—in New York. No theater and no night club, but a solemn visit just as though I were a suitor." That, she said, would be splendid. It would simply be too screaming. Carmine hoped all the Nearings would stay in and surround them. "It will serve you right for being so silly. I will expect you at eight."

"Nine," he replied, "nine. I can't begin all over in one evening. I must have practice."

But when she saw him, she cried, "You are wearing a camellia—a red camellia, and that's entirely wrong. And your clothes are wrong too. I've had stacks of boys come to see me after supper, and I know exactly how it's done. You ought to have a blue serge suit and a blue foulard tie with white polka dots, and freshly polished yellow shoes."

"Oh, well," he replied, "if you are going to be realistic, where's the porch and clematis vine and the hammock? Then I'd have to kiss you and we'd both hate that."

She told him that he might be surprised. "I'm supposed to be awfully nice to kiss. And I don't think I'd mind you." He asked where the Nearings were and learned that, naturally, they had gone out. "All except Mrs. Moone-Denham. Do you want to see her? Because if you do she's in the next room and I'll be jealous." Just for that, he asserted, for that alone, he wished to meet Mrs. Moone-Denham, and a moment after he was presented to a thoroughly discourteous old woman intent on an entirely discreditable young novel of what was supposed to be American society.

He made his bow, an appropriate remark, and glanced around a room typical, he thought, of an anonymous New York apartment. Nothing in it had charm or the stamp of a personality . . . except the ship model in a glass case that was standing informally on a table pushed back against a wall. "What a fine model!" he exclaimed, going to it immediately.

There was a sharp and incredulous sniff behind him. "How do you know it is fine?" Mrs. Moone-Denham demanded. "What would a model mean to you, or to anyone else like you?"

"You'd be surprised," he neatly paraphrased Carmine. "I see a great many, I own some, and I get great pleasure from them."

"Very well," she challenged him, "since you do know so much—what is that one a model of? We'll soon find you out."

"To begin with," Willie Gerald proceeded, after a critical inspection, "it's American, and, of course, a full ship. But before the clipper era. I should say—if such a term were permissible—that it was

(Continued on Page 53)

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S. E. P. 4-26

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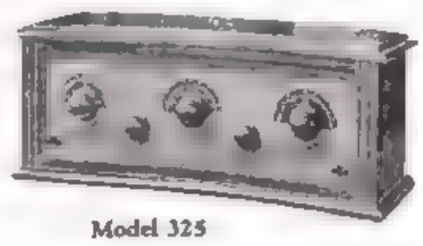
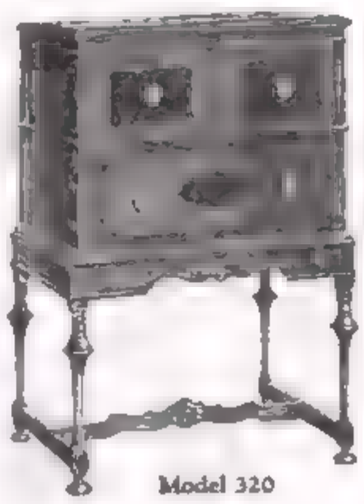


Model 325



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Stewart-Warner

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a half clipper. Although the original was in the merchant marine, it wasn't the China trade; she wasn't just a carrier. Why, of course," he cried, as if in amazement at his own obtuseness, "she was a packet ship in service on the western ocean, a little before 1840. A Black Baller—no, now you mustn't interrupt me—a Red Star, a Swallow Tail. No, the lines are too refined for any of those packets." He returned to Mrs. Moone-Denham. "I'll have to admit you have beaten me. I can't answer you. The hull is finer, it is a taller ship, than I have seen."

"There!" she exclaimed in an accession of great good nature, dropping her book on the floor. "I knew you couldn't. It was the Cygnet, one of the Horizon packets that sailed for a while from Boston. She was lost in a hurricane with all on board, and Capt. Jerel Denham went down with her. My husband was one of the Denhams of Massachusetts, and that's how I got the model of the Cygnet; although they tried to keep it away from me. You'd be surprised, but I had to have the law on them. On the Denhams! There is a Miss Alice Denham," she shook her head with pinched lips, darkly. "A very strange woman for a lady. I didn't get your name—well, Mr. Gerald, she insulted me not once but a dozen of times. She offered me money through her lawyers for that there model that came to me rightfully by inheritance.

"She'd give anything to have it, but it will never be hers. Never! I have seen to that. At my death it's to be destroyed. Those are my instructions." That, Willie Gerald said, would be a shame, since the ship model was so important, so authentic. However, Mrs. Moone-Denham was determined upon her course. "I wouldn't leave it in my apartment," she went on, "but brought it with me. Though it might as well be lost for all my family thinks of it. I must say you're the first in a long time who has appreciated the Cygnet. You did surprise me for a fact. Carmine, I wish you had more gentlemen like Mr. Gerald. Now I would have confidence in him."

"Well," Carmine exclaimed, "well, it's perfectly plain that if I want to see you it will have to be on a street corner! She thought you were wonderful, I mean knowing all about ships." Willie Gerald was leaving and, after a moment's hesitation, he replied that there was really nothing very wonderful about it. "In a way, that is my profession—appreciating—yes, and sometimes selling—old things. Tell Mrs. Moone-Denham, after I have modestly withdrawn myself, that I'm supposed to be an expert where ship models are concerned. Say to her I should like to come back and see the Cygnet again."

"You are forgetting something," Carmine asserted.

"You'd be surprised," Gerald promptly replied. "I had no faint intention of forgetting it."

A remarkable girl, fully as able as she was charming, he reflected again, proceeding directly home. It was early, but he needed to think, and his rooms were always best for that. Gerald had, he felt, practically all the elements of a successful transaction in his hands, but he didn't yet see how they could be put together. He'd have to visit Mrs. Moone-Denham again, of course, and Miss Denham, or her lawyers. In the end he decided upon her lawyers. The firm, he discovered, was composed of Grey Blake, whom he slightly knew, Russel Adamson—everyone knew him—and one of the Clenings. It was Blake who talked to Willie Gerald. They began with conventional social recognitions, and then Willie proceeded:

"This is rather an involved errand and I had better begin by telling you that, very quietly, I occasionally deal in valuable objects of early Americana. I mean that now and then I come across a particularly fine piece of silver or furniture or china and, through a rather wide acquaintance, find the right person for it. One of the things that make this successful—keep prices relatively where they belong—is that it's not generally known. If it were, why"—he made a rapid gesture toward the ceiling. Blake nodded. "And in that connection," Willie continued, "I've made a study of ship models. I have seen a great many, and among them the model of the Horizon packet, the Cygnet. Now, without any more preliminaries I can come to what I'm after. I have heard that Miss Alice Denham is very anxious to get it into her possession." He paused, and once more Grey Blake made a sharp silent affirmative.

Gerald said, "I might be able to get it for her, but it would be expensive, and I had to be certain of her interest."

"Legally," Blake asserted, "it can't be done."

"If it were illegal I shouldn't be getting it," Willie Gerald answered explicitly. "That isn't the question. To be quite frank, I want to discover how far Miss Denham is interested."

"She would give a thousand dollars for the Cygnet," the lawyer told him. Gerald smiled cheerfully. He rose. "I would give three, perhaps four thousand dollars for it myself," he replied.

"How much do you want?" Blake demanded.

"Five thousand," Willie said definitely. "There is another thing," Gerald added later. "Have you someone who can positively identify the model of the Cygnet, who is familiar with it; since they are copied every day." The only man who knew the ship model intimately—William Clening, who had been the senior member of the present law firm—was dead, Blake answered; but, of course, they would have an expert examine the model before it was accepted.

His course, Willie Gerald told himself, as it narrowed, became still more difficult; and in complete disproof of this he telephoned Carmine Grant. "I'm not ready to talk yet," her voice replied. "I haven't got my make-up on."

"It's after twelve," he informed her, "and you ought to be fully made up. Anyhow you won't care how you look when you find out what I'm after. Is Mrs. Moone-Denham still at the Nearings'?"

Carmine declined to tell him. "That is the worst message a nice young thing ever got so early in the morning. You will have to come here for tea—but late—and find out for yourself. I suppose you want to sail away with her on that little boat."

Perhaps, he admitted; but at the end of afternoon he told Mrs. Moone-Denham exactly what he did want. "It's a magazine you have never seen, but it is beautifully printed and conducted with great dignity. The editor would be more than anxious to have the article we are discussing; he would take it gladly from me." Mrs. Moone-Denham interrupted him to say that he was a clear fraud, taking advantage of her the way he had, and him an expert all the while. "The photographs and measurements will be made here," he proceeded; "with you present. The model will have to be lifted out of the case, but that would be all."

She asked, "If you printed this piece, with the pictures, would you say where it was and who owned it? Specially would you make it plain how it was willed to me? That Denham woman and her lawyers!"

"Certainly," Willie reassured her. "The paper would be worthless without genealogical details. Although I should advise against referring to the actual suit." She agreed that the other would be enough; and, while the model of the Cygnet, out of its case, was being measured and photographed Mrs. Moone-Denham looked on with a sharp attention.

"Gracious," she said once, "what do you need that for?" The color on the hull, the staining of the deck, Willie Gerald was copying in water color.

He explained that it was possible a color plate might be made. "The model is so rare. Give me that micrometer caliper," he said to the man assisting him; "what do those planks measure where they have been narrowed down to the bow? And don't forget the chamfering on both the rudder and the sternpost. It ought to allow the rudder a swing of thirty degrees. . . . What's that rack for?" he asked.

"The capstan bars," he was told; "and that is the forecastle head forward of the catheads. The rest of the bars are there aft on the foremast. They're always scraped clear. The hull has been rubbed with raw umber." At last Willie Gerald was done and the Cygnet carefully lowered once more into her placid sea of green-painted wood.

"When will I see it?" Mrs. Moone-Denham inquired.

"Perhaps in five months," Willie replied; and, with the impatience of the autocratic old, she said that she wouldn't have gone through all this if she had realized she'd have to wait so long for the result.

"And now," Carmine added, "are you going to take me to dinner? Because I am leaving tomorrow. I am so priceless the studio can't get along without me. They wired for me to come back at once."

When Willie Gerald left her at the elevator to the Nearings' apartment, morning was brightening along the street. He wiped a red stain from his mouth and returned to the taxicab he had kept waiting. "If I were younger," he was saying to himself, "if I were younger —— What nonsense," he added almost savagely.

He wondered bitterly if the image of Rose Brincker were fading so soon from his mind. Was he capable of no fidelity, no decency of the heart? But how warm, at once flowerlike and gracefully solid, Carmine was. No one danced more lightly. He reviewed the evening—no, the night. They had had dinner on a roof, seen parts of two plays, and they had been to night clubs. Willie Gerald was tired; the truth was he was exhausted; and—yes, he was faintly glad that Carmine had been wired for. His concern was with the old, or at least the semblance of the old, and not with the very young.

At last, Willie Gerald told himself, his ingenuity and planning, where the Cygnet packet was concerned, had come to a definite pause; there was positively nothing he could do now but wait—and for what? He didn't even know what he was waiting for. Mrs. Moone-Denham's death, he added satirically, since she had ordered that then her ship model must be destroyed. There were two threads which might be disentangled from that knot—the fact that sometimes heirs failed to carry out such peculiar requests, specially if they were costly, and his ability under any circumstance to furnish Miss Denham with a flawless model of the Cygnet. But he had never, he was forced to add, seen a stronger-looking old woman than Mrs. Moone-Denham. Equally he couldn't go to the Nearings and open any negotiation against a subsequent family calamity. He might concoct an explanation for Clening, Blake and Adamson, involving the ship model and avaricious heirs, telling them that he might even get the Cygnet—in consequence of immediate payment—before Mrs. Moone-Denham's death. Then, protecting their own interest and their client, they would demand some guaranty from the party of the second part; and he would reply that, natural to such a transaction, the heirs declined to put themselves on record.

A thoroughly ridiculous and impractical scheme; any lawyer would laugh his proposal into its component absurdities. It began to look as though he had made a bad investment in the Cygnet; the method of procedure lately grown upon him—of depending on chance or inspiration for assistance at difficult and concluding moments—was directly in opposition to his old solid attitude toward necessary security. He was, he realized, turning into a sort of gambler; not only his actions but his character and convictions were changing. He took it for granted, calmly, that

(Continued on Page 55

"Break This One and See If I Care," *Said* Dad

Junior had a reputation for breaking fountain pens, and last year Dad flatly refused to spend any more money for pen repairs. Then he saw a Conklin Endura, the pen that carries an *unconditional* and *perpetual* guarantee of free service. Junior will *start* to school with an Endura this year and Dad's pocket-book will get a rest. In black, red, mahogany, and sapphire blue—$5., $6., $7., and $8.

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Breakfast Wisdom

. . . *a message to brides*

"ON ONE of those 'I-wish-I-were-home-with-mother' mornings, when the button is still off his shirt—instead of telling him the truth about his 'before breakfast' disposition—try this.

"Just smile and say, 'Waffles and Log Cabin Syrup, for breakfast, Dear'—then watch those grumpy wrinkles change to a happy grin.

"Few men can resist smiling back at a friendly plate of waffles—and that rare old maple flavor of Log Cabin not only permeates the waffles, but a man's disposition as well. That's why I only use Log Cabin. For remember this: the finest pancake or waffle is still 'flat as a pancake' without the *right kind* of syrup."

A 40-year-old secret

That permeating maple flavor is the secret of Log Cabin Syrup. That is why it is the most popular high-grade syrup in the world today. It has a melting flavor unlike any other syrup. A *permeating* maple flavor that goes to the heart of a pancake or waffle.

Plain ice cream—with enough Log Cabin Syrup to cover. A far more delicious sundae than you could ever buy. And it costs less.

For a delicious treat try Log Cabin Syrup on your grapefruit. Pour on generous amount and let it soak before serving. Improves the flavor wonderfully.

This different flavor is due to the Log Cabin Blend. The two choicest kinds of maple—New England and Canadian—are blended with purest granulated sugar by the famous Towle process. A 40-year-old secret.

Try at our risk

Have pancakes or waffles with Log Cabin Syrup for breakfast tomorrow. If you do not find that Log Cabin Syrup has a permeating maple flavor—more delicious than any syrup you have ever tasted—then return the unused portion of can to us by parcel post. We will refund you full price, including postage. Can we make a fairer offer?

Log Cabin Syrup comes in three sizes. Order from your grocer today. If he does not have it, send us his name. We will see you are supplied at once. Try this test. You will be glad.

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THE LOG CABIN PRODUCTS COMPANY
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Towle's **LOG CABIN** *Syrup*

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(Continued from Page 53)

such a change was for the worse. Yes, he was degenerating. Willie Gerald was very calm, undisturbed, about it. He still preferred it, the fact was, to the past.

Within a month he received a proof of the article he had written about the model of the Cygnet packet, with two very general pictures; and, after telephoning, first to the Nearings and then to Mrs. Moone-Denham's apartment, he took her the paper for inspection.

She read it critically, with an increasing appearance of disappointment. "Why, it's hardly nothing," she declared. "After all those photographs and measurements you took. And dabbing with water colors too. You just managed to mention me, didn't you? It's all Denham and no Moone."

Willie promptly replied that he had written more but that the editor had shortened his article. "Tell him to put it back then," she declared vigorously. "He ought to print every bit of it or not any. And before you go I want you to look at the Cygnet. I had a shelf built for it." The model was perhaps six feet above the floor, on a shelf exactly designed to hold it in its case. Gerald wondered if the supports were heavy enough. It seemed to him that the shelf, for the weight it supported, was fastened very lightly to the wall. It would be too bad if the ship model fell, he reflected, for it would be smashed beyond repair. The Cygnet was in the dining room, and as he was inspecting it a colored maid came in from a pantry with a handful of silver. She dropped it carelessly, with a miniature crash, into a drawer, half closed the drawer and turned away. Absolutely undependable! Did she, Willie Gerald suddenly asked, know where he could get a good woman to care for his rooms? He was quite alone and willing to pay highly. Perhaps if she saw his place she'd be better able to judge ——

Anyhow, he resolutely put the Cygnet out of his mind and had dinner at the Constitution with Freda Renant. She chose squabs in jelly with cold broccoli and Canadian ale, and Freda surprised him by explaining that she was going into a shop that both sold decorations and decorated houses

"With Mrs. Beltran. You know her, of course—Amy Beltran. Don't you remember? Her husband was accidentally killed, shooting in North Carolina Baker Patten bought me an interest. Wasn't it perfect of him? He calls it an investment."

"So it is," Gerald returned; "and a very good one for Patten. And it's better for you than if he kept you only for his own houses."

She told him that he must help her. "I know more about you than when I asked about those Victorian rooms. It seems, Willie, that you are really celebrated for your Americana." He studied her thoughtfully, his head filled by a very odd question—would he take advantage of Freda Renant? His first impulse was indignantly to deny any such disgraceful possibility—he liked Freda extraordinarily well—and then Gerald accused himself of sentimentality. He was still no more than an amateur in life; a sort of modern and ridiculous version of Robin Hood, robbing the rich and protecting the deserving.

"If you can call it helping you," he agreed. "Do you mean with advice or by actually getting things?"

Both, she told him. "When anything comes up that is too elaborate for Amy or me I'll call on you. For example, have you a fine Pennsylvania Dutch painted-iron weathervane? Or a pair of tall confectioner's jars in blue glass? Or a Hepplewhite mantel clock with a silver dial?"

"No one will be very useful to you," he informed her; "you're not nearly modest enough. I'll tell you what I'll do, though. There is a sale next month at Hebron, in Pennsylvania, and I will take you with me. You'll have a lunch of hot dogs with sauerkraut and milk, and bid innocently on slip ware, and when we're back in New York I'll pay you for all of it."

"That," she cried, "would be simply grand!" She'd try to have a lot of commissions and be a very important figure at the auction. "I shall pay hideous prices for three-mold glass, and mark the sale list like the other dealers."

In his room Willie Gerald found a short note from Mrs. Moone-Denham, asking, or rather demanding, to see him at his first opportunity. That happened to fall on the afternoon of the following day. She was waiting grimly for him.

"There has been an accident!" Mrs. Moone-Denham cried. "A most terrible accident for me. It happened to the Cygnet. Mr. Gerald, the shelf gave way! I was not in at the time. Minnie was in the kitchen and she said the noise was something awful. Just like all the china dropping at once, she said. She was scared out of her wits. I wanted to know if you thought it could be repaired."

Gazing at the wreck of the ship model, Willie Gerald wondered how such an utter ruin could be the result of a fall. It looked to him as though the Cygnet had been battered with a heavy poker. It was an inextricable tangle of tarred lines and splintered wood and the broken glass of the case. "Nothing can be done," he said finally. "Nothing in the world. Not only would it be impossible to mend it, a model couldn't even be reconstructed from the fragments. It's gone—forever."

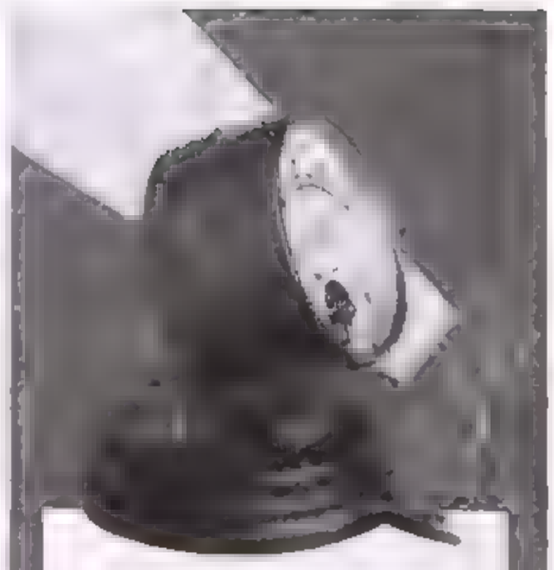
Mrs. Moone-Denham's hands were trembling. "It has been a shock to me," she admitted. "I'm old and easily upset, I suspect. And that model—well, it meant a great deal. It gave me a feeling of pride. But it might as well be swept out. I was afraid that was what you'd say. Anyhow, I'm glad of the article you wrote; and Miss Denham will never get the Cygnet."

"Never," he agreed, "unless you sent her the wreck." Mrs. Moone-Denham replied that anyone was welcome to it now, himself or the ashman or Miss Denham. She, personally, was so shaken that she would have to lie down again, and so if he would excuse her ——

Willie Gerald concluded that he would just take what was left of the ship model with him: it would reassure him to know that there wasn't even the semblance of two such packets in existence.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.

Oscawana Creek, New York



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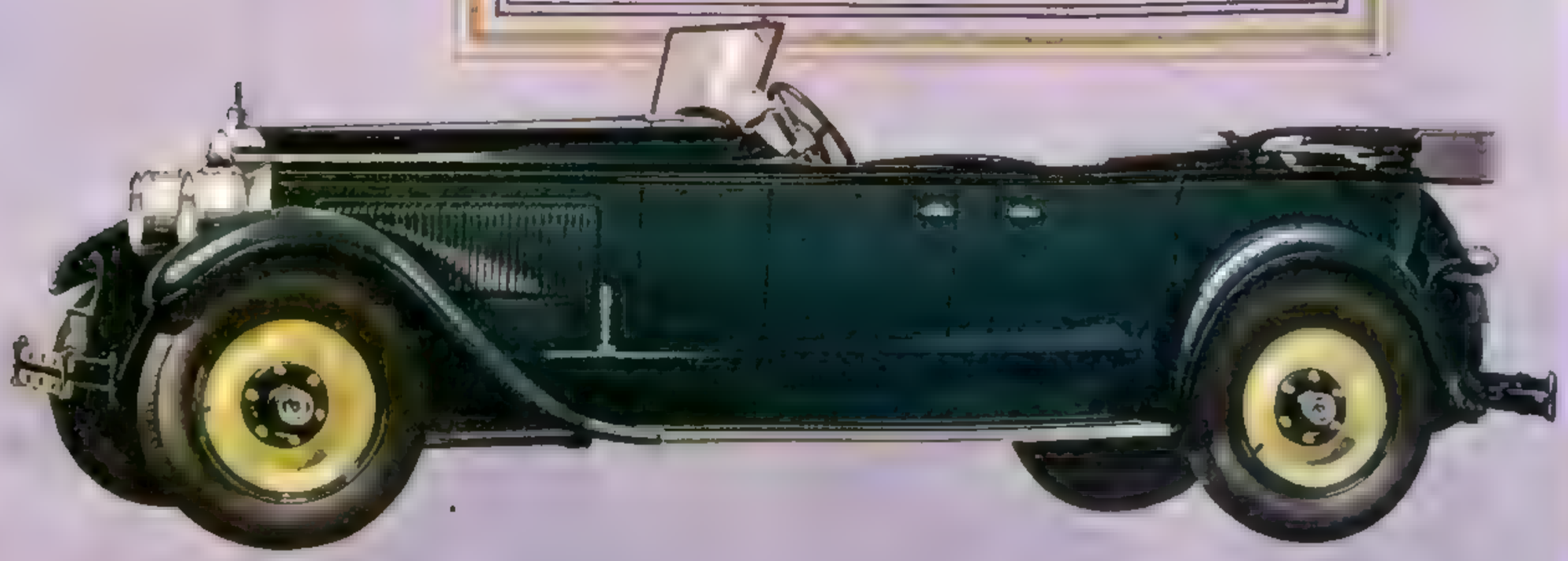

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PACKARD

DISTRIBUTED PROSPERITY

Continued from Page 4

example. That is one of the potential forces to which I have referred, which was partly invisible or inoperative under the old system. I believe we had reached the maximum of benefit to be obtained from the high standard of wages prevailing in this country if the old ideas of seasonal buying had continued. The worker, after all, is in exactly the same position as his employer. He is selling his productive capacity for the best price obtainable. He, too, was compelled to sustain emergency expenses when he had to sell on the seasonal basis. If we could get at the figures we might find that labor turnover costs the worker more than the employer.

The wage rate is important, but an even distribution of wages is even more important. One of the distinct services being furnished here by hand-to-mouth buying is in revealing the industries where wages are too low. Excuses may be offered for inadequate wages under seasonal operation. It may be argued that the worker spends too much during his period of activity. But for the great mass of workers this argument fails to apply when the peaks and depressions are leveled and the annual wage is evenly distributed. The men who try to live beyond their incomes, after all, are the exceptions. Most men try to save a little. If the wage does not furnish adequate support to the family under economic management, plus a saving, it is not high enough.

Wages below this generally accepted American standard are to my way of thinking the greatest menace now existing to distributed prosperity. They constitute the only limitation on the nation-wide development of distributed buying. This limitation is not confined to the workers who receive the inadequate wage, although it is significant that the industries paying the lowest wages are generally having the most trouble making ends meet. It influences every other industry. A few years ago it was customary in our business to meet all talk of labor troubles and depression in other industries with the statement, "We are in steel," the implication being that the country had to have our product no matter what happened. Today we know that a textile depression definitely cuts the normal market for steel. We know it will limit our own production, because we make steel for motor parts, and unemployed textile workers cannot buy automobiles.

Profit in the Pay Roll

It was more difficult to see all this when the time between the ore and the automobile ran into seasons and sometimes into years. But the interrelation of all our industries is visible enough, now that hand-to-mouth buying, so-called, has reduced this time to weeks, and in some instances to hours. Some employers saw it long before the war. I am inclined to believe that workers sensed it even earlier than their employers. No matter who first recognized the community of interest, we might as well admit that our policy toward wages in the early years of this country was fundamentally wrong. The worker did not get his fair share of production, and in limiting him, management limited itself even more. Strikes and lockouts were only a minor phase of this limitation. The real burden fell on production.

I believe one of the great parallel developments of hand-to-mouth buying has been the new attitude of employers toward high wages. In the old days we looked on the annual pay roll with horror, as something subtracted from the profit and surplus accounts. More recently we have learned that the national pay roll is the source of profit and surplus, and the only source. This is merely another way of looking at our changed attitude toward inventory. Not a cent of profit may be taken in any industry until the goods or services are sold. Nothing may be sold until men have labored and produced. If the ruling wage rate is only a living wage, the consumer can buy nothing more than the necessities of life. As wages rise the market rises for comforts and luxuries.

That is the tremendous force which has been at work in the United States during the past few years. It is so tremendous that I do not believe we are capable of measuring it, with our minds still clinging to so many of the ancient traditions. Some partial measurements are available, however, in specific terms. The National Industrial Conference Board published some figures a few months ago indicating the elasticity of the consumption power of the American people. It was shown that while automobile-passenger-car production increased from $2.30 per capita in 1910 to seventeen dollars per capita in 1920, individual savings-bank deposits maintained the same progressive rate of increase as in the previous ten years, rising from forty-four dollars per capita in 1910 to sixty-one dollars per capita in 1920, or about 40 per cent.

The Release of Capital

The actual figures of this and other forms of saving are even more illuminating. Savings-bank deposits increased from $4,000,000,000 in 1910 to $8,000,000,000 in 1925, or about 100 per cent. In the same period building-and-loan-association assets went up from $931,867,175 to $4,765,937,000, or more than 400 per cent. I think of these figures, particularly those of the building-and-loan associations, every time I hear pessimistic predictions about the future of the construction industries. We are always being told that the feverish building of recent years has been to make up for the shortage of the war years. Since building and construction activities in this country absorb nearly one ton in every five of the production of iron and steel, we have a direct interest in what may happen.

A year ago I came to the conclusion that new factors had entered into the building industry which are just as important as delayed building held over from the war. Increased buying power during the past ten years has made it possible for people in this country to realize to an increasing extent the desire to own their homes. Home building accounts for nearly one-half of building operations during 1925. It is not only a question of housing nowadays but of more and better housing. A demand has grown for additional space, for modern conveniences, for room for gardens and space for children to play in safety. New houses have been and will be required to meet this demand. The influence of the automobile on the acquisition of better homes in locations away from congested centers is hardly more than started so far as the great mass of our population is concerned. We can hardly keep pace with the demand for new roads, more miles of streetcar tracks, more motorbus lines, going hand in hand with this demand for better homes.

A more contented working population is the natural result of all this. Here again we get evidence of our community of interest. Well-paid and contented workmen are willing to pay what a commodity or a service costs, because they can afford to pay. You must search a long time in the most radical papers today to discover any real public complaint against increased rates. The political spellbinders are no longer able to get mobs to march on the city hall when some utility is up for a hearing on its right to increase its charges. Capital is getting a fair return on its investment in most instances. If we hear more about the exceptions, it is because they are no longer commonplace. The workingman drawing an adequate wage is not only willing to pay but he has the deciding voice in authorizing the payment.

The wage of the country has always been the only source of a fair return to capital. Today it is even more than that. It is a source of capital. In the few years since we established a plan for our employes to buy stock in our company, they have subscribed to $17,000,000 worth. They have actually paid $7,000,000 of this subscription. Stock ownership by workers in all the industries of the country is a wholly new form of saving. It probably exceeds, or soon will exceed, the totals of such old forms as the savings banks.

I have purposely said very little about the reduction of inventory which was the first limited aim of hand-to-mouth buying, because I consider other factors developed therefrom of even greater importance, and because the idea that stock on the shelves is wealth has already been thoroughly exploded. The release of capital, however—the transfer of millions from idle shelves to active factories—has been a potent factor in the distribution of prosperity. The Bethlehem Steel Corporation has just completed a $35,000,000 new construction program made possible without borrowing by sharp reductions in our inventories. In 1923, after taking over the Lackawanna Iron and Steel Company, our corporation had a material account of $90,000,000. By the end of 1925 it was reduced to $69,000,000. In other words, we did the same amount of business on $21,000,000 less capital.

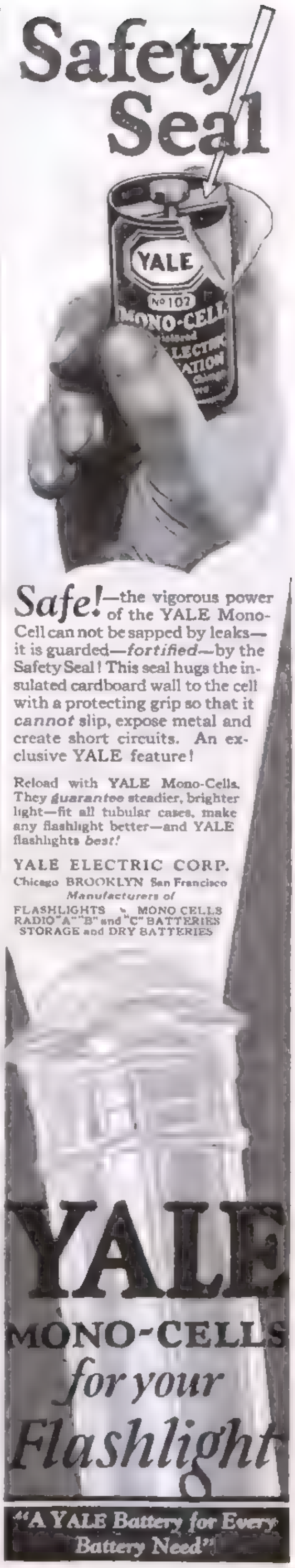
The railroads are making an even more startling showing in hand-to-mouth buying. In April of 1921, for example, the Pennsylvania Railroad had in its material-and-stores account $120,000,000. At the end of 1925 this account had been reduced to $50,000,000 by a shift from the seasonal to the monthly buying basis, and by a system of inventory control. In the same period the New York Central reduced from $80,000,000 to $50,000,000, the Baltimore and Ohio and the Union Pacific from $40,000,000 to $20,000,000, and nearly all other big systems in the same proportion. When you consider that total purchases by the Pennsylvania System, exclusive of fuel, for 1925 were $126,000,000, it is evident that the turnover now being achieved is two and one-half times.

Freight Congestion Remedied

In rough figures, our railroads are making every dollar invested in supplies work twice as fast today as it worked three to five years ago, or in the period prior to Federal control. They are getting that result through hand-to-mouth buying; but hand-to-mouth buying on the part of the railroads and all other bulk purchasers is possible only because of other developments. Most of these are in the class of potential economies which were available all the time, but not visible—at least not attainable, except through the elimination of seasonal buying. The railroads were the greatest sufferers from this form of buying, and their purchases on the seasonal basis made employment peaks inevitable in steel and many other industries.

A better distribution of freight cars and other rolling stock over the year and the elimination of congestion are outstanding benefits to the railroads through the new buying methods. These developments also make it possible for the merchant and the manufacturer in any other line of business to distribute their buying evenly over the year. The community of interest becomes more and more evident as the situation is analyzed. Class 1 railroads of the country increased their car miles per day from 25.1 in 1920 to 28.3 in 1925. The number of cars per train increased from 36.6 to 43.8, and gross tons per train from 1443 to 1670, while train speed increased from an average of 10.3 miles an hour to 11.8 miles.

Obviously management has been improved, but that does not tell the whole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story. During the five-year period in which these results were being accomplished the railroads and organizations of business men waged a continuous campaign for more rapid unloading of freight cars. Generally speaking, all shippers and consignees of freight have known for many years that a clogged railroad plant was a dangerous and an expensive thing. Yet again and again we have witnessed years of good business come to a period that might be described as overfeeding, with plenty of orders but no motion. We have had miles of freight trains stalled with the congestion of business, and no matter how much the shippers wanted to expedite loading and unloading, they were powerless. The national shelves were overloaded.

Hand-to-mouth buying made it possible to move the smaller quantities received at more frequent intervals with sufficient rapidity to keep the cars in motion. Our railroads are now doing a thriving business well within their capacity. They have been able to reduce the time necessary for each stage of delivery from raw material to finished product. The stock in trade that formerly reposed on shelves, tying up millions, is now in transit. Undoubtedly the reductions will continue, just as efficiency will increase in our mills and factories, until even the widespread distribution of prosperity now existing will be exceeded. It all boils down to a doctrine of maximum use, whether of money or materials.

It boils down, also, to the incontrovertible fact that you cannot beat the ruling fair market price for commodities, in the conduct of a permanent business. This applies with equal force to all three fundamentals of commerce—men, money and materials. There may be times when it will appear that the market has been beaten, but in the long run it becomes increasingly plain that actually it was only diminished. Generally this limitation is double-barreled. At times it works in three directions. Beating the wage rate, for example, reduces demand by reducing purchasing power, lowers production and increases cost.

In the purchase of material stocks we are no longer required to base this law on our powers of reasoning. We can make a picture of it, so to speak. The railroads and others are setting up positive inventory control which may be operated only by regular distributed buying at the ruling market price because they have made such pictures from their purchasing records of previous years. They and other industries have found that when you buy to beat the price, the cost of carrying the extra purchases more than eats up the saving. There is also a loss through obsolescence. Improvements come so rapidly today that intelligent business does not dare buy beyond its needs, lest the goods be out of date before they can be put to use.

When we take the long view I think we have pretty well discredited in this country the old half-truth expressed in the saying, "one man's profit is another man's loss." If that has any real application anywhere it is only within the limited fields of purely speculative operations. A business which is not speculative is no longer able to operate within its own field, ignoring others. We have been recognizing for years that any business to succeed must furnish service, but now we have come to realize that there are two forms of service, the direct and tangible things we do for our own customers in order to get immediate profits, and the service one industry renders to all others by doing its share to maintain American standards.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSTONE

(Continued from Page 27)

it, but it was bone-dry now. Several cottonwood trees—an unusual sight—grew on the farther bank. In their shade stood a cabin that had once been painted red. It could hardly have contained more than three small rooms. There was a step at the front door. The shade of a cottonwood tree fell across it. Beside the step, on sear grass, two children were playing. The older, who may have been four, appeared to be building something like a tepee with tiny sticks. The younger, perhaps two, gravely looked on. I regretted the presence of the children.

The small barn, a dozen rods from the house, had evidently been built by an amateur who gave up trying to match the unplaned boards one to another. It was all cracks. No shade protected it from blazing summer suns. The shingles curled. The boards warped. Some had come loose at one end or the other. It looked gruesomely like a huge bleached skeleton. Open sheds, made of poles and thatched with rotting straw, clung decrepitly to it. The cornfield came down to within fifty feet of it.

The broncos were trotting briskly—for Bill had directed me to shake 'em up when we approached lest the criminal make us out from afar and escape—and I was looking at the children.

"There he is! Whoa!" said Bill to me. And as I jerked the lines he shouted, "Hold on there, Weeks!"

Caught in the Corn

I saw a man running from the barn to the cornfield. Bill already had one hand on the dashboard, the other on the frame of the buggy top. As the ponies slowed he sprang out and gave chase. The man had disappeared into the tall corn rows. I sat in the buggy, unhappily aware of four round eyes turned upon me. The mosquito-bar door of the cabin flew open and a young woman, in shapeless calico dress, ran out, looking toward the barn in time to see Bill plunge into the corn. Then she looked at me. It wouldn't have been nearly so bad if she had been a homely woman; but, in fact, she was quite pretty—tanned brown as an Indian, with dark hair and terrified brown eyes.

The older child sensed something ominous and scrambled up, huddling to her, clutching her skirt. The baby, fortunately, could make nothing of it and only stared. I, too, only stared; but wished myself somewhere else. The young woman asked no questions—knowing—and turned again to look at the cornfield, a hand on the child's head. A minute or so passed. Then two men emerged from the corn. Bill Root had his arm locked in Chick Weeks' and strode toward us, straight and sure. The young woman's legs appeared to give way. She sat down on the doorstep and mechanically put her arm around the boy, who began to cry, but not loudly. That inspired the baby to set up a whimpering much like a frightened puppy.

Chick Weeks' face was set in a deep scowl, his glaring eyes fixed on his wife. By the corner of the house he balked suddenly and might have twisted out of Bill's hold, only Bill caught his wrist and advised, "Easy there." Chick was still pulling back.

"I want to speak to me wife," he blurted sullenly.

"All right," said Bill, and released him; but stood in his tracks, a hand in his coat pocket, watchful.

A Considerate Marshal

Weeks stepped over, stooped and whispered to his wife and kissed her cheek. The boy began to wail. Weeks touched his head and turned away, his face still set in a fierce scowl. But he was losing color. Unprompted, he climbed into the buggy. Bill climbed in. I drove out of the dooryard, conscious of the young woman's brown, terrified eyes. As we got into the main road Weeks began trembling all over and clasped his hand between his knees as though he were cold. We proceeded a little while in dead silence; then Bill spoke up, in reproof and rather crossly:

"You was a fool to draw that old pepperbox on me. I had a gun in my coat pocket all the while. I could 'a' plugged you easy as not, and I'd 'a' been inside the law after you drawed a weapon on me. It was a fool thing to do."

Weeks mumbled something incoherent, and by way of disinterested advice Bill continued: "When an officer's got a warrant for you, don't never draw a weapon on him, because he's privileged to plug you if you do. Next time you try it you won't get off so easy."

That exhausted the subject, and again we drove in silence. The road seemed much longer than when we came out, and the dust more trying. The nervous agitation that made Weeks tremble subsided; but I felt him sort of rigid beside me—three of us wedged together in the narrow seat. Presently he addressed me, in dull anger: "What you mean to do with me?"

It was an embarrassing question, which I parried by saying, "You're under arrest."

A pause and another question: "Goin' to lock me up?"

I hated to avow it and Bill saved me the trouble by replying calmly, "Sure; got to." Then silence again, the broncos' feet softly pattering in the dust of an endless road. But in time we approached Oriole.

"Don't go up Main Street," said Chick under his breath—somehow as though I were adjusting the noose.

I preferred avoiding Main Street, and turned off. The town lockup, situated in the alley back of Joe Goehring's furniture store, was a cube, eight feet in each dimension, built of two-by-four scantling, which made it strong. There was a small grated window under the eaves and a door of scantling, with a big padlock on it. I stopped the ponies in front of it. Bill got out, unfastened the padlock, swung the thick door open. Chick got out.

"Gimme the pepperbox," said Bill.

There was an instant of rebellious hesitation, then Chick doggedly produced an old revolver from his hip pocket and handed it over. Bill dropped it into his coat pocket and motioned to the lockup. Chick stepped inside.

"I'll bring you some supper," said Bill placidly, and fastened the door. As we drove down the alley to the livery stable Bill explained: "I didn't want to hurt his feelin's by takin' his gun away f'm him in front of his wife. If he'd been goin' to use it, he'd 'a' tried a shot at me in the cornfield." That was all for the day.

Genuine Brick Veneer

To understand how this unpleasant situation arose it is necessary to turn back a bit. J. Tilden Wesley was related by marriage to my aunt, through which lucky circumstance I got the opportunity to embark upon a business career by helping him with his office work at a salary of thirty-five dollars a month. Like nearly everything else in the western part of the state at that time, Oriole was almost brand-new, the shingles only beginning to brown in the sun. The town looked as though an overgrown child had dropped a handful of toy houses on an immense brown floor. But there was one very notable exception to the rule of clapboards and shingles. On the best corner of Main Street, diagonally across from Jake Rupiper's Metropolitan Hotel, stood an imposing structure of brick veneer—that is, really built of pine, but with one layer of brick on the outside. It was two stories high, forty feet wide and seventy feet deep, with a very ornamental sheet-iron cornice in front. In the center of this cornice, in blue letters on a yellow

(Continued on Page 60)

GRATIFIES YOUR FINER TASTES SATISFIES YOUR EVERY NEED

Months and months ago Oldsmobile had won such a firm position in public preference as to mark the fulfillment of its purpose ". . . that the American family may have, at a moderate investment, a car that gratifies their finer tastes as well as satisfies their every need . . ."

Already it has been acclaimed the car that "asks no favors, fears no road!"

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They added a new abundance of power, even longer life, still smoother performance . . . greater driving ease and security, greater luxury and beauty.

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CHARLES·S·MERTON·&·CO

210 FIFTH AVE NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 58)

field, one read the sign Latshaw Block. There were two storerooms below and offices on the second floor, ours being one of the two across the front.

The owner of this monument was a capitalist who lived in Nebraska City—in considerable splendor, as we understood it. Mr. Wesley had known him back in Ohio, years ago, and had induced him to invest in Oriole—which was a tremendous feather in Mr. Wesley's cap locally. Our sign said Loans and Insurance. About once a month we did write a fire-insurance policy, usually for $1000 or $2000. And we loaned money to farmers on the security of a chattel mortgage, at the standard interest rate of 3 per cent a month.

But it was Mr. Latshaw's money that we loaned. My employer had a neat graying beard, an ingratiating manner, great loquacity, a Prince Albert coat and a pair of patent-leather shoes, but no money to speak of. No one else in town had a name parted in the middle, or a Prince Albert coat; and Mr. Wesley was equally unique in that he had antecedents—or had married them, which came to the same thing. His wife's father was a very distinguished citizen of Ohio, who had once served a term in the upper house of the state legislature. Mr. Wesley always spoke of him as the senator.

The summer before, there had been a drought and a failure of crops, so it had been necessary to extend most of our loans for a year. Mr. Latshaw decided to make no more loans except as the old ones were paid. As hardly any old ones were paid, that brought our business almost to a standstill, and in leaving the office to me while he attended the senator's funeral in Ohio Mr. Wesley had not been so reckless as might, at first sight, appear.

Before I came to Oriole, Mr. Wesley had loaned $100 to Chick Weeks, the renter, taking as security therefor a chattel mortgage on one bay horse named Charley, one sorrel mare named Nelly, one cow, being the same that he had purchased from John Bengtson, and one farm wagon of such-and-such a make. Now the state legislature had fixed 10 per cent a year as the lawful rate of interest, declaring any interest in excess of that rate to be usurious, illegal and uncollectible.

A Way Around the Law

That technical difficulty was overcome as follows: Weeks wanted $100 for six months, to carry him over till corn harvest. Mr. Wesley took his note for $125, payable in six months, without interest, and deducted 18 per cent for the interest; also one dollar to pay the county clerk's fee for recording the mortgage. That left Chick $101.50, or a dollar and a half more than he had asked for. When the note came due, there was no corn crop worth mentioning. So Chick gave another note, for $155, due in six months, without interest. Deducting 18 per cent and a dollar for the new mortgage left him $126.10, with which he paid the old note and had $1.10 in cash. He seemed to be making money. That note fell due in the spring, when, of course, Chick would be unable to pay it. So he gave another note, for $190, due in six months, without interest. Deducting 18 per cent and a dollar for the mortgage left $154.80, so Chick had to pay twenty cents in cash to take up the old note.

He owed McFadden Brothers, the grocers, more than $100 for provisions, and smaller sums to several other merchants. A farm-implement company held his note for a mower. He was only a renter, with his chattels mortgaged. It became very difficult for him to get credit even for the smallest and most necessary articles. Crops that summer were looking only fair to middling. His cow died.

Then we were scandalized to hear that Chick Weeks had sold his team and wagon to a man who promptly drove them out of sight and reach while Chick himself absconded with the proceeds.

That crime constituted the cardinal fall from grace at that time, much as cattle stealing had been the unforgivable sin a generation earlier. Pioneering farmers, precariously settled on newly broken prairie, must every now and then have money to carry them over to harvest. The only way they could get it was by borrowing from the little banks or from private lenders like Mr. Wesley, at 3 per cent a month. An occasional farmer stood in such high credit that he could borrow $200 or $300 on his mere note of hand; but that was quite exceptional. The standard security was a chattel mortgage. Now and then a discouraged debtor like Chick Weeks found means of disposing of his chattels in spite of the mortgage, and absconded. That shook the financial fabric at its foundations.

When George Mercer told me the absconder had returned, I knew very well what law, morality and my duty to my employer required of me. Yet I hated to do it. The criminal had been in our office a number of times. I had often seen him on Main Street. He was a young man, of the lean and wiry build, with regular features and large, nervous blue eyes. His soiled and patched clothes were just anything to cover him, but he always appeared in town freshly shaved, which, with a way of wearing his tattered hat on the back of his head, managed somehow to convey the impression of a dandy. Something about him when he appeared in our office had obscurely troubled me—a sort of bewilderment, like a man hastening anxiously around in a fog and asking, with a startled air, "Where do I go from here?" Also, I had once seen his wife with him. Being of a romantic age, I had noted that she was a pretty woman. I hated to arrest him.

The Criminal's Story

But to arrest him was only the start. Although cases of this kind were surprisingly rare, considering all the conditions, there was a well-settled method of dealing with them. The first step was to catch the absconder and lock him up. The next step was to see whether he had any relatives or friends who would come forward to get him out of his difficulty. If he had none such, then it became the creditor's painful duty to prosecute him before the circuit court and have him sent to the penitentiary for a couple of years. Circuit courts, alive to the deeply unsettling nature of the offense, were not lenient.

The morning after the arrest, therefore, it devolved upon me as the representative at secondhand of Mr. Latshaw, to visit the criminal in the lockup and see whether he could find sureties that would reasonably warrant us to forbear sending him to the penitentiary. Having no stomach for it, but only a heavy sense of duty, I put it off as long as I could. Bill Root readily intrusted the key to me because for the purpose in hand it was practically Mr. Latshaw's jail.

The lockup contained a narrow bunk, made of rough boards, a washstand to match, with bowl and pitcher, and nothing else. As I entered, the felon sat up on the bunk. His eyes were red and I saw that the pillow on which his head had reclined was wet. Obviously not a strong character. A night and part of a day in solitary confinement had taken all the starch out of him. He even answered my salutation meekly, like a small child that has been whipped into abject submission. He thought, doubtfully, that maybe Charley Sundell would sign a note with him, and—still more doubtfully—that possibly Ben Hockett would. I then brought up the subject of the money he had received for the mortgaged chattels, but he shook his head.

"I was plumb crazy," he confessed, with downcast eyes. "I couldn't hardly get credit for grub any more. McFadden and Weaver was devilin' me for the money I owed 'em. Then the cow died. Seemed like it wasn't any use. I thought if I could get back to Indiana I could get a job there, and send for my family." He looked up at me quite virtuously. "I meant to pay you soon's I could. I didn't plan to beat you in the long run, but seemed like I'd go crazy if I didn't get out of here.

"My railroad fare took up most of the money I got for the team and wagon—that and board while I was lookin' for a job. I didn't find a job soon's I expected to. Then the money was gettin' low; I was scart. I thought I'd go up to Chicago. I thought I'd be sure to find a job there. So I started. Then the train run into a farm wagon. Probably there wasn't anything about it in the papers out here, but it was in the Chicago papers. Knocked the wagon all to smithereens, killed the horses. There was a woman and a couple of kids in the wagon; killed them too. I saw 'em when I got out of the train with the other passengers. It put the fear of God in me, sure's you're alive. I couldn't do anything then but get back to my wife and kids. I knew it was a fool thing to do, but I had to see 'em. I had two dollars left when I got here. I give that to my wife. No, I ain't got any money."

I immediately assumed a very cheerful tone, very cheerful indeed, saying that no doubt Charley Sundell and Ben Hockett would sign the note and he'd soon be out. Then I got out myself and hurried back to the office in low spirits.

That afternoon Mrs. Weeks came to see me, in her best dress and hat. I remember a tip of red on the wing in the hat and a good deal of red in the dress. I suppose it suited her dusky complexion, although all that red, under the circumstances, seemed a bit scandalous. But that was not the worst. This form-fitting dress disclosed that she was going to have another baby. Without doubt she ought to have been ashamed of herself—not a cent in the world and three children! Probably she was ashamed of herself. At any rate she was sorrowful, but admirably self-controlled.

She knew her husband had done wrong, she said; but with debts and worry he'd sort of gone off his head. She mentioned that he was only twenty-seven. Also, once in the conversation, with a sort of overborne bewilderment and a little sigh, she said, "We worked hard." Her small hands were roughened and calloused like a man's. Not that that had anything to do with it. I must say to her credit that throughout the interview she spoke very sensibly, in soft tones, not distressing both of us with any foolish pleas for the impossible. In fact, she asked only one favor, doubtfully: "Could I see my husband?"

A Dubious Position

I was benevolently certain that she could. Indeed, if negotiations were to be opened with Charley Sundell and Ben Hockett, it was evident that she would be the most effective emissary, especially with a baby in her arms. Leaving her in the office, I hunted up Bill Root and got the key again. Then I took her up the alley, as much out of sight as possible.

A neighbor, coming to town on an errand, had brought her in. She must be ready to return when the neighbor was ready, so the interview with her husband lasted only half an hour. She thanked me for waiting that long outside, in order to lock the door after her. Two tears glistened in her eyes. I felt quite hopeful about Charley Sundell and Ben Hockett signing the note.

It required some negotiation, however. Without team and wagon, Chick Weeks had no means of cultivating the rented farm and gathering the crops. So it was arranged that he should work for Ben Hockett part of the time, and use Hockett's horses and implements on his own place part of the time, Ben getting some of the corn. In order to divide the risk, Len Wilson was persuaded to sign the note also. The old note, due in October, was for $190. But Chick's criminal proceedings had involved costs. Squire Holt was entitled to a fee for issuing the warrant; Bill Root had a lawful claim for serving the warrant and for feeding the prisoner. The new note was

(Continued on Page 62)

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for $203.50. But, signed by Charley Sundell, Ben Hockett and Len Wilson, it was a very good piece of paper; and in that respect I felt greatly pleased to have so good a report to make to Mr. Wesley on his return. Mr. Wesley was greatly pleased, too, and patted my shoulder in approval. Perhaps all's well that ends well.

Yet I had sore misgivings. It wasn't Chick Weeks' fault that the crops had failed. I could understand how the bedeviled young man had come to run away. Taking him from his wife and children and locking him up, with a threat of penitentiary for two years unless kind-hearted but far from opulent neighbors came forward to get him out of his mess, seemed a brutal proceeding. Perhaps the sorest point was that we had invoked the law to lock him up, but our interest charge of 3 per cent a month was unlawful too. Altogether our position looked dubious.

But certainly I, the immediate agent of the cruelty, hadn't wanted to make Chick Weeks' wife and children cry—far from it. J. Tilden Wesley, the next link in the chain, was a friendly, kindly man who didn't want to hurt anybody. As for Mr. Latshaw, to recover whose money all this oppressive machinery had been put in operation, he was about as bloodthirsty as a field mouse.

Having been induced to invest in Oriole, he visited the town frequently. Soon after entering Mr. Wesley's office I met him in the flesh. There was not very much of the flesh, he being a small man with a small face that was nearly lost in a big beard of no particular color. If I had not known that he was a capitalist, I should have considered him timid. His hand was quite limp and boneless—like shaking hands with a partly warmed oyster. He appeared to offer the hand reluctantly, recovering it as quickly as possible and thrusting it back in his hip pocket. That was where he carried his hands mostly. If he took one out, it would probably be to stick the extended fingers into his big beard, combing it. He was as chary of using his voice as his hands. Like his hands, the voice was limp and boneless. He chewed tobacco to the detriment of his beard.

He wasn't at all like what I had imagined a capitalist who could build the Latshaw Block should be, yet the element called business judgment must have been somewhere in his low-toned person. Mr. Wesley's compensation for lending Mr. Latshaw's money consisted of a commission of 20 per cent of the interest. Mr. Latshaw had stipulated that the commission was to be deducted, not when the loan was made, but when it was paid—which was sometimes an entirely different thing. He had judgment.

When the Cat is Away

On one of his visits to Oriole, Mr. Latshaw was accompanied by his wife, who was what we called rawboned, and with a heavy voice. She seemed to me a formidable woman; but I had heard that she was very prominent in Nebraska City, being a vice president of the W. C. T. U. and holding other honorable offices. Our town, of course, was as gossipy as all normal towns are, so the actions of a visitor of Mr. Latshaw's unique distinction and importance would be observed and reported. Sometime that first fall I began to hear that during his sojourns in Oriole the capitalist might be seen in the back room of Jake Rupiper's saloon getting tipsy.

He wasn't a convivial inebriate, they said; but sat off by himself in a corner of the room, ordering a solitary glass of whisky from time to time until he became overtly befuddled. There were, however, an unduly large number of convivial inebriates in Oriole, considering that the total population was only 600 or 700. Presently I heard that after the capitalist had taken several lonely drinks, Dick Hurd, Jim Disbrow and some others would persuade him to join them in an innocent, betless game of seven-up, and that, once the thick ice of his reserve was broken, Mr. Latshaw appeared to enjoy this diversion greatly, in his tongue-tied way.

If only it had stopped there! But next I heard that Mr. Latshaw was seen in a very wabbly condition in the main room of the saloon, with his small foot on the bar rail, and even in the hotel office next door. Then I myself beheld him in the full light of day proceeding very uncertainly up Main Street, hands in hip pockets except as he ever and anon hastily withdrew one to steady himself by an awning post or by the side of a building. He walked the whole block up to Joe Goehring's furniture atore; then, having succeeded in getting his small legs turned round, he meandered back to the hotel. Thereafter this remarkable performance became a fairly regular feature of his visits to Oriole. At some time or other, afternoon or early evening, he would issue uncertainly from the hotel, laboriously navigate the length of the block and back again, seldom speaking to anybody, and with a silly little grin fixed on his small face.

A Tarnished Capitalist

These exhibitions greatly distressed Mr. Wesley, and even me. We felt that they dimmed the luster of our capitalist, but there was nothing we could do about it. It seemed to me that in spite of his wealth he was a melancholy, lonely man who had locked himself in and lost the key—although enjoying the illusion of having found it when he got tipsy. Surely he showed no evidence of a cruel disposition. Yet cruelty had been done. Secretly, I blamed it on the law.

The hot summer wore on, crops fair to middling. In early fall came a north wind and a sudden drop in temperature, then a frost that hurt the young corn. Two days later we were electrified to hear that Chick Weeks had stolen eighty-five dollars from Ben Hockett and absconded again. Ben and Charley Sundell and Len Wilson took up a collection among the neighbors, and in town, to send Mrs. Weeks and her two children back to her mother in Michigan. The collection provided railroad fare and eight dollars more. It was done in haste, because in a very short time she would be unable to travel. There was some doubt about starting her off on that long journey in day coaches even then; but as Len Wilson pointed out in soliciting subscriptions from townfolk, herself and three children—instead of the present two—would become a public charge unless she was sent away quickly. In Michigan, which was provided with such luxuries, the children could be put in an orphan asylum.

J. Tilden Wesley loved to go to a convention—any kind of convention where he could wear his Prince Albert coat and find plenty of people to talk to. It was not an expensive diversion, because, like everyone else who had anything to do with politics, he could always get a pass on the railroad. In October there was a convention of life-insurance agents in Lincoln. Mr. Wesley was not a life-insurance agent, but he wrote fire insurance and felt that somebody should attend from Oriole. He left in the morning. At four o'clock that afternoon, as had been arranged between us, I locked the office and took the local to McCullom to visit my uncle overnight, returning on the 9:20 next morning.

Oriole looked just as usual when I stepped off the morning train. Nobody told me anything until I had been in the office some minutes. Then Judge Hecker stepped in, looking very grave, and disclosed a monstrous thing.

About six o'clock the afternoon before, Mr. Latshaw had wabbled up Main Street, One-track Bill Root had arrested him as a drunk and disorderly and locked him up. The news spread, but nobody did anything; everybody was flabbergasted. At length somebody tried to find Judge Hecker, but did not succeed. Mr. Latshaw remained in the lockup all night. At nine that morning, Bill led him—very, very sober—before Squire Holt. Mr. Latshaw offered no defense. Squire Holt fined him five dollars and costs. Judge Hecker, returning to town, reached the court room as the trial ended; but there was nothing he could have done anyway; the capitalist had already been locked up overnight. Now Mr. Latshaw was over at the Metropolitan Hotel getting breakfast, and the judge had come to tell me as Mr. Wesley's representative.

Such was the astounding news, and it left me quite as flabbergasted as everybody else had been. Half an hour later Mr. Latshaw came in carrying a suitcase, for there were some papers in the office that he wanted to take with him. He struck me just as Chick Weeks had the morning after his arrest—collapsed, a world of misery in his small eyes. My attempt at being cheerfully casual, as though I didn't know anything had happened, was a flat failure.

When the papers were in the suitcase, Mr. Latshaw closed and strapped it, with trembling fingers, then looked at his watch and sat down, eyes on the floor. I supposed he was going to take the forenoon train East, and in that case he had nearly half an hour to wait. Presently, hands in front of him, one clasped over the other, eyes downcast, he spoke without contention or anger, as one helplessly stating a fact:

"He needn't have arrested me. If he'd told me to go back to the hotel I'd have gone."

Of course I said it was an outrage and Bill Root was an idiot. Mr. Latshaw made no comment on that, but soon remarked to the floor, "I wasn't doing anybody any harm."

I repeated expressions of indignation. In a little while Mr. Latshaw looked at his watch again, and arose, taking up the suitcase. He stepped over and offered me his limp hand silently. I shook the hand as warmly as he permitted, and he went out without speaking again.

The affair created a sensation, and disclosed in our apparently democratic community that deep cleavage which probably began when the first man got three dogs tamed while his neighbors had only one apiece. All the solider, more responsible members of the community condemned Bill Root—with the notable exception of Mr. Whitcomb, proprietor of the Bank of Oriole. Mr. Latshaw already competed with him in making chattel-mortgage loans, and no doubt he knew it was J. Tilden Wesley's dearest ambition to start a rival bank with Mr. Latshaw's capital. So Mr. Whitcomb virtuously maintained that the laws and ordinances ought to be enforced without respect to persons.

The Law is the Law

Squire Holt had heard the case and assessed a fine, but in his private capacity he told Bill Root hotly that he was many kinds of a fool. Bill listened composedly, for it seemed not in his character to get angry, and replied firmly:

"The law is the law, squire. He was sure drunk and disorderly on the street. That's just as much aginst the law for a rich man as it is for a poor man. I ought to have arrested him a long while ago. I wasn't doin' my duty. I made up my mind last month, if he ever did it ag'in I'd lock him up. The law is the law; you can't git away f'm that."

It transpired later that several unstable and irresponsible characters had been taunting Bill with his failure to arrest the drunken capitalist. Ponderously revolving these taunts, Bill had decided within his own one-track mind to vindicate the great principle of equality before the law at the next opportunity.

Oriole could not have had more than 700 inhabitants. Bath, eight miles away, had about the same number. But since Oriole started an agitation to remove the county seat from Bath, which was in a corner of the county, there was deadly enmity between the two towns. Our weekly newspaper and Bath's weekly newspaper insulted each other in every issue. Our Latshaw Block

(Continued on Page 84

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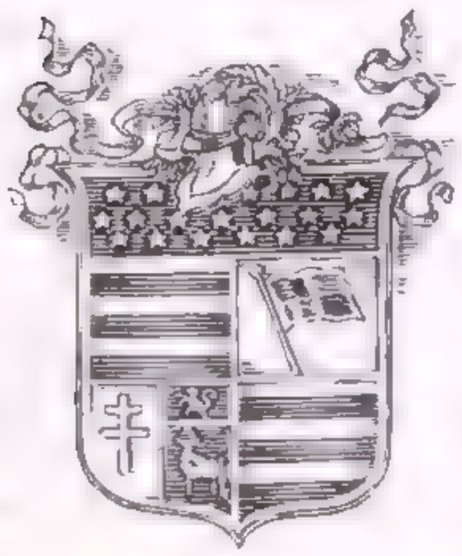

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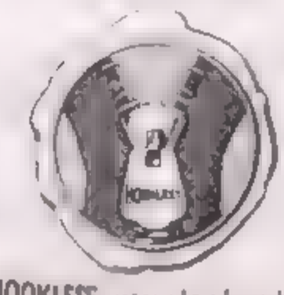

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was the only brick building in the county. No doubt we had been uncharitable about rubbing that into Bath. The Bath Herald discovered that our vaunted capitalist had been locked up overnight and gleefully printed the news. A newspaper in Nebraska City reprinted it, perhaps out of some prejudice against Mr. Latshaw, or perhaps out of mere deviltry, which often applauds itself as journalistic enterprise. So all Mr. Latshaw's neighbors knew, and his wife. He came to Oriole no more. In November we were horrified by reading that he had shut himself in a bathroom and cut his throat.

All the foregoing matters perplexed me because they seemed so senseless. But it happened that Squire Holt had a daughter about my age named Bertha. Sometimes that winter I took her to a dance, and once a week or so dropped in at the squire's story-and-a-half frame house to call on her, which brought me somewhat into the family circle and led to a more intimate footing with our magistrate. The squire came from Michigan to Nebraska, but his father had come from Connecticut. He was a bony man, bold in front. Perhaps somewhat by virtue of his office, he always wore a standing celluloid collar and rusty black bow tie that usually hung at loose ends. While other male citizens went in their shirt sleeves in summer, he wore a flapping alpaca jacket. His temper was high and uncertain, but he had the judicial mind.

"People don't understand the law," said he. "Windy lawyers like Judge Hecker tell 'em it aims to be justice, and the fools believe it. But the law's got nothing in particular to do with justice. It don't pretend to be just. It's a set of rules that's been found by experience to work tolerably well. It's like the rules for baseball. If you're going to play baseball at all, you've got to have hard-and-fast rules; can't possibly play it any other way. I suppose baseball started with somebody knocking flies and somebody else catching 'em. Then somebody threw the ball to the batter. By and by they made a rule that the pitcher must stand in one spot and the catcher in another and the batter in another, and so on and so forth.

"As they got more basemen and shortstops they kept changing the rules, working out a set according to their experience that seemed likely to give the best game. If a runner gets off the base line, he's out. Ain't anything either just or unjust about that. Justice has got nothing to do with it. Only, it's the rule. Maybe your sweetheart's promised to marry you if you bring in a tally. You run for a base. Shortstop grabs the ball and runs to head you off. Probably you could outfoot him and bring in the tally if they'd let you run all around the field. But they won't. You've got to stick to the base line and be put out and humiliated, and lose the girl you love and live in misery ever after. It ain't just or it ain't unjust. Justice's got nothing to do with it. Only it's the rule. You can't play without rules.

"Same way with law—a set of rules that experience shows, by and large, will work tolerably well. But hardly any law will affect two men alike. If I fine you $100, maybe it takes all the money you've got and puts you in the hole, makes you no end of trouble and heartache. If I fined Jim Whitcomb $100, he'd just step around the corner and skin somebody out of $110 and wouldn't know I'd touched him. But the law says anybody that starts a prairie fire shall be fined $100, no matter whether it kills him or don't hurt him a bit. One man suffers the torments of the damned, through humiliation and the disgrace to his family, if he's put in jail. Another man don't care a whoop. No justice about it, but it's the rule. If you think it over, you'll see we couldn't possibly get along without broad, blind rules like that.

"If a law lives, it's a good law. Probably you can point out a lot of faults in its working. But if it lives, it's because it works better than anything else that people, up to then, have been able to think up. It's good because it works. It gives you a rule to go by. It's true there are some fake laws; stuffed-shirt laws that have got no breath of life in 'em. That's because we have a lot of blockheads making laws. Our usury law is an example. Legislature says 10 per cent shall be the lawful rate of interest. Probably that's all right in the eastern part of the state that's well established and can give good security.

"When any region gets to the point where it's found out for sure what it can produce at a profit, then values get established and capital begins to accumulate. You have more money and better security, and interest gets down to 10 per cent, or 6. But nobody will lend money at 10 per cent out in this new, unproved country. You find precious little money moving from the eastern part of the state out here in order to get 36 per cent. Lenders don't like the security. But these farmers couldn't get along without some way of borrowing money now and then to carry 'em over. Otherwise they'd be frozen out of the game.

"So they pay 36 per cent. They could always plead usury and get back the interest; but they don't do it. In the five years that I've been in this part of the state I've known of only two cases where a borrower pleaded usury—only one in this county. They know they couldn't get the money any other way. The law is bad because it's dead. It don't give a rule to go by. If half the people tried to enforce it and half tried not to, there'd be room for an argument. But when everybody ignores a law it's a bad law, and as dead for all practical purposes as though it had been repealed.

"But if a law lives and works, it's the best rule for the purpose that men have been able to think of. So it's entitled to everybody's respect and obedience, for without rules to go by, the game stops. Pointing out cases where the law don't bring justice has nothing to do with it. Justice! Why, nobody but God could be just, for nobody but God knows how much anything is going to hurt. To deal out justice you'd have to have an archangel on every bench, from police court up. Far's I know, there ain't archangels enough to go round. Anyhow, there ain't enough in Nebraska."

JOHN ROLLISON'S GAS MASK

(Continued from Page 11)

on your nose, and a big hard-rubber mouthpiece that you held in your teeth. When you breathed in, the air came through the can of chemicals in the case, up through the hose, and into your mouth. When you breathed out, the air escaped with a fluttering noise through a rubber valve.

"We are going to give you," said the officer, "a little taste of gas, so that you will realize what a serious thing it is and be on your guard against it when you get to the front. And we are also going to give you a demonstration of the efficiency of these masks, so that you will have confidence in them. After you have entered the gas chamber and the doors have been closed, I will give the command, 'Gas!' and you will have just six seconds to get your masks on. At the end of the six seconds the chamber will be flooded with tear gas. This gas is not dangerous; it has no permanently injurious effects; but it is violently irritating to the eyes and to the mucous membranes of the throat and nose, so you had better have your masks on in time. We are going to let you remain in the gas for three minutes. Then the doors will be opened and I will give the command, 'Remove masks!' When you take off your masks you will be surprised to find what sort of stuff you have been in. And you can come out as fast as you want. All right, sergeant, take them in."

The sergeant marched the battery into the gas house and the doors were closed. It was dark as a tomb.

"Gas!" shouted the officer.

There was a violent shuffling noise as the men put on their masks. Then silence.

John Rollison felt his heart beating wildly. He had put on his mask with feverish haste. It felt a little crooked, but he did not dare adjust it, for fear the gas would be turned on and a little would leak in around the edges. His nose was held tight in the nose clamp, and his teeth bit into the mouthpiece. Slowly he breathed in and out, listening to the funny blubbering sound as his breath went out the rubber flutter valve. He wondered whether the gas had been turned on, but he could not tell. He had listened for a hissing sound, but had heard nothing. So he stood and trembled and perspired, and in his imagination felt himself back in that ice plant, years ago.

Time dragged on. Nothing happened. Through the misty goggles he could see vague forms standing all about. He could hear their labored breathing.

Suddenly the doors were flung open and the room was flooded with light. The officer stepped outside, removed his mask, and shouted, "Remove masks!" Several men near John took off their masks and promptly darted out the door. John waited until he had a clear path ahead of him and then fearfully pulled off his own mask. At once a thousand needles pricked his eyes, his nose, and his throat. He gave a great gasp and jumped forward. Then he was outside again in the fresh air and the sunshine, and the gas house experience was over.

The battery was at once lined up and marched back to the barracks for supper.

After supper, when John Rollison thought things over, he was more ashamed than ever of his foolish fears. And he was more determined than ever to keep them secret.

He was glad now that he had been in the gas house, for the experience had given him absolute, complete confidence in the gas mask. For three long minutes he had stood in gas so strong that the merest whiff was enough to blind and choke him. And the chemicals of the mask had filtered it out completely. It seemed incredible, but it was true. He had breathed deeply, steadily, almost comfortably, and not a molecule of the poison had reached him.

Before this test he had doubted whether a mask could give more than partial protection. But now he doubted no longer. He had a new sense of security. Much of his fear of gas disappeared. And with it went that other fear—the fear that some day he might become possessed by panic and reveal his cowardice to the whole battery.

The masks used in the gas house had been merely loaned for the occasion, but the following week each member of the battery was issued a mask of his own.

And a few days later, in the last week of September, 1918, the guns and horses were loaded on a long freight train and the battery started for the front. For two days and two nights they rode north through the pretty French countryside. On the morning of the third day they detrained in a town that was half ruined by shell fire. And that night they marched north on a white limestone road toward a horizon that was flashing and rumbling with the fire of distant artillery.

The thoughts of men going into battle for the first time are many and varied. The minds of some men turn to religion; others think of the girls they left behind. Some are badly frightened; others only excited. Some think of patriotism and duty; while others are mainly concerned with where the next meal is coming from.

(Continued on Page 66)

A New Special Six Series with a 7-bearing Crankshaft Motor

Again—with the presentation of this superb new group of Special Six models—Nash takes the center of the American motor car stage.

Nothing could be calculated to command the nation-wide interest of buyers more quickly than the introduction of a car in this price field with a powerful 7-bearing crankshaft motor.

This great new "Enclosed Car" motor with a 7-bearing crankshaft now gives to the Special Six transcendent power-smoothness and lightning-like responsiveness that establish a superlative new standard of travel-luxury.

It is engineered precisely as is the 7-bearing Advanced Six "Enclosed Car" motor which was first introduced nearly a year ago and which achieved immediate success as a motor development of the most impressive character.

This new Special Six Series presents 5 different body styles richly finished in harmonious duo-tone color combinations and with a graceful new winged emblem surmounting the radiator.

The new instrument board is skillfully arranged with all instruments, including a new hydrostatic gas gauge, compactly grouped in a single panel under glass with indirect illumination.

And there are new double filament headlamps; a new thermostatic device controlling motor heat by regulation of water circulation; a new lighting switch control conveniently placed on the steering wheel; a new combination stop and tail light; new style motor muffler; an oil pump agitator; a new crankcase breather and a new-type clutch.

The new motor has full force-feed lubrication throughout and there is an air cleaner, oil purifier, and gas filter.

Nash-designed 4-wheel brakes and 5 disc wheels are also included on all models as standard equipment at no extra charge.

All Advanced Six, Special Six and Light Six models have 7-bearing crankshaft motors

(39x1)

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BENDIX DRIVE

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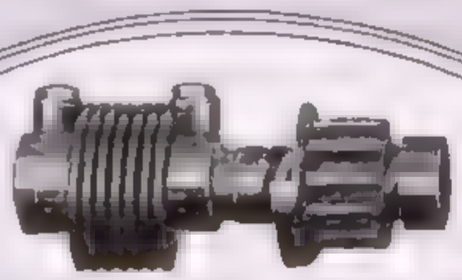

"The Mechanical Hand That Cranks Your Car"

The Eclipse Bendix Drive is standard equipment on a large majority of the world's automobiles—and is the form you probably know best of the Eclipse products used in starting gasoline engines. It is the automatic connecting link between your electric starting motor and the engine of your automobile—a "mechanical hand" that takes hold of the fly-wheel, cranks it, and then lets go. Eclipse also starts—

Trucks
Buses
Tractors
Motor Boats
Coast Guard Vessels
Cruisers
Gasoline Rail Cars
Gasoline Locomotives
Fire Apparatus
Ambulances
Taxicabs

and all kinds of prime movers

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, Elmira, N.Y.

Eclipse Machine Company, Hoboken, N. J. Eclipse Machine Company, Ltd., Walkerville, Ont.

(Continued from Page 64

Private John Rollison thought of his gas mask. As he walked along behind the little telephone cart he kept his hand on his mask to make sure it was still there. Soon he would be at the front, where at any moment a cloud of German gas might sweep over and choke him to death—the most horrible death he could imagine.

But here at his side in its little canvas case was his gas mask, which would give him complete protection. He must take good care of this gas mask. He must not let it get wet or torn or damaged in any way. The smallest pin prick in the hose might make all the difference between life and death. Above all, he must not lose it. He resolved never to let it get out of reach of his hand.

The battery marched all night, and at dawn they camped in a little wood, parking the guns and wagons under the trees and stretching a picket line for the horses. Through the day they remained in the woods, listening to the rumbling of the war ten miles or more to the north. There was lots of work—carrying hay and supplies and ammunition, grooming horses, and doing all the hundreds of things that are necessary in an artillery outfit. In the afternoon John Rollison got a little sleep. And before he dozed off he made sure that his gas mask was right beside him ready for use.

At sunset came the order, "Harness and hitch!" And soon the battery was rolling up the road again. The flashing, ahead, became brighter and brighter and the booming of the guns more plainly audible. Finally, as they were passing through a ruined village, a big German shell came screeching overhead and burst behind them with a terrific crash. John Rollison had been wearing his mask "at the alert" on his chest and in no time at all had it out, and ready to put on. But there was no smell of gas, and he put it back.

Later, more shells burst near them, but none close enough to do any damage.

Beside John walked Jim Snyder.

"Gee," said Jim, in his weak little voice, "I don't like the sound of them things. Don't they make you feel kinda nervous?"

"No," said John. He wasn't going to discuss his fears with this timid runt.

The column wound along up the road, and just before dawn turned into an orchard on the side of a broad valley. The guns were put in position to fire.

And then a shell came over with an irregular, wabbling screech which was somehow different from the others. It burst quite close with a dull, weak report, and at once there was a cry of "Gas!" Horns all up and down the valley began to blat out their warnings.

John Rollison got on his mask in much less than the official six seconds. He had a moment's panic and then a feeling of pleasant confidence. The mask was working perfectly. Not a whiff of gas came through. Good old gas mask!

In a few minutes the gas drifted away and masks were removed. John was pleased. He had a good mask; he was safe.

The guns were oriented; the captain got out his maps and tables and figured data; and about ten o'clock the battery began to fire at targets which were out of sight beyond the low range of hills to the north. The firing was kept up at intervals all day, while the captain wondered nervously whether he had figured his data correctly, and whether or not the shells were actually landing where he wanted them to. Late in the afternoon he decided to find out, and sent Sergeant Gans with a detail of men to prepare an observation post on the hill a mile in front of the guns. John Rollison was one of the detail. They waited until it was dark, and then on the top of the crest behind a small clump of bushes, they dug a hole in the ground, so that the observing officer would be able to crouch in comparative safety while he looked out over the wide sweep of enemy territory ahead.

The ground was hard and the digging took practically all night. The men worked in relays, and during his periods of rest John Rollison had time to look around, and to think and to wonder. Overhead, the stars seemed unusually calm and peaceful, but the landscape in all directions was alive with an endless flashing and flickering. The flashes to the rear, he supposed, were either American guns firing or German shells bursting. The flashes in front were German guns firing or American shells bursting. In front, also, the sky was lighted up from time to time by rockets and lights of various kinds.

Evidently they were signals sent up by the infantry which was holding the front line about a mile away.

There was a continuous rumbling and booming all about, and occasionally the scream of a shell going by far up in the sky. But nothing hit anywhere near. And the air was cool, clear and fresh—not a breath of gas.

But you never could tell when it might come, and John Rollison frequently felt the gas mask that hung on his chest. Good old gas mask!

In the early dawn the detail finished their digging and started back to the battery. Meanwhile a mile of telephone wire had been run out from the battery to the observation post, which was now taken in charge by a lieutenant and a telephone operator.

When John Rollison got back to the battery he found Jim Snyder telling a group of cannoneers about a dream he had had during the night. It was a dream which was fairly common among men at the front.

"I thought the Fritzes were sending over gas," said Jim, "and I couldn't find my gas mask. I like to died of heart failure. Just imagine; the Fritzes was sending over gas and I didn't have no mask. It was terrible."

John walked away. "Damn that kid," he thought. "Why does he have to talk about such stuff?"

After breakfast John went on as telephone operator at the guns. And at nine o'clock he called up the observation post and reported that the battery was ready to fire, the target being the church tower in a village six kilometers to the front. The operator at the observation post reported that the lieutenant was ready to observe.

The first gun of the battery was fired.

"Number one on the way!" reported John.

After half a minute came the reply: "Short. Right fifteen."

The next gun fired.

"Number two on the way!" said John, and waited.

This time there was no reply. The line sounded dead. John whirled the magneto crank several times, but there was no response. Then he looked up and saw that German shells were bursting a half mile in front of the battery, right where the telephone line passed on its way to the observation post.

"The line is out," he reported.

Sergeant Gans tried the telephone himself. "She's dead, all right," he said. "Cut by shell fire."

John Rollison patted his gas mask, sniffed, and gazed at the distant bursting shells. Probably they were not gas shells; they made too much noise. But you never can be sure.

Suddenly the shelling ceased. It had been a short and violent burst of fire.

"All right, you telephone men!" yelled Gans. "Let's go fix that wire!" He jumped up and started forward, followed by John Rollison and four or five others—more men than were really needed. The sergeant picked up the telephone wire and let it slide through his hand as he walked.

In less than ten minutes they reached the place where the shells had been falling. There were several dozen big shell holes, still hot and smelling of powder.

"Here's one break," said Sergeant Gans. "You can splice this, Rollison, while we go on and see if there are any more."

John took the two ends of the broken wire and dragged them into a shell hole at

(Continued on Page 68)

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(Continued from Page 66)

the base of a big lone tree which had been half shot to pieces. He would be safer there, in case the Germans resumed their firing.

Now splicing a telephone wire is a simple operation, but when you are doing it sitting in a fresh shell hole and wondering how soon the next shell is coming down it seems to take years. John worked as fast as he could, and apparently made no speed at all. He took out his knife and immediately dropped it. He picked it up, and after several tries managed to get it open. Then he stopped a moment and felt for his gas mask. He still had it. He cut off the ends of the wire square and scraped off the insulation for an inch or so. It was duplex wire—two wires, each with its own insulation, and an outer covering over both. He spliced one wire, twisting the strands around and around. Then he spliced the other. After that, each splice had to be wound with tape. But at last he finished. He looked up and saw the other men coming toward him.

"That seems to be the only break we can find," said Gans.

There was a dull boom and something rushed by over their heads. One of the guns in the battery had fired.

"Good!" said Gans. "That means the line is working again. Let's get out of here before the Fritzes send over anything more."

As he spoke there was a long-drawn-out howl which increased to a sudden vicious screech. The men dived into John Rollison's shell hole, and there was a terrific explosion as a German shell hit hardly ten feet away. They all cuddled down, making themselves as small and flat as possible, while shell after shell came down and churned up the ground all around. Great fragments of jagged metal were thrown high in the air and fell back to earth, whirring and buzzing as they came.

For the time John Rollison forgot his terror of gas. These crashing shells and humming fragments were so near and so dangerous that there was no chance to think of anything else. He ground his face into the dirt and held his breath and waited.

Suddenly he felt a stinging blow in his back, right between the shoulder blades, and he knew he had been hit. It surprised him to find that he had no pain, only a queer numbness. For a moment he felt sick and dizzy. Then he was sitting up in the shell hole and little Jim Snyder was taking off his shirt. There was a strange feeling of quiet in the air; the German firing had ceased. Around him knelt the sergeant and the other men, looking at him. Behind them he noticed the lone tree, shattered and splintered more than before, but still standing.

Jim examined his back and then spoke. "You're all right, kid," he said. "I guess it knocked you silly for a minute, but it don't amount to much. It must have been a pretty big fragment. It shot right across your back, plowed through your shirt and tore it all up, but only just grazed your skin. Here, put on your shirt and let's go."

John wiggled into his shirt and stood up uncertainly. He was still doubtful as to whether he had been severely wounded or not, and he half expected to find himself falling down.

But no; he seemed to be all right, as Jim had said. He walked along with the rest in the direction of the battery.

But they had hardly started when there came another long howl and a screech from behind them. This time, instead of diving for a shell hole, John decided to run for it. So did the rest. For several hundred yards they sprinted at top speed, while the shells crashed and banged behind them. Then they slowed down, and by the time they reached the battery they were traveling at a slow dogtrot.

"Well," thought John Rollison, as he sank down on the grass behind the guns, "that was a narrow escape. I guess they didn't hurt me much, after all. Funny how they shell one little area that way. And, thank the Lord, they didn't use gas." Instinctively, his hand reached for his gas mask. It wasn't there!

His heart almost stopped and he felt cold all over. The horrible thing which he had dreaded had come to pass. He was at the front without a gas mask, and at any moment the Germans might send over a deadly cloud to choke and strangle him. The old panic came back stronger than ever.

But where was his mask? Rapidly his mind traveled back. He was certain he had taken it with him when he went to splice the wire. He remembered feeling it beside him in the shell hole.

It must be there now. When that little runt Jim Snyder had taken off his shirt he had probably removed the mask and failed to put it back.

"Damn that little Jim Snyder!" he said to himself.

Suddenly, far down the valley, he heard the sound of a horn—a gas alarm. It was a long way off; but if they were getting gas down there, they might have it at any moment where he was.

Tired as he was, he jumped to his feet and started running.

"Hey there!" yelled Sergeant Gans. "Where you going?"

"I'm going back! I'm going back!"

"You stay here," shouted Gans. "We need you on this telephone."

But John Rollison paid no attention. In the bottom of that shell hole beside the old broken tree was his gas mask. He must get it, and he must get it quick before the gas came and killed him. Once more German shells were bursting all around the old tree. But that made no difference. Straight toward the bursting shells he ran as fast as he could. Soon he was almost completely out of breath. His legs felt heavy as lead. But still he ran. The old broken tree was now only a short distance away. A shell burst almost beside him, throwing dirt all over him. Another burst behind him. Then another. His ears rang with the noise. The fragments buzzed and whined all around him. And there was so much smoke that he could hardly see. But there was no gas.

On he ran. And finally he reached the tree and tumbled into the shell hole beside it. There in the bottom was his beloved gas mask.

The German shelling abruptly ceased, as with weak fingers he put the strap of the mask around his neck. A feeling of peace came over him. He was safe.

Then he noticed that there was something else in the shell hole—a man in uniform. The man sat up. It was little Jim Snyder.

"Look," said Jim. "I got hit in the foot. It was just when we started to run. The rest of you wouldn't wait for me, so all I could do was crawl back in here." And he added plaintively, "You hadn't ought to have gone off and left me like that."

"We never missed you," said John. "We were so excited we never noticed you got left."

"And now," whined Jim, "you're going to take me back to the battery?"

John looked at him with disgust. This was the dirty little shrimp that had taken off his gas mask and failed to put it back. This was the man who had exposed him to the horrible danger of German poison gas, and had caused him to make a fool of himself—running around the country in a wild panic in the sight of the whole battery. It would be only justice to leave him there.

But after all, reflected John, he had his mask back again. And abandoning Jim wouldn't help his reputation with the battery. He might as well be magnanimous.

"Come on, you little runt," he said. Kneeling down, he pulled Jim up onto his back. As he started toward the battery the German bombardment began again. There was a howl and a crash behind him, and once more the air was filled with humming fragments. And this time one of them hit John in the side.

It was funny, thought John, how these things could hit you and yet not hurt you at all. After the first sharp sting there was no pain at all, only this numbness, and a dizzy feeling. As he walked on he felt himself beginning to stagger a little. He felt very weak and tired. But that would be natural, considering that he had missed so much sleep lately, and was carrying this man on his back.

It would be more convenient, he thought, to drop his burden and go on by himself. But he had started this job; he might as well finish it.

So he stumbled along, growing weaker at every step, until he had almost reached the battery, where he suddenly collapsed on the ground just as four or five of his fellow privates came running to his assistance. The two men were carried back to the battalion dressing station.

"This little fellow," said the doctor, indicating Jim Snyder, "has only a slight wound in the foot. We'll send him back in the ambulance, and in a few weeks he ought to be as good as ever. But this other man," and he looked at John Rollison, "is in a bad way. That wound in the side is pretty deep, and I'm afraid he's a goner."

"And he saved my life," said little Jim Snyder. "When he found out that I had been left behind he came back through all that shell fire and got me."

Late that afternoon John Rollison was buried in a shallow grave behind the guns; and the chaplain, who had come over from regimental headquarters, conducted a short service.

"Greater love hath no man than this," said the chaplain, "that a man lay down his life for his friend."

"We Never Missed You," Said John. "We Were So Excited We Never Noticed You Got Left"

Dominant, imperious, beautiful, Queen Hatasu, 3000 years ago, decreed that from the quarries of Cvene an obelisk should be brought forth, and erected to the glory of the gods whom Egypt worshipped. From Heliopolis the obelisk was taken in Roman times to Alexandria, now it stands in Central Park, New York, a symbol of enduring beauty

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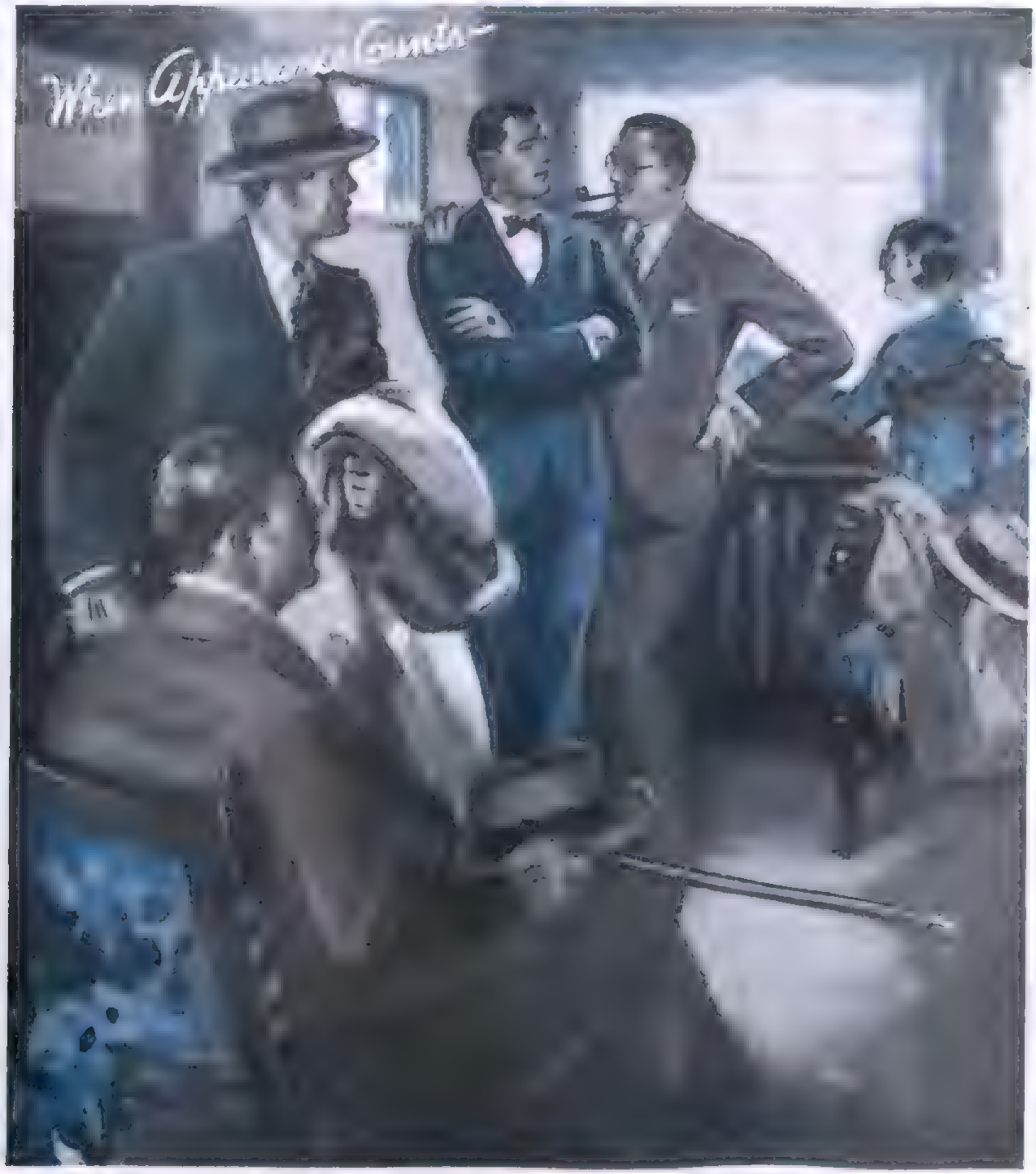

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Go to your Adler Collegian Dealer. Let him tell you how concentration in clothing manufacture has won this great victory which is similar to that in the automobile business. Today many makers offer good closed cars at open car prices. In clothing, only one nationally known manufacturer gives you this greater value—two-pants suits at one-pair prices. That's the pioneer House of Adler.

Super-Values Throughout the Line

The economies found in Adler Collegian two-pants suits extend to Adler one-pants suits, top coats and overcoats. You are offered substantial savings. The Adler Collegian line for Fall 1926 is well balanced, with a variety of styles and fabrics to satisfy every discriminating taste. Inspect the new Adler Collegian two-pants suits at your dealer's. See how these fine clothes are made and judge their value for yourself. Be critical. Note every detail. Then you will appreciate the greater value and economy in the new Adler Collegians for Fall.

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They have all the advantages of the old types of outside frosted lamps and more, but they sell for much less.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

ONCE THERE WAS A PRINCESS

(Continued from Page 33)

"Oh, Phil, are you sick?" she cried. "What is it?"

His eyes went straight to Ellen's. He tried to be decently light about it. "The usual joke on me—that's all. I'm too late again."

They did not understand. "Too late? How—too late?"

He tossed it out courageously. "The patent office has just granted a patent to a window washer, the same principle as mine. I can't get a patent."

"I thought someone was dead!" Ruby scolded him.

"Does it mean you can't make yours at all?" Hazel asked.

"I can't make mine at all." He was still saying it over their heads to Ellen. "I've worked on it for two years. Every nut and screw was exactly right; it was strong, light, simple, perfect. And now it is so much junk."

The girls said "Too bad!" and "What a shame!" and went on with their table setting. Joe, who had loved his sawmill, murmured a sorrowful "I know, Phil—I been there." Mrs. Arden suddenly spoke up: "You will do other things—splendid things!"

For once Phil's patient faith had failed him. "Millions in them all—and my wife taking in washing!"

"She wouldn't be afraid of washing," was the steady answer.

Phil refused to hear that. "Poor folks living across the tracks," he said harshly. "The town is right—I've been a fool. I'll take a job like other men. Perhaps after twenty years or so I can afford a wife and a home. So that's that," he ended, and abruptly went away.

"Poor Phil—pretty hard," Joe sighed.

"It may be a good thing, if it wakes him up," Ruby declared. "Dinner is ready, Mrs. Arden."

Mrs. Arden had risen and was putting on her hat and coat.

"Oh, thank you. I am going to lunch with an old friend," she said in the quiet little voice that the Princess Dellatorre had needed for many hard minutes. "I will be back before long." And she went out.

"Any telegram yet from Nelly?" Joe asked, sitting down and shaking out his napkin.

VI

A SMALL door had been cut in the big door of the parsonage barn. Ellen knocked, and when there was no answer, she pulled a chain that set a bell inside to jangling. She had to ring several times before the door was opened a reluctant inch.

"Well, what is it?" Phil began, then exclaimed and threw back the door. "How could I know it was you?" burst from him in an anguish of apology.

Ellen stepped into a jungle of wheels and pulleys, but she was conscious only of Phil's stricken face. All the blows and disappointments that he had refused to feel seemed to have gathered, awaiting this moment. But, of course, he was not going to rant about it.

"Everyone has called me a fool, and the funny part is, they were dead right," he said with a crooked smile. "It is as you said, Ellen—we stayed children, waiting for each other. Now we'll grow up. It's a merry prospect."

She sat on a bench with her back against a work table, one arm over a vise, her foot on a small dynamo, and her gentle eyes were deep with the wisdom of her heart.

"Is anyone grown up?" she worked it out. "Alfredo wasn't; he was like a spoiled baby that has to be joggled every minute. Aunt Katie is a little girl who believes in fairies, and Milton is a freshman bothering about the color of his socks, and Ruby is a young savage trying to hurt everyone so as to show that no one has hurt her. Why, Phil, we are a great deal older than that, you and I. Perhaps we are the only two who really did grow up."

Phil dropped down on the bench beside her, his head in his hands. "I'm a fool—a fool," he muttered

"No, you're not." She saw it quite plainly now. "You know what is worth living for and you go straight after it. That's no fool! You don't bother about what others want for you—you've slipped into it for a moment, but you won't stay there. You know what you want ——"

"I want you," he broke in from behind his hands.

"Then sooner or later you will have me," she said steadily. "And on your own terms, living your own kind of life. I know you! Why, Phil, you'll be at work on a new idea before night!"

His head came up. "I know it. And I thought that was being a fool," he said humbly.

"No; that is being unconquerable! That is being you!" she cried.

"Ellen!" His arms went out to her and she slipped into them, curling a hand about his neck, lifting her face for his long kiss. Dreams did come true.

"Oh, I'll beat the world for you!" he breathed. "I'll win out! I'll make you proud of me, Ellen!"

"I know it." She had a heavenly certainty. Then she drew away from him, becoming very practical and businesslike. "Now show me what you have done and what you are doing," she commanded.

He took her about in his arm, explaining his models and kindling to his normal enthusiasm. Ellen was no indiscriminate admirer; she made her choices among them with sober judgment, disapproving those that tried too much, heart and soul indorsing the promising ones. A scissors sharpener, workbasket size, was a treasure that all women would want, and before the One-Good-Turn Corkscrew she was enthralled.

"There is no prohibition in Italy," she pointed out. "I will take that back with me and launch it; I know just the person to give it to. Why, Phil, it will go all over Europe!"

"It is pretty good, isn't it?" He had to work it for her again, and she worked it, and on the strength of that corkscrew they planned their marriage and their future home. She knew of a pink stucco house on the edge of a lake, with seven olive trees and a barn for a workshop. They could get it for almost nothing.

"You know, I can't live here," she warned him. "I'd have to stay Mrs. Arden. I was silly to get into that! But there is no way out now."

Phil did not care where they lived so long as it was together. They thought that it would take the corkscrew about a year, but presently cut it down to six months that they might have an autumn honeymoon in Venice. And yet they called themselves grown up!

They had forgotten about time when a patent window shade that could be set to drop over a window at the first light of dawn and so prolong sleep indefinitely, suddenly went off, dimming the sunlight.

"Oh, I must go back," Ellen exclaimed, and ran away, leaving the present all unplanned.

"You can drop in later," she called back. "We will meet somewhere." She knew that sewing women did not take an hour and a half off for luncheon.

Golden glory was pouring through the maples. It was April in Millertown! She could never belong here again, and yet her lifted heart was singing in her side. She had love and safety and Phil Lennox.

VII

LUNCHEON was over and Joe had gone back to the store when Katie came down and fell to sewing. She looked shocked, sick, but beyond everything, astonished. She would not have even a cup of tea.

"You go ahead and clear up," she said shortly to the solicitous girls. "Oh, gracious, there's Aunt Meta! Wouldn't you think she could keep away for an hour at a time?" She was so unlike their buoyant mother that they were frightened and wanted to hover about her, but Aunt Meta, coming in puffed out with bitter righteousness, sent them away.

"Now, girls, I've got to talk to your mother; you run out," she commanded, and brushed aside the headache as not worth considering. "I guess it'll ache worse when you find out what kind of a woman you've had in your house this morning," she began when they were alone.

Katie's interest suddenly came to life. "Mrs. Arden?"

"That's what she calls herself. I suppose it's her name."

"What did you find out?"

Aunt Meta had to begin at the very beginning, to get all the savor out of her news. "Well, I'd heard things about that Mrs. Arden and Charlie Spink Grace thought she made up to him. But then, Grace is a goose about Charlie, and I didn't think much about it until this morning, when I caught Mrs. Arden and Phil"—she paused to get her facts straight—"well, they were too still to be natural. You needn't tell me! I sensed something between them right away, though I couldn't of proved it."

"Phil!" said Katie incredulously.

"Oh, he's no saint, that man, for all he lives in a barn." Aunt Meta's nod foretold grisly things to come. "Now where was I? Oh, yes. Next it was her and Milton, sitting down together thick as thieves—Ruby'd have her hands full if she did get that young man!" She paused for the usual skirmish, defense and attack, but Katie was not standing up for anyone, and she had to go on unrefreshed. "Now I suppose you won't believe this—you always stick up so for everybody."

"Oh, do hurry up!" snapped Katie.

That was so unusual that it brought Aunt Meta straight to the point: "Well, an hour ago, with my own eyes, I saw Mrs. Arden go straight up to Phil's door, bold as brass. She knocked and rang till he opened it and then she went in. She hasn't come out yet." She paused to let that sink in. "I went over on the Tufft veranda—there was nobody to home—and I never took my eyes off that door. I haven't had a bite of lunch. Now I'd like to hear what you make of that!"

Katie's somber stare was on her folded hands. "I know," she said with difficulty. "At least, I mean—I saw her and Joe here."

"Together?" Aunt Meta pounced on it. "What were they up to?"

"Well ——" Katie hesitated, then brought out a faint "Visiting, like."

"Uh-huh!" Aunt Meta had all the corroborative evidence she needed. "That's her kind. She'd even take up with poor old Joe!"

Katie amazingly flared up. "He's not so poor old!"

"Now, Katie ——"

"Joe's a good lively man yet," Katie declared loudly. "He's a long way from dead and buried, I'd have you know!"

Aunt Meta's mouth took the thin line of a croquet hoop. "I wouldn't let him get that notion," she said.

Katie still blazed. "I guess Joe's got his rights! He's not sixty yet—why's he going to act eighty?"

"Katie Boyd," said Aunt Meta sternly, "how'd you like it if Joe begun to take notice of sewing women?"

Katie faced her amazing truth with straight back and wide eyes. "Oh, I'd be mad—mad as hops. But just the same"—it hung fire, then came fiercely—"I'd kind of admire his spunk too."

"Then you're a fool," was the brisk comment.

"I been a fool," Katie declared. "You can't treat a man like a bag of old clothes

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and expect him to stay put. Just the same, I'll send her packing," she added, relaxing to a more normal level. "I can finish here."

"She ain't accomplished much, has she?"

Katie's astonishment again overmastered her. "I'd say she'd accomplished a whole lot," she muttered. "My land—Joe!"

"Well, I'm glad you see it right. Sometimes you're real lax. And with two innocent girls in the house ——" Aunt Meta rose to go. "That's her bag, I presume."

Katie assented absently, and did not notice what was going on until Aunt Meta had the bag on a chair and open.

"Oh, Aunt Meta!" she protested.

"It ain't any time to be so delicate." Aunt Meta brought out a silky and lacy dressing gown that had once been very fine. "H'm! Sewing woman!" she said with labored sarcasm.

Katie was unaccountable. Instead of an answering reprobation, she leaned forward to study the pattern.

"It's real pretty," she said. "I wonder if I could copy it."

"Katie!" Aunt Meta folded the offending garment and closed the bag on it. "A respectable wife and mother don't trollop around in such garments."

"Maybe that's her mistake," Katie said, and sighed, then took up her sewing.

"I don't know what to make of you," Aunt Meta lectured. "If I was in your shoes, I wouldn't even be keen to have the princess here. All those years in foreign lands—you don't know what her mawrels'll be. And what with Joe getting frisky and the girls growing up you can't be too careful."

"Oh, I'll risk the princess." And a wan cheer came back into Katie's ravaged face.

"There she is!" said Aunt Meta in a hissing whisper.

The sewing woman was hurrying up the path with guilty haste.

"I hope I didn't stay too long," she exclaimed with that deceptive sweetness of hers. "I was talking with an old friend." She had her hands at her dowdy little round hat as though she expected to settle down there among them again.

"I guess you won't need to take that off," said Aunt Meta. "Go ahead, Katie."

Katie kept her eyes averted. "Mrs. Arden, I can finish up by myself," she began mildly. "I know you just came to oblige."

"What's the sense of being so soft?" Aunt Meta put in.

Katie would not rise properly to the occasion. "Well, I was thinking—there's a 1:30 train to Roundtree, if you did want to get it."

Aunt Meta could not stand this. "We think you'd better catch it, miss!"

She must have known that she was found out, but she had to act shocked.

"You want me to go?" she asked, as though she could not believe her ears.

"The sooner the better," Aunt Meta took her up. "And I guess you know why!"

Katie would be soft. "I'll pay you the whole day and your ticket," she said.

"Oh, no! Oh, it isn't worth paying for at all!" She acted distressed; but, of course, Katie forced the money on her.

"I wouldn't pay her a cent," Aunt Meta observed.

"I wish she wouldn't!" And then that woman had the nerve to look Aunt Meta straight in the eyes. "I know I don't sew so very well," she said. "But if I have spoiled anything I will replace it—oh, so gladly! Please forgive me and let me try."

Katie seemed to be in misery. She was no use at all. Just stood there and never said a word. Aunt Meta let the woman have it straight:

"It ain't clothes you're spoiling! But when—on top of everything—you go and spend your lunch hour in the house—in the barn, I should say—of a good-for-nothing, down-and-out window washer ——"

The little woman seemed to have put on height. "How dare you?" she asked in a new voice, low and deep. It was pretty good acting, but it didn't impose on Aunt Meta.

"I guess I dare! You've been trying it on all the morning, first with one, then another I was onto you! I saw! But I didn't think even you'd go off in broad daylight to a ——"

Katie broke in, absurdly upset. "Now, Aunt Meta, you're going too far! Don't you mind, Mrs. Arden. We don't accuse you ——"

Mrs. Arden would not let her finish. "I don't mind what she says of me," she began, rage mounting with every syllable, "but when she slanders a man like Phil Lennox, a decent, straight, clean-minded American gentleman ——" Then the rage burst forth. Not for nothing had Mrs. Arden known Italian princesses! "*Dio mio—animale! Imbecille! Cattiva vecchia colla lingua lunga!*"

There was an astonished pause, echoing with the fierce words. Aunt Meta tried to pull herself together.

"I know just what you said, miss. I understand German," she declared, but feebly.

Mrs. Arden turned away and was at the door when Hazel came skipping in.

"The princess is coming—to our house!" she chanted, then stopped short. "Oh, Mrs. Arden, you aren't going?" And she ran to put fervent little arms about her waist.

Mrs. Arden was again the gentle person she had seemed before that thunderclap.

"Yes, I've got to go," she said.

Hazel hung on her, looking up into her face. "You're going home?" she grieved.

"I'm going—away."

"Mrs. Arden's got to take the 1:30," Aunt Meta interposed, but Katie sat utterly spineless. "Now don't delay her, Hazel."

The child lifted her face. "I wish you wouldn't go," she said. "I like you—most as well as the princess!"

Mrs. Arden stooped quickly to kiss her. "Ah, that was sweet!" she exclaimed. "I'll take that with me. Good-by, dear people, good-by." And she was gone.

"And high time," said Aunt Meta.

Aunt Katie looked up with a heavy sigh. "I wish I knew who she reminded me of," she said.

VIII

ELLEN passed under the maples in a daze of pain. She did not even realize that she went by Phil's door. She bought a ticket to Roundtree because she did not know what else to do, and, since her trunk was there on the platform, she automatically took it with her. The sooty way train jogged its twenty miles without rousing her from her shock. She had run home to Millertown and they had driven her out!

Roundtree, always "the city" to Millertown, had grown into a real metropolis. Ellen was driven through streets of clanging trolleys and city shops to a modern hotel, filled with every comfort that the commercial traveler could desire. When she was left alone with her pitcher of ice water she felt faint and lay across the bed, thinking with relief of escaping from herself by way of illness; then remembered that she had had nothing to eat since an early breakfast on the train, so sent for tea and toast.

They proved amazingly comforting. In the warm glow that they set up, love and Phil came back, and a clearer view of the morning's events. Ellen considered them reluctantly, at first with only pain and shame, then with a growing sense of what a figure she had cut, hiding from her own people, preparing for her own coming, until at last she saw herself from the outside, as she had years ago on the balcony of her palace—a princess!—and a wail of laughter came to her relief. She cried, too, and laughed again, and beat the counterpane, calling herself every name she knew for fool.

The wrath was all gone. Driving her out was only a mistake, and of her own making. She loved them as dearly as ever. Even the insult to Phil no longer mattered so very much. That she herself had been still more insulted only made her laugh again, for life in Alfredo's circle had worn off any possible shock on the subject of lovers, and she had, of course, put herself in the wrong by going to his place. She laughed because she had been such a proper little princess, and they had thought it so dowdy of her. It was calling Phil a down-and-out window washer that had stung her to fury. He would show them!

The sorry business of telegraphing was still before her. She composed a message of lavish regret, explaining that she had been called back to Italy, but the thought of sending it was misery. The whole measure of their disappointment was relentlessly clear. Aunt Katie's dream, Hazel's glory, those rivers of fresh paint, the five thousand dollars expended on her coming, the cakes and pies and the town hall decorated to give her a fitting welcome! Not to come was to deal them a bitter, insulting blow.

"What can I do?" she cried aloud. There was nothing she could do. However she acted she must leave a grievous wound. If only the old princess could have come in her stead! She was not young or beautiful, but she was what they wanted—a spoiled, imperious child. It had been the old princess speaking through her when she called Aunt Meta names.

The afternoon was dragging on, and she, usually so sure of her way, could come to no decision. She would have called up Phil, but he had no telephone. She finally put on the little round hat and went out into the streets, staring at the shop windows as though they might suggest something. And, curiously enough, they did. In a hairdresser's window a revolving waxen lady wore a henna transformation that gave the back of her head a startling look of the old princess. Ellen paused because it was an arresting resemblance, then stood rooted, gripped by a terrifying yet thrilling idea.

She stood there so long that the hairdresser herself came to the doorway.

"Interested in transformations?" she asked with kindly equality. "You'd look swell in one of mine."

Ellen indicated the revolving henna with a finger that shook. "Would that and the right make-up turn me into another person, so that no one would recognize me?" she asked breathlessly.

"Fancy dress? Sure! I can fix you up so your own mother wouldn't know you," was the hearty answer.

The door was held back. Ellen looked wildly around and even up to the sky for another way out; then she put on the impassive courage of a princess going to execution and walked in.

IX

THERE was racing and chasing in Aunt Katie Boyd's house. The telegram had come—a long, lavish telegram, saying that the princess would arrive near eight o'clock by motor, and could stay only a few hours, as she was called back to Italy by urgent affairs, but that she hoped to see all her dear friends. It amounted to a royal summons, the way it was put, and they thanked their stars that the town hall was in readiness. She would not sleep in her room, but she would see it, and perhaps they felt a shade of relief that their glory was to be short-lived.

"You'll have had her to your house, lovey," Katie comforted Hazel. "It might be kind of wearing if she stayed on, after all. This way, you'll get all the thrill, and it'll end up before anything's gone wrong."

"Pretty hard on Milton with his swell suit and everything," Ruby said, but she had flamed into beauty since the message came; a savage triumph lurked in her eyes as she shaped her heavy hair and put on the red crêpe gown. She was such a long time dressing that Katie had to come and warn her.

"My, but you can be handsome when you'll take the trouble!" was Katie's exclamation. "Ruby, you look like a queen!"

"Better than a princess?" Ruby mocked, but her lips were happy, not bitter.

Katie had to run back to set the table for breakfast. It seemed invidious to pick

Continued on Page 76

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HUPMOBILE *Six*

(Continued from Page 74)

out one of the borrowed sets of doilies for distinction, leaving the others unseen in a drawer, but that could not be helped. Mrs. Seaver came in with a book on etiquette and Mrs. Purrington brought her silver-wedding asparagus holders, though it was too early for asparagus.

"I thought they might look nice set out on the sideboard," she explained.

"I'm sorry, but my book says asparagus holders are not used," Mrs. Seaver put in. "It is better form to take the fingers."

"Well, I'd rather be clean than swell, but I suppose I'm old-fashioned," Mrs. Purrington came back at her. "Oh, by the way, Katie, Mrs. Coster said to tell you she was real sorry she couldn't get you that sewing woman."

Katie's busy hands paused. "Mrs. Arden? Why, she came!"

"Did? Well, I guess she changed her mind," Mrs. Purrington said comfortably.

"Was she a quick worker?" Mrs. Seaver wanted to know.

"A quick worker!" Katie's breath rose and fell. "I'll say she was! But I wouldn't recommend her," she added hastily. "I had to rip out about half she did."

"Oh, look at Phil!" Hazel sang out, flying in to open the side door. "Phil, I saw you coming and I couldn't believe my eyes," she greeted him with her little air of fussy maturity.

Phil came in as cheerfully unconscious as he was in his ragged sweater, though now he wore a new and handsome suit of blue serge, with suitable shoes, socks and shirt, and his fair hair had been properly cut. He met the clamor over his appearance with an absent smile, but offered no explanation.

"Well, it was time I had some clothes," he said vaguely. "Where is Mrs. Arden?"

It was Katie who flushed. "Oh, she went hours ago. Joe," she appealed as her husband came in, "don't Phil look nice?"

"Never would've known him," was the awed answer. "My, Phil, what done that? Last time I saw you ——"

Phil broke in: "Where did Mrs. Arden go?"

"Back to Roundtree, I suppose." Katie spoke shortly. "Joe, I want you should get a new suit. Joe's a real handsome man when he's fixed up," she added generally.

"That's news to me," said Joe humorously, but he liked it.

Mrs. Seaver and Mrs. Purrington left, but Phil stuck shamelessly to his query. "Where in Roundtree? Didn't she leave any address or any message?"

"No," was the bald answer.

"Shucks! We've got to keep track of her—must have her here again," Joe said. "Nicest little woman I've seen in a coon's age."

Katie flared. "What there was in that woman for you all to —— Quiet little thing"

"It's the quiet kind that's dangerous," Joe suggested.

"I guess any kind would be dangerous to some folks, you old scamp!" Katie exclaimed between wrath and pride.

"Aw, get out!" said Joe, but he carried himself more jauntily than he had in fifteen years as he went off to dress. "Got to make myself fine for the princess," he called back from the doorway with a broad wink at Phil.

Phil did not take that in. Abby Guthrie's iron will would have been straw beside this man's gentle persistence. "What train did Mrs. Arden take?"

"The 1:30."

"Why, I took the 1:30 myself!" He would not believe it. "I went up to Roundtree on business. I'm just back."

"Well, then you went on the same train."

He admitted that he had caught it by the rear platform and ridden in the smoker. "Was there ever such luck?" He actually expected her to be sorry with him. "Why did she go so early?"

Katie suddenly lost all patience. "Because she was told to! She was carrying on here. I guess I know what I saw with my own eyes! And when she went off to your place and stayed there most two hours, it was a little too much. I wasn't going to have her in the house!"

Phil was staring at her in sick horror. "You drove her out! You insulted ——"

"Insulted nothing!" was the sharp interruption. "I guess I've got a home to protect! And my husband's just as human as any other man! Joe's no back number, I can tell you! Millertown'll never send for her again—trust Aunt Meta for that!"

Phil was dreadfully white. "I am going to tell you just what you have done," he began in a new, stern voice, but she would not let him finish.

"Oh, land, Phil, I can't be bothered now! The princess'll be here any minute!"

That did pull him up. "The princess!"

"Yes; she's on her way, coming in an automobile from Roundtree. She can't stay but this one evening."

"She's coming -here!" The news completely wiped Mrs. Arden out of his light head. He had to see the telegram before he could believe it.

"You be at the town hall at eight and you'll see her make her entrance," Katie promised. "I won't ask you to wait for her here, for we're kind of hurried. The hall's begun to fill already. I guess Millertown won't ever forget this night!"

Phil could only stare and mutter. It took a broad hint about the hour to move him. "I'll be there—oh, I'll be there!" he promised as he took himself off.

They waited in the parlor, lights blazing, their hearts leaping and fainting for every car that passed. Joe was as excited as anyone, for all he kept laughing to himself, and Ruby looked like a glorious young warrior, armed for battle. The parlor had been translated from faded rep to blooming chintz and beautified in every way that the household magazines could suggest except for the actual buying of new furniture, and they sat stiffly on the carefully arranged chairs, Hazel scarcely touching hers at any point, she was so tensely poised for flight to the front door. And then, after all, they forgot the board that had been protecting the clean front steps, and so it was on the side door that the knock finally came. A brave, imperative knock. They knew who it was even before Katie's horrified gasp: "The sign's still up!"

They rushed to the dining room, Joe as lively as any of them, then froze into receiving attitudes as Hazel threw back the door. There, smiling on them, stood the princess.

She was not tall, perhaps—at least, not very tall; but the lift of her head made her seem to tower over them. A great sweep of ermine and white brocade fell from her shoulders, a white veil hovered about the ruddy masses of her hair. Among its waves flashed a diamond coronet, diamonds and emeralds glittered on the silken and brocaded foot that was poised on their sill and from the hands held out to them.

"O-oh!" breathed Hazel in the utter rapture of a dream come true.

"Dear Aunt Katie! Uncle Joe." She kissed them all, swiftly and lightly, on both cheeks. Her face, small under its thicket of auburn curls, was oddly pretty, with arched eyebrows and heavily fringed eyes that took a slant at the corners; a good deal painted, but, of course, they did that at courts. The voice was excitingly tinged with foreignness. "Ah, I should have known you anywhere!" she cried. "Would you have known me? Am I much changed?"

"Never should have known you in this world," Joe said, too flatly for politeness. Katie admitted change, but declared she would have known her anywhere, and Hazel gave them a relieving and relaxing laugh by declaring that she would too. Ruby stood aloof, brilliant, watchful, a young warrior on guard.

"You can't fool the women, Nelly," Joe admitted, twinkling on her, so near a wink that Katie was nervous. What had got into the man?

"Now you come right up to your room, princess," she said. "Girls, you be all ready." So they went upstairs together, the jeweled fingers curled tightly into her hand, and the princess had to see all the old familiar rooms, remembering even the china child in a swing that hung from the chandelier in Ruby's room.

"Ah, it is sweet to be here, it is sweet!" she murmured, and for a moment her voice had lost its foreign lightness, had grown young and warm and hauntingly familiar.

"My, I remember you as if it was yesterday!" Katie exclaimed.

x

THE town hall was packed. The ushers had to keep clearing a lane from the entrance to the platform. Children were not supposed to be there, but they leaked in at every door, dropped through the windows, crawled out from under the gallery benches. The reporter from the Chronicle was making feverish notes—"stately in gray satin," "lovely in rose georgette," and the band waited with instruments poised for the signal. Eight o'clock passed.

"Royalty is always on time," Mrs. Seaver said critically.

"The Boyds ain't," said Aunt Meta.

At 8:15 an usher held up his arm and the doors were thrown back. There had been some discussion as to whether the American or the Italian national anthem should be played first, and that led to both starting at once; but the Italian was quickly choked off, and American was in full blast when the princess took the mayor's proffered arm and, smiling and bowing, came down the hall.

Her gown was like nothing they had ever seen; it bore no relation to fashions, past or present; a sheath of silver brocade with a trailing point, born of a French artist and not to be described or followed; the whole lit by the white blaze of diamonds and the green fire of emeralds. Along one arm lay a mass of orchids. The effect was dazzling, exotic, what their hearts desired. A sigh passed like a breeze through the crowd. Then, quite spontaneously, the children burst into a cheer, a hearty combination of "Whee!" and "Hooray!" that roused a general laugh. Mothers clutched at them, but the princess seemed to like it, and gave an orchid to a little boy who stood gaping in her path and whose life thereafter would not have been worth two cents if he had not stuck close to the maternal skirt.

The princess and the mayor took their stand on the platform, and the mayor made the princess welcome in a hearty brogue that cost him his reëlection—it was felt to be unfitting for an American public occasion.

The princess, as bravely composed as royalty on the scaffold, lifted her eyes above the crowd, and so looked straight into the face of Phil Lennox, leaning over the gallery rail. Everyone saw the smile she sent him and remembered it later, but no one dreamed of the words that flashed between them: "I won't let Carlo hurt you, Ellen!" That and a sense of his hand on hers got her past the bad corner of her speech. After all, it was only a couple of sentences: "Thank you," and "I am glad."

The line formed to shake her hand. Milton, stunning in his new evening clothes, acted as master of ceremonies and announced the names. The princess said a few words to each, polished words in a quiet voice touched with foreignness, so that they felt shy with her and passed hastily on, the glow of the adventure coming when it was safely over. Uncle Joe took his turn in order to declare loudly: "Well, Nelly, quite a change—quite a change!" and hung about her until Katie drew him firmly away.

"You quit your flirting, Joe Boyd," she commanded. "My, I've got my hands full, looking after you!"

"Aw, go on," said Joe, mightily pleased. "What you think of Nelly?" he added with a glance of sly mischief

"She's everything I wanted her to be, and more," Katie declared, and Hazel, clasping his other hand, cried, "Oh, papa, if I died right now, I've known a princess!"

"Up to specifications, is she?" And Joe chuckled to himself.

"You'd know she was a princess if you saw her three blocks off." Katie sighed from a full heart. "Did you ever see such clothes? And they smell so lovely. I always did long to use perfumery."

"Old girl, you stick to soap," Joe advised. "Why don't Phil come down and say hello to her?"

Others asked that too. Phil waited until every hand had been shaken, the mayor had stepped down and the master of ceremonies had gone in search of Ruby before he went up to the platform. Everyone marked his new clothes and the air of assurance with which he took the princess' hands, but no one dreamed what passed between them in that glaring publicity.

"You darling. You wonder!" Phil said under his breath. "You did all this for Millertown?"

Her fingers clung to his. "Why, Phil, I would die for Millertown! And this wasn't much worse. Oh, am I doing it right? They aren't disappointed?"

"You are all their dreams come true." He put her into a platform chair and sat down beside her as though he were already the royal consort, while old friends hovered, hesitating to interrupt. "You are perfect. How do you do it?"

"I'm going through on the old princess," she confided. "I think of what she would say and then it is quite easy to say it. Did you try to find me this afternoon?"

"Loveliest, how they treated you!"

She could laugh at that. "It was all my fault. And they are making up for it now. Phil, I must see you alone before I go back to Roundtree."

"Tonight?" He could not bear it.

"Yes. Oh, I couldn't face them by daylight, even if I had the clothes. When the clock strikes twelve I shall be Cinderella again. What are we going to do?"

He shielded his face so that only she could see it. "Marry, of course."

"On the corkscrew?"

"No; the scissors sharpener." He was triumphant with his good news. "You liked it so much that I took it over to Roundtree this afternoon to the people who put out the corkscrew, and they ——"

"Now, Ellen, Phil isn't going to monopolize you the whole evening," Mamie Purrington broke in, and the princess was again surrounded.

Milton had plucked Ruby out of a group and walked her off to a window sill.

"There's nobody in this room can touch you for looks, Ruby," he began with sledgehammer directness. "Or for the way you carry yourself either. You look more like a princess than she does, if you ask me."

Ruby took that calmly. "Don't you think she's perfectly fascinating?" she asked.

Milton considered. "Well, she's got a lot of polish and all that, but, you know, if she wasn't a princess I'd say she was scared."

"Scared!" Ruby scoffed. "Of Millertown!"

"Well, I tried to talk with her." Milton shook his head over the memory. "You know, Ruby, when you're alone with a princess, she's no better than anybody else."

"No better?"

"I mean, when there's nobody looking on and saying, 'There's a princess!'—why, there's nothing to it. If you were alone with a princess on a desert island you wouldn't get any kick out of her title. Ever think of that?"

"I was born knowing it," was the triumphant answer. "I haven't been excited over Princess Dellatorre. But I think she's perfectly fascinating," Ruby added hastily. "I'm crazy about her."

"She might pass all right at a court," Milton conceded, "but she'd be a frost in the White House." His eyes brooded on the handsome profile. "Ruby, I'll tell you something if you won't breathe it."

She permitted it with an indifferent "Go ahead."

(Continued on Page 81)

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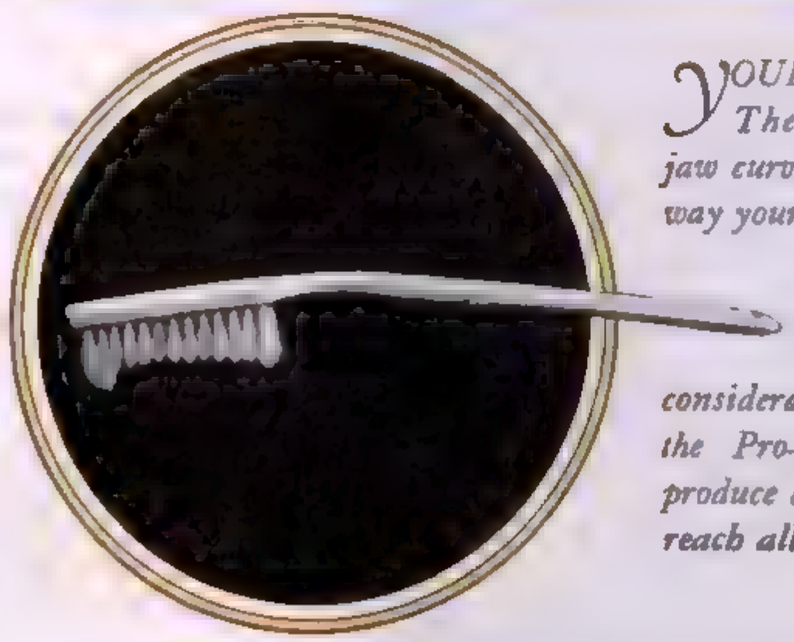

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(Continued from Page 76)

"Tonight I have been approached from two different quarters to know if I would run for mayor."

"Mayor?" She did not even seem interested. "Well, you will, won't you?"

"It's the first round of the ladder." He drew nearer, so that his shoulder touched hers. "Will you vote for me?"

Ruby, young savage with a wildly dancing heart, showed him an unmoved face. "Every girl in town will vote for you," she said, and slipped down from the window sill. "I've got to go and cut cake," she explained, and left him alone there, hunched down and desponding.

Joe joined him before anyone could pounce on the vacant place, though several of either sex were veering toward it. Joe, supporting himself on his elbows, watched the crowd circling about the princess and shook with interior chuckles until Milton had to ask what was up.

"Milt, I've got a joke that's going to last me the rest of my life," Joe confided. "Whenever I'm down in the mouth, all I've got to do is to take out that joke and ——" He went off into a silent spasm.

Ruby had stopped in the middle of the hall for a brilliant passage of wits with Arthur Selby.

"I suppose it's on me," Milton said heavily.

"Nope. It's on the universe." Joe wiped his eyes.

"Well, what is it?"

"I can't tell. Not even on my deathbed." Joe relapsed and had to pull himself together. "They'll be gathered about me, weeping and mourning, and they'll see the laugh in my closing eyes, and they'll think I'm hearing harps, and all the time it'll be that joke ——" Laughter deluged, overwhelmed him. He slipped out by a side door to relieve his spirit under cover of the dark.

The princess was being led ceremonially to the head of a supper table. It had been set for twenty leading citizens with the idea that the rest would serve themselves buffet fashion, but the choosing of the twenty had let loose so much passion and fury that they had decided to seat only the princess and old Doctor Bain, letting everyone else stand with his plate in his hand or take brief turns at sitting.

Ellen was beginning to enjoy herself. They made it easy, hovering about her, telling her news of old friends and asking questions about high life. Mrs. Purrington camped at her elbow and nearly drove Mrs. Seaver mad with her questions and comments. She was especially interested in Italy's royal family.

"You've sat right down and talked with the King and Queen?" she marveled.

Ellen remembered a dreadful occasion, years ago. "Her Majesty very graciously asked me to be seated," she said, and then, realizing that they were standing, she added simply, "Why don't you all sit down?" So they fluttered into chairs and felt that the hem of royalty had brushed them.

"What did they talk about?" Mrs. Purrington wanted to know.

Ellen told them the plain truth. "Her Majesty showed me a new knitting stitch and the King discussed the onion blight."

There was a startled laugh. "For all the world like me and Mr. Purrington!" Mrs. Purrington cried, and Mrs. Seaver confided to Katie that that woman would be her death.

"Naturally, royalty would be interested in handicrafts and agriculture," she instructed them.

"Mrs. Seaver kind of thought you'd bring a French maid and a lot of folks to wait on you," Mrs. Purrington went on, not without malice.

"I only mentioned the possibility," Mrs. Seaver protested.

"Well, I knew you weren't so helpless as all that," Mrs. Purrington declared. "My, you could button yourself up the back before you were six years old!"

The princess smiled, but Mrs. Seaver winced bodily for the bad taste of that.

"Will nothing keep her quiet?" she breathed to Katie.

"I think it's perfectly wonderful the way you've remembered us all, Ellen"; Mamie Purrington's "Ellen" had been resounding through the hall at frequent intervals. "I don't believe you needed Milton D'Arcy to call out our names."

Milton was watching Ruby and Arthur Selby, who had taken their chicken salad to a distant corner, and heard only his own name.

"I beg pardon?" he asked, turning.

"I don't remember Milton D'Arcy," the princess said, trying to send him a smile of comfort. She knew very well what Ruby was up to. Mrs. Seaver would have created a tactful diversion, but Milton came solidly down on it with the truth: "My mother called herself Dicey. She probably did your washing."

They were all a little shocked and Mrs. Seaver said something like "Quite unnecessary!" But the princess seemed to like him.

"I am sure she did it very nicely," she said, and a spark of mischief showed between the thick, dark fringes that nearly hid her eyes. "I remember Mrs. Seaver only too well. Once she gave me a frightful shaking."

Mrs. Purrington's "Ha-ha!" sounded like a shout of triumph above the general laugh. Mrs. Seaver was a congested red.

"Oh, princess, only in joke," she stammered.

"You did quite right," Ellen consoled her. "I brought in mud on your handsome new rug." Mrs. Seaver was still upset, so she went on in kindly haste: "Why, my mother-in-law, Princess Dellatorre's, little page once stepped on her white satin train and she boxed his ears so hard that he fell downstairs and broke his leg."

They were not sure whether that was shocking or funny. "Over here it would have cost her damages," Milton observed.

"She nursed him like her own son," Ellen said, with a sigh for the contradictions of the old princess. Then she found Hazel at her elbow and put an arm about her. "I don't remember any Hazel."

"I came very late," Hazel explained, with her most grown-up air. "Do you remember Aunt Meta?"

Ellen looked at the drab crimps and the thin mouth turned down like a croquet hoop. Aunt Meta was tucking in a hearty meal, unmindful of distinguished guests.

"She has not changed at all," she said. "Why, she doesn't look a day older!" And she ventured a glance at Phil, who was leaning on a chair back, watching her, oblivious of the best supper that the ladies of Millertown had ever set forth.

"I bet you remember Phil Lennox," Hazel said.

"Ah, I do!" said the princess, with a smile that seemed to wipe out Phil's menial past and put him among the leading citizens. He came and sat beside her with the air of one having the right. Later, Millertown decided that a lot must have been going on in letters, and that Phil had been a deep one, giving no sign of interest in her coming.

"I guess she wouldn't be so thick with him if she knew what we know," Aunt Meta confided to Katie. "I ain't sure but it's my duty to tell her."

"Oh, no!" Katie protested. "She'll be gone in an hour or so. And the best of men have their moments—they're not like us." Her eyes sought Joe in fond anxiety. He seemed to be carrying on at a great rate with Grace Spink, and she started in their general direction. "Don't let anything spoil tonight," she begged over her shoulder.

Aunt Meta was uneasy with bitter knowledge. It was not right that a down-and-out window washer of loose mawrels should be so distinguished. The princess ought to be put on her guard. The more Aunt Meta watched the two together, the more imperative became her desire to spoil it for righteousness' sake. When the mighty supper was over and the ladies were collecting the cups and plates she managed to be at Ellen's elbow.

"I'd like a word with you, Mrs. ——" She could not quite complete it and she would not say princess, so she left it trailing.

Ellen went with her to two isolated chairs under the gallery. Her eyes had a daring smile and patches of crimson would have shown in her cheeks if they had not been so heavily rouged. She sat like a silver pheasant beside a stout brown wren.

"Where did you put my telegram?" she asked.

Aunt Meta started and her hand jumped for a pocket that was in another dress.

"There! I meant to put it in your room, and I believe I walked off with it," she exclaimed. "Now you come around by my house tonight and I'll give it to you. I suppose Phil Lennox told you I took it," she added, her eyes narrowing over the name. "But I don't suppose he told you why. I found him with his hands on it."

"It wasn't anything important, was it?" Ellen asked so casually that Aunt Meta fell into the trap.

"I couldn't say. It was in Italian, or some such language. At least, I suppose it was, being as it was a cable," she corrected herself hastily. "Now, prin——" She bit off the word, annoyed with herself. "Well, now I think I ought to tell you something. You don't know all that's been going on here or you wouldn't be so friendly with that Phil Lennox."

The princess straightened in her chair. "You are speaking of the best friend I have in the world," she said, very quietly.

Aunt Meta was not sensitive to danger signals. "He won't be your best friend when you know what I know, unless Italy has ruined your mawrels," she said harshly. "There was a loose, unprincipled sewing woman here today—she'll never come again, I can promise you. I've seen to that. I drove her out. I went straight to the point and made her take the next train. I don't mince matters when it's a question of conduct. That woman had the face to go to Phil's barn in broad daylight ——"

The princess leaned toward her, speaking very distinctly: "*Animale! Imbecille! Cattiva vecchia colla lingua lunga!*"

Aunt Meta recoiled, turning a gray white. "What? What's that?" she stammered.

"You ought to know. You understand German," was the cool answer.

Aunt Meta stared and stared. "You're not the princess at all," she jerked out. "You're that Mrs. Arden!"

"I am Princess Dellatorre." The old princess could not have said it more haughtily. "There was no Mrs. Arden. Now do you understand why I ran to my old friend?"

Aunt Meta had to believe. She looked physically diminished. "Then what were you up to?" she demanded, but feebly. "What were you trying to do—sneaking in on us?"

"That is my affair." The princess had a look of Abby Guthrie, her mother. "It isn't the Boyds who will be laughed out of Millertown—it is Aunt Meta Trimble."

Aunt Meta faced that and blenched. Somewhere in the depths of her being she knew that she had a cruel tongue and had used it without mercy. They would be glad of a chance to laugh. "I made a mistake," she admitted heavily. "But you'll look kind of silly yourself. What you want to tell for?"

Ellen, who had spoken on blind impulse, suddenly saw her way. "I don't want to tell. But how else can I stop the slander you have been spreading about Phil Lennox?"

It was a bitter dose, but Aunt Meta got it down. "Well, I guess I can say it wasn't so, if that's all. Of course, anyone can make a mistake." She struggled to her feet. "I'm all upset. Think I'll go home. You won't tell after I'm gone?"

"I shall never tell if you clear Phil."

"I guess I can do that. No sense in telling. Though what you were up to ——"

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She trailed off, looking old and broken, and Ellen, watching her, was suddenly sorry. Never in all her gentle life had she so struck back. She went after her, putting a hand through her arm.

"I understand—you didn't mean to,' she said, all trace of her iron mother gone. "Now I will give you another secret to keep. When you hear news of Phil and me, you can say, 'I knew that! Ellen told me.'"

No comfort could reach Aunt Meta. She only shook a stricken head. "I'm sick of this town," she said. "They've never appreciated what I done for them anyhow. I guess I'll go to live with my sister in Chicago."

And the doors closed on her.

The big event was nearly over. They sang old songs, and the princess watched them with her heart in her eyes. Then her car was at the door, and the imperial wrap was put over her shoulders, while they all crowded about her, excited and gay, reflecting the splendors of courts and coronets.

"It was just the grandest thing that ever happened to Millertown." Aunt Katie voiced it for them. "But I don't know that she ought to go driving alone so late with all that jewelry on," she added.

They echoed that. "Milton D'Arcy ought to go with her," someone said. Milton had become leading citizen in a night. "Where's Milt D'Arcy?"

Milton was not to be found, and a mischievous voice suggested "Find Ruby Boyd!" raising a great laugh. Phil was mentioned, tentatively, but he had disappeared before the singing.

"I guess it's up to me to protect you, Nelly," Uncle Joe said, but Aunt Katie looked so reluctant that the princess protested.

"It is perfectly safe in America!" she said so earnestly that, though they laughed, they swelled with pride for their country's sake.

"I guess she couldn't do that in Italy!" they told one another. When they went out with her, they found Phil standing by the car.

"Of course I will take the princess back," he said, and they remembered afterward with what an air of quiet right he had spoken.

The princess leaned from the car door, her jeweled hands held out to them. "You have been so good to me," she cried. "Good-by, dear people, good-by!" Then she was gone, leaving Aunt Katie staring after her with a puzzled frown.

"Now that was funny," she said to Joe. "What did she remind me of just then?"

"Guess it was little Nelly Guthrie hauled off by her mother," Joe said.

"I suppose that was it." Katie put her hand through his arm. "Well, she came, and it was just glorious, every minute. We'll never forget it, Joe—how the princess came to our house!"

"You can bet I won't forget it." Joe sighed from muscles lamed by overmuch laughter. "I've had the time of my life."

"You're getting awful frisky in your old age," Katie complained. "I got to keep an eye on you; I can see that!"

"Shucks!" protested Joe, squeezing her arm in his satisfaction.

"Did you like my dress?"

"Sure! First rate."

"I wanted you should like it, Joe."

He smiled down on her. "I guess you kind of like the old man, after all."

"I guess so," said Katie. "Joe, do you suppose Milt and Ruby ——"

XI

THE coach and six—or, rather, the twin six—sped away with the princess and the chore man, and at first they could only laugh, hands clinging and heads dropped back in exhaustion.

"I did it!" she exulted. "I went back and I stood on the platform and I made a speech and I princessed around for four hours and I had a beautiful time. But, oh, Phil, don't you think I might be let off now? That they needn't ask anything hard of me for a long time?"

Phil was studying her face in the dimness. The make-up could no more hide his Ellen from him than the years had hidden her.

"Would marrying me be hard?" he asked.

"Oh, no." She curled closer to him. "Just dear and right and natural."

He drew her up into his arm. Through the open window the fields breathed April sweetness on them. April in Millertown!

"And after we are married I can do all the hard things," he told her. "How about May in Venice instead of autumn?"

"Oh, why not?" she said on a long sigh. "I have enough for us both until the inventions get going."

That made him smile. "My love, you are not going to support all your husbands," he observed, and she laughed out in robust enjoyment. One could say anything to Ellen so long as it was not unkind.

"I have saved quite a bit," she persisted. "What does it matter?"

"But I have money down, right here in my pocket." He made her feel his pocket. "That's five hundred dollars, I'd have you know. Ellen, they felt just as you did about the scissors sharpener. They gave me a fine contract, and they are considering several other ideas I told them. I'm not such a fool, after all!"

"Oh, Phil!" The future seemed as safe and certain to her as it did to him. Inventions had failed, but these would not. "Why, then we need not wait at all!"

"We needn't wait at all," he repeated against her cheek.

"I was afraid of the long summer," she confessed. "Dreams have such a way of not coming true. You wouldn't change and I wouldn't change, but life does pounce so!"

His arms tightened about her. "I won't let Carlo hurt you, Ellen!"

"Oh, home and safety and Phil Lennox," she murmured; "love and cookies and apple blossoms!" It went drowsing on, her soul's litany. Then she lifted her head, practical again. "We will keep out of that horrible palace, Phil. We must cable about the pink stucco house with the seven olive trees. You won't be homesick over there?"

"You are my home."

The orchards were bridal white under a wisp of moon. The car slipped along like a magic carpet. They took a hill in a flying swoop and coasted down into a tunnel of woodland where the lights went boring a way for them through the odorous dark. His lips found hers and did not leave them until the car shot out into the pale light.

"I am afraid even of a week," Ellen whispered.

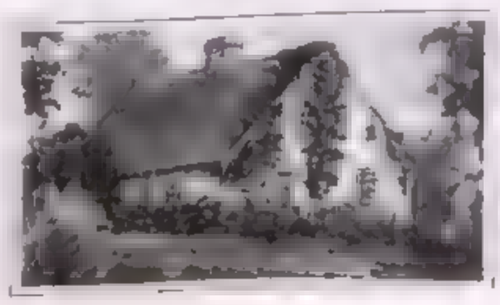
"I'm afraid to leave you for a day!" He held her tightly against the clutch of circumstance. "And twenty miles is so short!"

From the next hilltop they saw the lights of Roundtree that would separate them. The city loomed like grief, like the end of dreams.

"We can't, we can't!" she cried.

"We won't!" he said.

Ellen in her gorgeousness disappeared into the hotel. The chauffeur was sent to get food and coffee. Phil stood by the empty car, and even fifteen minutes frightened him. He was staring anxiously at the doors when a city clock began to strike As the twelfth note boomed off into silence the door opened and a dim figure in a shabby old suit and a little round hat came shyly out. The eyes were again Ellen's, and the gentle brown hair. The ancient bag was put in and they were off for morning.



"Keep on going until we can get breakfast and a marriage license," Phil had commanded.

So they rode out the night, for safety's sake; and, again for safety, they were married in the morning. Abundant money was only a question of time; they knew it with utter certainty. They called themselves grown up, but no two babes ever set out more innocently for the great woods.

And heaven was, after all, on their side. They had breakfasted and married and they stood on the courthouse steps, smiling at each other, when Ellen suggested a telegram to Aunt Katie, and that sent Phil's hand to his breast pocket.

"Oh, I have your telegram," he explained. "Mrs. Boyd told me they couldn't find it, so Hi Judson opened the office and got me a copy. I forgot it, dear. I'm so sorry."

She lifted happy eyes from the message.

"I wasn't afraid, anyway," she said, "but perhaps it is just as well. Phil, the palace is sold!"

XII

A WEEK later Phil came back alone, sun-browned and smiling, to pack up his belongings and ship strange crates to Italy. He would stay only for a day, for his princess was waiting for him. The neighbors, hearing the hammering in his barn, came flocking in to question, but Phil only laughed with sunny eyes and went on nailing up his tools and models. Katie brought him some luncheon and made him pause to eat it while she sat and beamed on him.

"I was sort of shocked at first," she admitted. "No offense to you, Phil, but it did seem a comedown for a princess. And then I saw that it was just as romantic as her being a princess; you two loving each other like that most all your lives, and her stooping—well, perhaps I oughtn't to call it that ——"

"Yes, stooping," said Phil. "That's a bully good sandwich!"

"I suppose she isn't a princess any more, but still she was one—in every line," Katie went on. "My, that was a night! And, Phil, there's no question about it—the princess did bring us good luck."

"She did," he said.

"Well, I mean the rest of us. . . . Eat your chocolate cake; it's real good still if it is a week old. My, it does seem as if we'd never get the cakes and pies eaten up! Now there's Ruby and Milton—they got engaged that night, and she's like another girl, so sweet and good. I guess that was all she needed. And the next day Aunt Meta, she left. Went off bag and baggage to live with her sister in Chicago. Goodness only knows what struck her, but it's a relief to this town, if I do say it. And before she went she took it all back—what she'd been saying about you and a certain sewing woman. You'll be glad to hear that."

"Fine!" said Phil, but he looked more amused than relieved.

"Well, I guess you've forgotten all about her," Katie said, with a sigh for the light and inexplicable ways of men. "Have you heard about Joe?"

"I haven't heard anything. I've been away."

"I guess you have! Well, Joe's got an offer to go into a wood-and-coal business, and he's going to do it. Joe's an awful able man, only he got out of the habit of sticking up for himself, somehow. Then all at once he roused up." She smiled over a memory, an amused, rueful, exasperated smile. "He's a case, that man. I can tell you, I've got my work cut out for me. Well, he took that offer without hardly consulting me, even, and he's out of the bookkeeping, on his own again. Folks like Joe—they'll like to buy of him. Especially the women! Well, there's three big things happened, and I can't help feeling we owe them all to the princess."

"Splendid!" Phil said, radiant, but a little vague. Only his muscles had come back to nail up boxes; his soul and body had stayed in the dream. "So they all lived happily ever after," he murmured, and fell to hammering.

(THE END)

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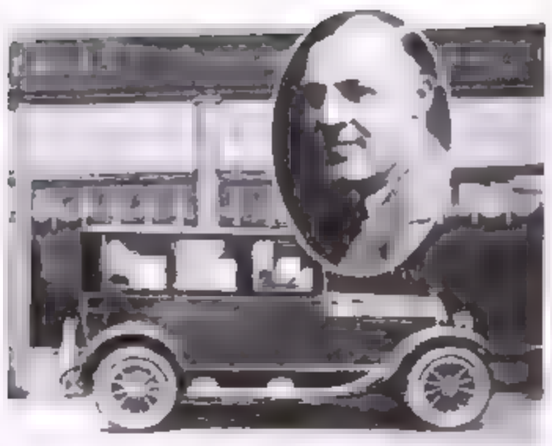

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M. J. Lucas, of the M. J. Lucas Motor Corporation, a Buffalo dealer in Chrysler cars, says "I certainly recommend Crescent Tools to any Chrysler owner. You can't beat them for convenience and adaptability whenever there is a tightening or adjusting job to be done." Every car owner should have an adequate set of Crescent Tools. Ask your hardware or accessory dealer.

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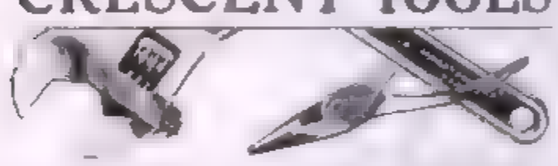

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Locktite Luke Says:

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Lots o' people like Leonard. They can't say enuf good things about Locktite. Be sure.

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All regular dealers has got Locktite, but if you can't find one in yure town I'll send you a big $1 can providin you don't forget to send along a dollar bill to pay for it. That $1 kit has got about 3 times as much in it as the 50c size

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(I'm jest the shippin clerk

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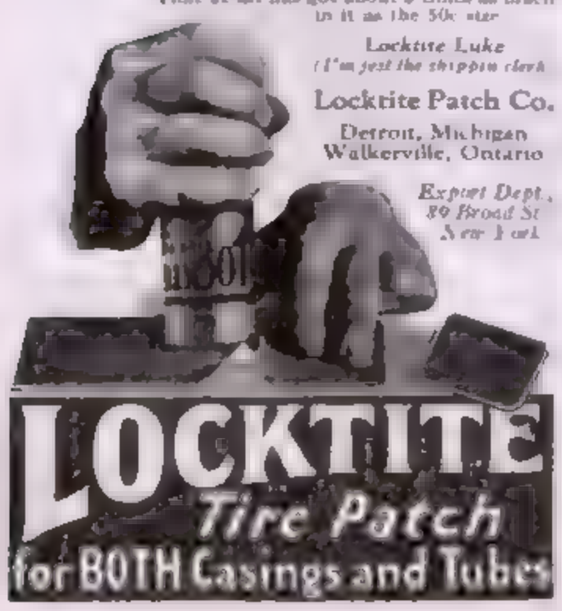

LOCKTITE
Tire Patch
for BOTH Casings and Tubes

THE WILD HORSE

Continued from Page 13

go to slaughter than know of 'em being shipped to horse markets, where they'd be auctioned off, made to spend the rest of their days looking through a collar at hard labor, and often starved into behaving, and starved some more after that.

"I'll never forget one time I'd shipped a few carloads of unbroke horses to a farming country. I'd went with 'em, had 'em auctioned off and seen every horse took away. I was about a month getting that done, and in that time I seen enough things done to them untamed horses to make me feel like a low-down scrub for shipping and selling them there.

"The farmers of that country was having a hard time. They wasn't at all successful, and their horses showed that; but I've seen many a farmer that was poor and still was working good fat horses. It's all in the pedigree of the man. These farmers I'm speaking of wasn't what you'd call over-ambitious. They shipped their cream, and their children drank skimmed milk, and many other things was done that way so as to make both ends meet. They lived in shacks that wouldn't make a fair stable, and the stable—why, that was just a few old boards mixed in with strips of gunny sack and held together with barb wire. That combination made a sort of shelter and pen to keep the stock in; and them's the kind of places my ponies was going to.

"But them kind of places wasn't the worst of it. What struck me most, and right where I live, is the way them farmers would look at a horse. It was in the same way I'd look at an automobile, only with even less feeling. They'd come in the yards with their halters, and after my riders would rope and slip the big halters on the horse's head is when it'd be sort of comical if it hadn't been so sad."

A Farm Machine

"Eight or ten of them hombres would fall on the halter rope soon as my boys was through fastening the halter, then they'd yank the horse out to one of the wagons that'd been brought in, tie him on the back, and with the team, drag and jerk him all the way to the farm. That's the way they broke 'em to lead.

"But the worst was still to come, and all on account that them ponies snorted a little, fought some, and wore a brand. They called 'em broncos and cayuses; and that was as much as to say that they should be treated rough, and not given a chance, or else they'd bite or kick or tear you all to pieces.

"Well, sir, I wished them ponies had, before I got through there. I'd see them, once in a while, hooked onto a plow, all skinned and ganted up, and I could tell that while they was being broke nothing much had been fed 'em. I'd heard one farmer tell another that it's the only way to break them wild broncos—not to feed 'em much for a while, then they're not so mean.

"But it seemed like that they treated their old well-broke horses that way too; 'cause all the time I was there I seen very few horses that didn't look like scarecrows. I seen the reason why long before I left. It was that to them farmers a horse was only something to plant the crops and harvest 'em with; something to help make a living out of, and with the least expense. To them a horse wasn't considered as having a heart and feelings; he was just a necessary thing to till the soil, like the plow.

"Grain was growed, the hogs was fat and was took to market, but the horse, as long as work could be got out of him, didn't have to be fat. Land was too scarce or valuable to grow hay, so the horse was fed straw, and once in a while a stingy feed of grain. When work was done in the fall, or when a Sunday come that he wasn't needed, he'd be turned out on the county road to be honked at by passing automobiles, and feed on the little grass and weeds that growed on the side of the highways. Right today you'll see 'em on the sides of the road that way, and you'll see some with swollen raw sores on their shoulders from the collar, and as big as your hat.

"The bunch of horses I took down that time was the last bunch I shipped. Counting the expenses of rounding 'em up, and then the shipping, I hardly made fair wages; and then, when I left the country where I'd took 'em the feeling that stayed with me all the way home made the little money I'd gathered on the deal seem like blood money.

"I swore right there and then that I was through raising horses. I begin raising cattle then, and been raising cattle ever since. The horse is too great an animal for me to raise, and sell.

"That's why I'm saying that I feel a sort of consolation when now I see the wild horse shipped to slaughter and the packing house. The end soon comes there, and it's a lot better, I think, than having 'em go to the horse market. But what I'm for most, now that the mustang has to go and make room for the wall-eyed cow or the stinking sheep, is this: Give the horse a little consideration, and being he has to go, let him vanish in the country he belongs in. A little bullet back of the ear would eliminate the long runs into the traps, the lockjaw that's caused from them runs, the little colts that's left behind to mope around and die, the broken necks in hitting the traps, the broken legs, and broken hearts, and so on."

Now it's come to the point in the range states along the Rockies where the horse has accumulated till he's in the way, and time is up for him to evaporate. But nobody can hold it against the stockman for that, 'cause he's tried to keep the horse as long as he could, and even long after the horse was a losing proposition.

The Range Country Overrid

Most every man of the range country that's raising cattle now would be raising horses if they could make a living out of 'em; they like to see them best. They like 'em so well that when the price of 'em dropped they let 'em run and accumulate, and let 'em take up the feed they was needing for their cattle. Then there was hopes that there'd be a market for 'em again sometime. In the meantime the ponies kept on accumulating and begin to grow wild. Now it takes a trap they can't dodge before they can be corraled, and the wild horse has accumulated till in some parts he's threatening to swamp down the cow.

The stockman hates to get rid of a horse like he was a common varmint and a nuisance; but something's got to be done. Times are hard, as it is, in raising cattle, and the effects of the last war ain't nowheres near left the stockman yet.

In one little scope of country here in Montana there's estimated to be around fifteen thousand head of the wild ones. Wyoming has considerable too many, Oregon is overrid with 'em, and about every range country is a-wondering what to do.

An old-time cowman and friend of mine thought of trying to see if he couldn't do

(Continued on Page 89)

These Mustangs, If Handled Right, Can be Broke and Made Gentle as Any Barn-Raised Horse. They're Powerful Strong for Their Size, and What There is of 'Em is Sure Enough Alt Horse

The LIFE STORY of every motor is written in OIL

DESERTED, in the quiet of the garage, stand long lines of cars, touched here and there by dusty fingers of sunlight.

What a story the doctor's weather-worn coupe could tell of a brave, old motor's race with death through a cruel, sleet-torn night.

And what entertaining yarns that globe-trotting landaulet could spin of the strange, dark ways of Algerian repair men.

While the yellow roadster's tale would be a bitter one and sad; of a proud, young engine, burned-out in its youth through recklessness and lack of care.

STORIES of long and faithful service. Stories of breakdowns and failure and repair-bills. But at the bottom of every motor's story, responsible for good performance and bad performance alike, you would find—a motor oil.

For the actual performance of every motor depends largely upon a film of oil—a film thinner than this sheet of paper.

A motor oil's job

Your motor oil's job is to safeguard your motor from deadly heat and friction, the twin enemies responsible for three-fourths of all engine troubles.

In action, your motor oil is no longer the fresh, gleaming liquid you saw poured into your crankcase. Instead, only a thin *film* of that oil holds the fighting line—a film lashed by blinding, shrivelling heat, assailed by tearing, grinding friction. In spite of those attacks the oil-film must remain unbroken, a thin wall of defense, protecting vital motor-parts from deadly heat and friction.

Ordinary oil-films fail too often

Under that terrific twofold punishment the film of ordinary oil often breaks and burns. Then vicious heat attacks directly the unprotected motor-parts. And through the broken film, hot, raw metal chafes against metal.

Insidious friction begins its silent, dogged work of destruction. And finally you have a burned-out bearing, a scored cylinder, a seized piston. Then, the repair shop and big bills!

The "film of protection"

Tide Water Technologists spent years in studying not oils alone, but oil *films*. They made hundreds and hundreds of laboratory experiments and road tests. Finally, they perfected, in Veedol, an oil that offers the utmost resistance to deadly heat and friction. An oil which gives the "film of protection," *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.*

Give your own motor a chance to write its story, not in ordinary oil, but in Veedol. Then it will be a long history of faithful, economical service.

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Any honest repair man will tell you that more than 75% of all motor repairs are caused by the failure of a motor oil. Safeguard your motor with Veedol, the oil that gives the "film of protection," thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.

The FILM of PROTECTION

Photograph of one of the LEHIGH PRIZE HOMES *built for public inspection*

Many homes are paid for twice

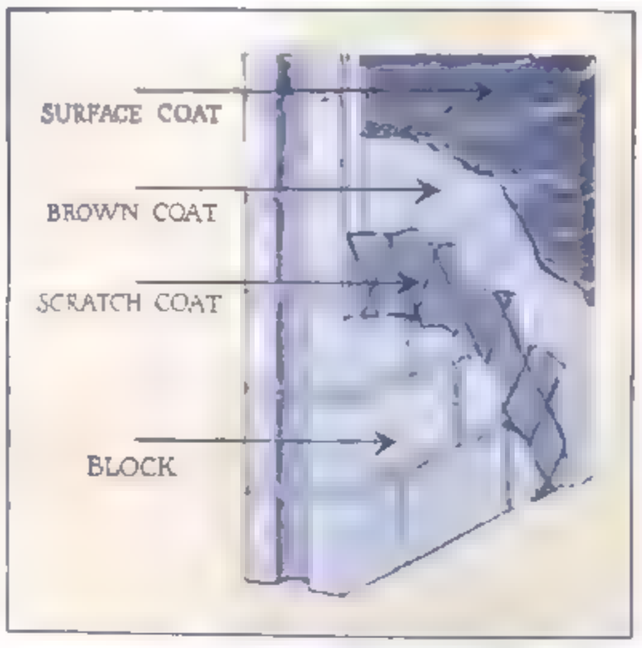
This new book tells you how to avoid a second cost

MANY a man has discovered that he has paid twice for his home. Once in the original cost—again in repairs, repainting and replacement. Even now many people will build homes and pay for them a second time with money that might be saved. Such a waste can be avoided.

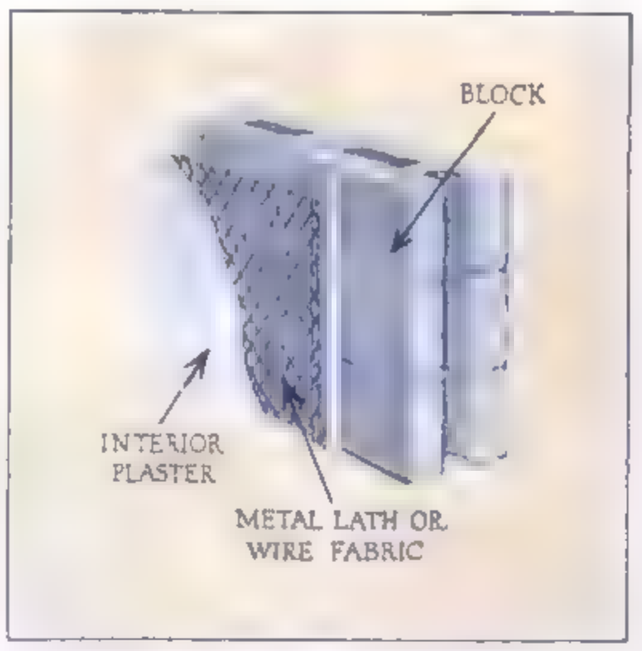
You can now build a home combining beauty and comfort without this second cost. The modern concrete masonry home offers protection from the assaults of time and climate. It cannot rot, rust, or decay. Only the trim may later need repainting.

The advantages of this comparatively new type of construction have this year been demonstrated to thousands of prospective homebuilders.

How thousands learned of this new construction



Construction of a concrete masonry wall from the outside looking in



The same wall as it is built up from the inside

A SHORT time ago the Lehigh Portland Cement Company built for public inspection concrete masonry homes near New York, Chicago, Kansas City and Birmingham.

Each home was one of the 28 prize-winners in the Lehigh Prize Home Competition in which hundreds of the country's leading architects competed. These prize homes were opened to the public immediately upon completion. Crowds visited them—thousands daily. More than 75,000 visitors inspected these homes.

What these visitors saw was a home—moderate in cost—unusually attractive in design—skilfully planned so as to save space—fire-safe—promising an almost total avoidance of later painting and repairs. To repeat, the modern concrete masonry home cannot rot, rust, or decay.

You will find a wealth of information in this illustrated book—FREE

The book, "BUILDING BETTER HOMES," contains pictures and descriptions of the progressive steps in building the Lehigh Prize Homes, from the selection of the site to the time of completion—every detail just as it happened. Reading it makes you feel that you were present each day these homes were being built. It is filled with valuable suggestions, the result of this recent building experience. Send the coupon below for a copy.

The Lehigh Dealer is eager to help you

Talk with the dealer in your community who displays the Blue-and-White Lehigh Sign. He may already have built a prize home or may now be planning to. He is thoroughly familiar with the details of concrete masonry construction and will be glad to explain its many advantages.

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New York, N. Y., Chicago, Ill., Allentown, Pa.,
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Other offices in principal cities throughout the United States

How to get permanent satisfaction—whatever you build

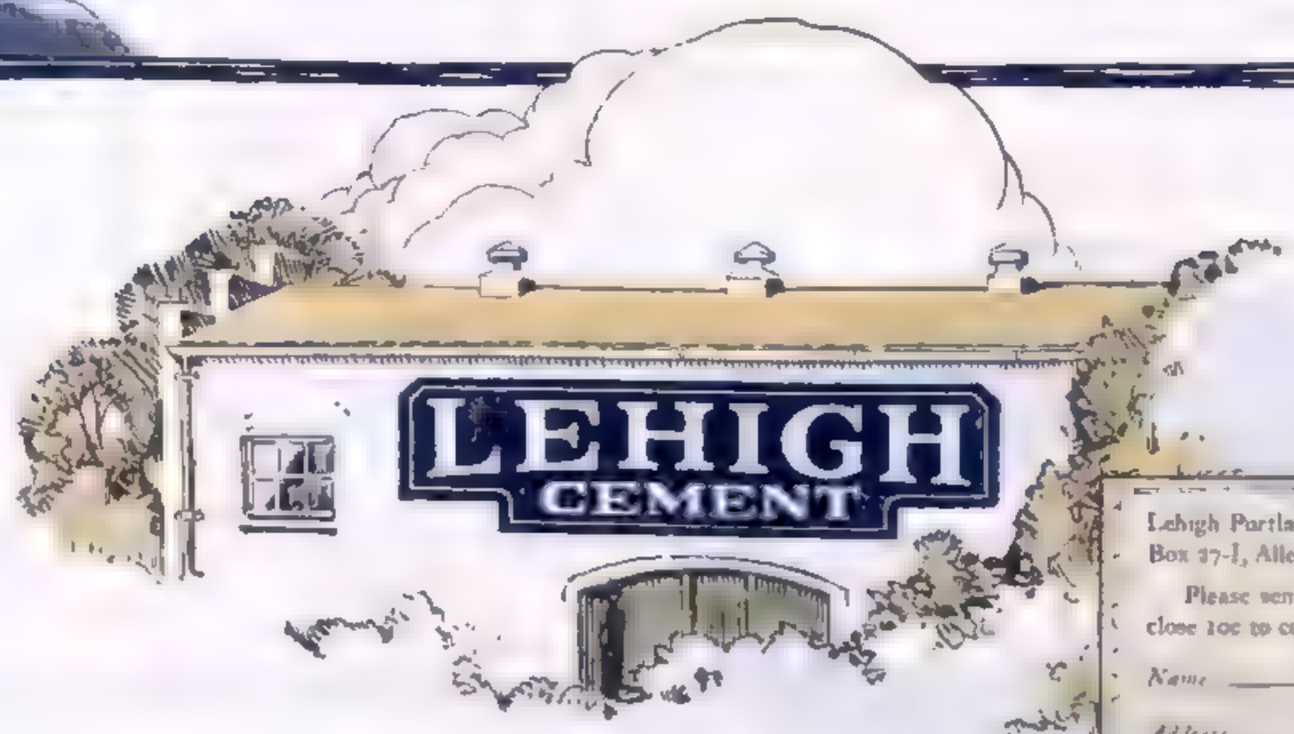
1—The first essential, when you build, is to get Dependable Materials. Precautions should be taken. The dealer who insists on carrying Lehigh Cement for you, often does so in the face of constant pressure to offer you the "just as good" brand. Is it not reasonable to expect such a dealer to protect your interests in other ways by handling a line of thoroughly Dependable Materials?

Let the Blue-and-White Lehigh Sign guide you to a reliable dealer.

2—Make sure to secure competent workmanship. A good contractor will save you money through skilful building economies. He will put quality both where it can be seen at the start and where it will be noticed for its low repair expenses in the years to come.

A point to remember in choosing a contractor: The contractor who insists on Dependable Materials is more likely to hire competent help and to put skill and dependability into all that he builds.

LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY



Look for the *Blue-and-White Lehigh Sign*, known from Coast to Coast—the mark of the reliable dealer.

SEND coupon and 10¢ for the BOOK . . . "Building Better Homes"

Lehigh Portland Cement Co.,
Box 27-I, Allentown, Pa.

Please send me the book, "Building Better Homes." I enclose 10c to cover forwarding cost.

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IN thorough accord with the completeness of Nash interior appointments, is the lustrous, deep-pile, Mohair Velvet upholstery fabric—Chase Velmo—which is used in Nash enclosed models. Perfected body construction, plus Velmo upholstery, assures you the maximum in point of service and real homelike comfort.

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You settle back in luxurious ease on cushions as soft and yielding as those of your favorite easy chair. Comfort is yours over every mile your Nash travels and in addition you always will be proud of the upholstery's unmarred beauty.

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L. C. Chase & Co. ~ *Selling Agents* ~ Boston

NEW YORK DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO

Free on request an interesting booklet, 'A Glimpse Inside'

(Continued from Page 84)

something about it, and last winter he went to work building some traps in the heart of the wild-horse country. He caught up his best saddle horses, fed 'em grain regular and hardened 'em up gradual. After a lot of work and expense in getting men building traps and all, him and his riders finally went to work and started fogging in on the wild ones.

They rode for about two months. In that time they caught around four hundred head, which, after a lot of hard and ticklish riding, they herd broke and trailed to the shipping point.

There the horse buyer offered three dollars a head for 'em. No bigger offer could be got nowheres. And when my friend the cowman went to do some figgering, he found that every horse he caught had cost him a dollar and a half—that wasn't counting the time he put in either.

I've run wild horses myself one time, for about eighteen months, and the good outfit and system we had is all that kept us from going under. Even at that, we sure didn't come out rich, and horses was worth twice as much then. So, as it is now, I'd sure be surprised to have anybody run up to me and show me a bank account, or even a small check, which would be clear money from catching wild horses. So, I figger, if there's any money made on the game it must be the man setting by the desk of some office, and where no sweat or blood ever gets to.

Now that I've got the money part of the scheme cornered, let's give the horse the consideration that's more than due him, and see how all that running, trapping, shipping, and then only to be slaughtered and all, affects him.

Man Breaks Up the Picture

There's one thing to be remembered, though, as I go on –it's that these horses are wild. Their freedom means more to them than their necks, and they'll risk anything to keep that freedom. They don't act at all like the good old gentle horse that's hooked to the milk wagon and which can be led anywheres without his scuffing hisself. But it must not be forgot either that these wild horses, even though smaller, are a kin and of the same sort as that gentle milk-wagon horse, or whatever a kind horse can be; for these mustangs, if handled right, can be broke and made gentle as any barn-raised horse. They're powerful strong for their size, and what there is of 'em is sure enough all horse.

Being the mustang is described some now, let's take an average bunch of the wild ones out of an average wild-horse country and follow that wild bunch on through from the start to where the packing house marks the end.

Out in a big country of deep ravines, junipers, bunch grass and sage, and at the foot of a butte streaked with layers of rock and dirt of many colors, there's a small bunch of wild horses. Some are dozing and taking in the sun's first warm rays; a few are grazing; and to one side two little colts are stretched out full length, sleeping.

Peace and contentment was right in the middle of the little bunch; they'd been to water at a cool spring during the night and got back on their feeding grounds before the sun come up. Soon now, and after some of the heat of that sun would be took in a little, they'd come out of their dozing spell and start the day of grazing and watching.

The stud—a good-sized roan horse—was already beginning to take in sniffs at the air and showing indications of wanting to move to more open or higher country. He was an old horse and he'd had many narrow escapes from the far-reaching ropes of riders and the traps which them same riders had built to catch him and his kind.

All the way from his thick jaw, along his slick roan hide to his tail was scars to show that he'd met other enemies besides man. Them scars told some of his meeting up with the cougar, the wolf, and more scars was added on from fights with other studs, either to keep his bunch, or else in trying to appropriate more. Pure black hair had growed on most of them scars, till along the neck he was spotted like a leopard.

The old horse had seen thirty snows or more, but he was rolling fat; and as he started away from the bunch to sort of look around from little higher ground, you couldn't tell but what he was still a young horse. An old mare watched him go and take his stand on the raise, and when the stud, after a spell, turned his head towards her there was a quiver from his nostrils, and a low nicker was heard; it was the same as to say, "We better go."

At that sign the old mare lowered her head and butted her little colt with her nose. The little feller raised his head and blinked a while, but didn't show no sign of wanting to stand up. It took a couple more jabs and a nip on the withers to convince him that he should, and he looked awful cranky when finally he did get up on them long legs of his. His sleep hadn't been quite over with, and being he was only ten days old he was needing a lot of that. It was no wonder he was cranky, but as he took on his morning's nourishment of warm milk he begin to lose the mean look that'd been in his eye, and by the time he got through nursing he felt good-natured as ever again, and right up to snuff.

All in all, for a picture of peace and contentment there was none could of been painted that could tally up with the sight of the little bunch of ponies at the foot of the colored butte. Then out of a clear sky, it seemed like, a rider on a tall raw-boned horse fell right in amongst the bunch, broke in on the picture, and scattered the peace that was there the same as if a bomb had been dropped from up above.

There was wild scrambling as the ponies lit into a run. Not a chance did they have to rally any or figger ways to outdo that rider. They just scared and stampeded straight on to where he wanted 'em.

Mile after mile was covered at top speed, coulees, ridges and sand stretches was gone over and left behind the same as if all was level and good going. Lather begin to gather on the ponies' necks and flanks, and the fear, the fast thumping of the heart and all, seemed to get no relief from the breeze that was stirred. The wide-open nostrils couldn't take in enough air; but there was no slacking down, for close to 'em was the human they feared and hated and wanted to get away from.

The End of the Chase

The old roan stud kept behind his little bunch and closest to the dangerous human. He was there to see that all kept up on the run, and with the oldest mare as a leader no better maneuvering could be got. With them wise ones handling things there was a chance that the blind trap, wherever it was, could be located while it could still be dodged, and before it was too late.

It was as the steady fast run was kept up that pretty soon the youngest little colt begin sagging behind. The little feller's mammy, scared as she was, slowed down too, and to keep pace with him. But as the little feller kept a-getting slower and slower the mother begin to get excited—it was between the fear of the man coming on her and the love for her colt. Then the roan stud, seeing her getting too far behind, took after her to make her keep up. She knowed better than to argue with him, and with another wild glance at the rider and a broken-hearted nicker at her colt, she run on up to the bunch and left him behind.

Twice she tried to circle around and get back to her youngster, which was getting farther and farther behind, and each time she was headed off by the stud; and with the sight of the rider coming on, it was all mighty convincing that there was only one thing to do. Her brain wasn't functioning much any more as she was made to join the bunch the second time, and when she glanced back once again and nickered a last call for her little feller, he was only a speck in the big distance.

Many more long miles was covered and then the little bunch, coming to the point of a long ridge, met a sight that chilled the heart in 'em. Of a sudden riders had seemed to sprout up out of the earth, and from both sides. There was another spurt of speed as the bunch was made to come down over the steep point of the ridge, and then their running had come to an end. There was sounds of woven wires being hit and stretched by the wild ones, the blind trap was tested everywheres, and when the wild bunch, shaking and wild-eyed, stood to see what held 'em, there was two of 'em laying on the ground, never to run no more. They'd hit the corral too hard and broke their necks.

Shaking and mad with fear, the little bunch fought with one another, and was kept in the trap corral that night. The next day, and along in the afternoon, another wild bunch was run in and corraled with 'em. Another long night was passed, and the day after that the riders came in the corral, roped each and all of the scared ponies, tied 'em down, and when each of 'em got up there was one front foot tied to the tail with a piece of rope, and in a way that'd keep that foot useless in running.

Wild Horse Broken

Most of them ponies skinned themselves up pretty bad as they fought the rope that held the front foot back, but that was the only way they could be took out of the trap and held together till a pasture fifteen miles away was reached. By the time the wild ponies got there they was herd broke—that is, they could be turned any way the rider wanted 'em to turn, and the woven-wire corral at the trap done the trick of fence-breaking 'em; for after connecting with that woven wire a few times and skinning their heads up, they'd developed a lot of respect for any fence line.

The riders had noticed, as they came in the trap corral that morning, how three of the wild ones had a bad case of lockjaw. That was caused by the hard run, the sweating up, and then being held in the corral two nights without water. All that comes in with regular mustang running; it's something that every rider hates to see, but it can't be helped, for it's all in the game.

The mother of the little colt that'd been left behind was one of the victims of the lockjaw, and as the riders hazed her on inside the pasture with the other horses and caught her again and took the foot rope off, there was little hopes that she'd ever come out of it. The muscles along her jaw had drawed up tight till they stood out in ridges, and even a crowbar couldn't of pried her jaws apart.

The riders knowed that water was the only thing that could save her and the other two; and so, soon as the foot ropes was took off, the ponies was all hazed to a place where the moisture came to the top of the ground and grass was tall and damp. A good-sized creek was close, too, and the ponies that was afflicted with the lockjaw held their noses down to the water and worked their lips so the moisture would make the tightened muscles loosen up.

"They'll be all right in a short while now," says one of the runners.

But when a few days later another bunch of wild ones was brought over, the mother of the lost colt was laying dead.

Out a-ways, and by himself, the old roan stud stood, and seeming like never noticing the riders nor the new bunch they'd brought in. The lockjaw hadn't affected him somehow, but something else, and just as sure of an end, was calling him to other ranges. It was his heart which, like his freedom, was petering out on him. He'd hardly moved, and outside of the little water he drank, very little had entered his stomach since that morning when a rider had fogged in on him and his little bunch. A few days later he layed down for the last time.

There'd been fourteen head in the roan stud's bunch when they was first spotted,

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and now only nine of them was left. There was still the same number, when a few weeks later all the wild ponies that'd been caught, and lived, was rounded up and a start was made to take them to the shipping point. By that time of steady running the riders had caught more than two hundred head of the wild ones, and they was glad to call it enough. Their ponies was getting leg weary, they was tired themselves, and they figgered that by the time they reached the railroad with the bunch they'd be more than ready to leave mustangs alone for a spell.

There was long days of travel from the mustang territory to the shipping corrals, and as the riders brought the horses closer to the railroad they begin to meet automobiles. They was in the dry-farmers' country by then, and where there's a fence of barb wire on both sides of the road to protect the crops that never grow. Them wild ponies wasn't used to seeing automobiles, of course, and the result was that before the shipping corrals was reached four of the ponies had to be shot to keep 'em from suffering from bad wire cuts.

There was a couple days of waiting at the railroad for the stock cars that seemed awful long coming. In that time the ponies was grazed on as good a feed as could be got around—that was very little—and finally one evening the stock cars came, and along with them came a horse buyer.

There was considerable dickering between the riders and the horse buyer, and some arguments, and it wasn't till that hombre showed them how little he was making in handling them horses that the riders finally accepted the price that was offered 'em. It was less than half of what they'd been told the mustangs would bring, and they was losers.

The ponies had to be jammed around considerable before they could be made to go in the box cars. Many heads, hips and legs was skinned before each car was loaded and the door closed, but finally, and after a lot of work, it all was done and the engine started on its way.

There was three days and nights of travel on the rails, jerking around at the yards and switches, and in that time them ponies was unloaded once, and only for water No feed was handed 'em during them three days on account it was figgered they wouldn't bring enough to make the feeding pay. So, as it was, the ponies was sure a ganted-up, skinned-up, and sorry-looking bunch as the stock train pulled in the stockyards of the packing house; but that didn't seem to matter, for these was only mustangs and in a day or so they'd all be slaughtered and turned into meat, glue and fertilizer. They'd reached the end.

What a lot of chasing, sweating, bloodshed and suffering to get to that end, and only for the few measly cents each horse might bring! Why take a horse so far away and have him go through so much before ridding of him? If the wild horse has to be made away with, I think there ought to be some consideration of how that should be done. He more than deserves that.

I had a feller remark to me one time how and what an awful cruel and unhumane thing it was for a man to go out on the range and shoot off wild horses. I'd agreed with him then, but now, after the running and shipping of mustangs all comes to me, I thinks different, and I've come to figger that the only humane thing to do, being the wild horse has to go and make room, is to have him go quiet and quick as possible—while he's grazing, and right into the heart of the range he growed up on.

THE GIRL FROM RECTOR'S

(Continued from Page 19)

Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, Col. James Elverson, Lloyd Phœnix, Harry Harkness, Commodore Mills and many others who might saunter casually out of Rector's and make a trip around the world before sauntering just as casually in again.

There was another class of yachtsmen who frequented Rector's but who never sat down at the yachting table. These globe-trotters were known as deep-sea promoters. They were suave, well-groomed gentlemen who spoke three or four languages perfectly. In fact, their lingual accomplishments were far superior to those of our good old friend Sam Bernard, who, when asked during the World War if he spoke German, said, "Fluently, but not lately."

These ocean salesmen were famous workers in their line. Like the man who, in organizing a transatlantic passenger line, promised to supply the ocean provided his proposed partner furnished the boats, they had little stock in trade. In fact, they had even less than this shoe-string promoter, because the ships were there, Nature supplied the water, and all they gave was their illustrious presence. They were tub workers.

In this case, "tub worker" did not mean bending over the week's wash in the back of a Chinese laundry. This group of tourists worked the tubs. The tubs were ocean liners. Their polish was as false as the sheen on an oiled apple. It could be dropped readily, and in passing their tables I often overheard such sinister words as "the mouthpiece," "the big store," "the mob," "the iron theater" and "the rap."

This may mean nothing to you unless I explain that the mouthpiece was a lawyer, the big store was the district attorney's office, the mob was a gang of crooks, the iron theater was a jail and the rap was either an accusation or a term in jail. They were not nice lads, but there was no way of excluding them provided they behaved themselves. And they always acted very well in Rector's. They were good company outside of office hours. They never tried any tricks in New York, as they were exporters, not importers. I knew them all, having met them in Paris while I was working as a cook in the kitchens of the Café de Paris.

When I finished with my work in the evening, I would discard my apron, coat and white chef's cap and put on my dinner suit. Quite a transformation for a slinger of hash. Then I would stroll over to the Café Tourtelle, which was directly opposite the Grand Café on the Boulevard des Italiens. The Café Tourtelle was the rendezvous for American confidence men in Paris. They would meet there between sailings of the boats and, if they had a successful trip over, they would continue on to Monte Carlo to drop their hardly earned money. Not hard earned, but hardly.

It is an odd thing to know that the shearers of sheep on the high seas were contributors of fleece to the Prince of Monaco. They all came away from the spinning tables well shorn. If they picked up any money on the return trip to America, there wasn't a doubt that they would lose their illicit gainings at roulette tables in New York or Saratoga.

Among these men were such notorious characters as Shang Draper, Bud Hauser, Doc Waterbury and Doc Owens. They were the most prominent of the capable gypsies, who could not only tell fortunes by cards but reduce those fortunes in the telling. They are all dead now. One of them was buried at sea, which meant that the nimble fingers had hesitated for just the fatal instant that was enough to enlighten the prospective victim and convert him into an enraged destroyer with a ready gun. There may have been an investigation of Bud Hauser's death, but it never reached shore. Neither did Bud Hauser. He could well have been added to the song of the Lord High Executioner of the Mikado as a person who would never be missed.

These gentlemen worked in unison, a mob generally consisting of three or four

(Continued on Page 92)

KAYO

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men and, in many cases, a beautiful woman. When booking passage overseas, they always traveled separately and rarely spoke to one another until the second or third day at sea, a time when speaking to a fellow passenger was as natural as conversing with a relative. Their line of procedure in netting a victim was well routined. It was divided into a campaign of three distinct tableaux. The first was known as the approach. In the approach, one of the gang scraped a chatting acquaintance with the victim on the second or third day out. After a pleasant conversation and an agreement to meet at dinner, the shark would go to his cabin and keep out of sight for a day. In the meantime a second member of the manipulating clique would approach the same victim and also become very friendly. The result was that the victim would find himself with two good friends.

While talking to one of these gentlemen on the fourth day, the other would stroll up and the victim would introduce them to each other. This is one of the best approaches, as the victim imagined he was introducing two perfect strangers. They may have been strangers, but they were not perfect. There are many approaches, but this one will be a clew to the others. The others of the gang would be introduced to one another, and in every case the victim would be the man who did the introducing.

The Partridgers' Famous Party

Pleasant hours of intelligent and amusing conversation would follow, which would gradually lead into the build-up. The build-up was just what its name implies, a building up of the victim into a proper frame of mind for cards or dice. Either way, he had about as much chance as a steer in a cattle car. The gang had his history, knew that he would gamble and was not above being willing to accept a slight edge on the other fellow.

The rich victim was generally taken in as a partner of the gang, who assured him that another member of the card party was a wealthy fish who could afford to lose a hundred thousand and enjoy it. The game would start small and gradually grow as the end of the voyage approached. Or it might start in casino, bridge or pinochle and suddenly switch to that noblest of all American substitutes for insomnia—stud poker.

The victim always won until the time came for the hoorah. The hoorah should be flanked by an escort of honor consisting of many exclamation points. It was very sudden and never occurred until the last night out. The heir to the hoorah was the victim. He could inherit the hoorah in many ways, as there were numerous tricks in the bag known as the late hour.

I will explain this by saying that the late hour meant that nothing crooked was attempted until a late hour, when the quarry was befuddled by too much smoking, possibly too much drinking and too continuous a strain on his physical stamina. His eye would be dulled and his mind numbed and he would be in no condition to combat the wiles of the gang. In fact, he wouldn't be looking for anything wrong from such good friends. By the time he woke up the next morning they would be off the boat. The realization that they had let him in on a scheme to fleece another man would usually compel him to keep his mouth closed.

It's a wise man who never gambles with strangers. It's a wiser man who never gambles with his friends. All other vices are virtues compared with the vice of gambling. It will put a man in the gutter faster than anything else and take his wife and children with him. Once acquired, it is never broken, and there is an old saying in New York that the doctors support Wall Street and the actors support the race track. Although I never gambled, I was often host to many gambling soirées. We made a practice of renting our private dining rooms to private parties consisting of four people or more. The card games in Rector's private rooms were started by society folks who preferred our place to their homes because of the excellent food service.

If there are any of my readers who have ever helped to feed a three-dollar kitty for sandwiches and light in a friend's home, they will be staggered to learn that the kitty in Rector's often reached $1100 or $1200. More of a roaring tiger than a kitty. Gambling would not be allowed in private dining rooms in any restaurant in America today.

The Partridge Club also met every Friday night for years in the seclusion of one of our private rooms. This club was named after its own famous partridge dinners. It was one of the most exclusive poker clubs in New York city. They played a straight twenty-dollar limit. After the poker game they would sit in for table-stakes stud. Pots of $20,000 and $30,000 were nothing unusual. The members of the Partridge Club were not professional gamblers. They were wealthy business men, many of whom are still alive. Tiring of stud poker they might turn to bridge for fifty cents and a dollar a point.

I have attended, catered to and heard of many dinners, but the one that burns brightest in memory was one given by the Partridgers. It was a dinner of boneless shad! Thousands of indignant housewives may rise up and protest that there is no such animal on land or sea. Millions of diners, who have eaten countless numbers of bread crusts in painful efforts to accelerate the passage of a shad bone through the throat, may accuse me of deliberate falsehood. But Rector's served the Partridge Club boneless shad. The only recipe necessary was a shad, a magnifying glass and the genius that is a capacity for infinite pains. We served six shad at that dinner and it took eight cooks all day to pick the bones out of the fish. From that day to this, I have been a great admirer of jellyfish, sponges, watermelons and other food without backbones, ribs or bones. That night the kitty was a leopard.

The Contract With a Washout

Rector's was in no way associated with gambling. Although Dick Canfield often ate there, he never touched a card. He ran the famous Canfield's next door to Delmonico's, where one New York society man dropped $200,000 in a night. I knew Canfield a year before I knew he was the professional gambler. The same for Davy Johnson, who thought nothing of betting $250,000 on an election. They were nothing like the popular conception of gamblers. No one ever went from our main dining room into a private room to gamble. All parties were selected by the host and included his personal friends only. But at the same time that this occurred in Rector's, the police were raiding corner saloons and arresting sailors for shaking dice for five-cent beers.

However, there was gambling in the main dining room. But it was the kind of hazard that is recognized as legitimate. It was the rise and fall of the tides of Wall Street. Brokers and traders would give commissions over their midnight coffee for thousands of shares. We were once compelled to keep a linen napkin in our office safe overnight because of a memorandum written on it in lead pencil. It was a contract calling for the transfer of 5000 shares of a certain railroad stock, then selling at $80 a share. When we sent that napkin to the laundry, we sent one of the signers with it, for he was cleaned too. He guaranteed to deliver at 75 and the stock opened the next morning at 82 and rose six points more, closing at 88.

The stock plunger whom I remember best of all was the one and only Brandt Walker. He was a heavy trader in stocks and also a better in the same flimsy material. His favorite bet was the "Up-five-before-down-five." This bet was made after the market

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(Continued from Page 92)

closed in the afternoon. We will say that the stock in question is steel, selling at $90 a share at the closing of the daily market. Brandt Walker was always bearish and I have seen him bet $20,000 that this stock would reach 85 the next day before it reached 95. This was what gave it the title of "Up-five-before-down-five." In Walker's case it should have been reversed, for he always bet down.

He came on from Chicago practically broke. He made his money in the panic of 1907 by selling short of the market. He was down at Lakewood, New Jersey, for a short vacation and directed his selling from a broker's office in a hotel at that resort. He cleaned up $3,000,000. His father caught the next train from Chicago, took away $1,000,000 from his boy and purchased him an annuity. The older Walker was a prominent corporation lawyer of Chicago. The sageness of parental counsel was validated when Brandt was cleaned out a short time later. The remaining $2,000,000 was speedily lost and there were markers against Brandt for many thousands of dollars. However, neither his creditors nor himself could touch the principal of the annuity, because an annuity is nonattachable. And only Brandt could collect the annuity. Twice a year there was paid into his hand $25,000 in gold. He lived long enough to collect his annuity for almost twenty years, and probably died thinking that he was smarter than his father.

Fortunes were made and lost over the tablecloths in Rector's in legitimate business deals. It was during these times that a day-and-night bank was first established so that a railroad could be bought outside of Wall Street and banking hours! It was a long time before the ticker stopped sobbing over that coup.

Before the Boom

At this period real estate in Times Square was still an unknown quantity. When Rector's started at Forty-fourth and Broadway, there were no Subway kiosks. Pedestrians did not pop in and out of the ground like gophers in the Dakotas. We were in the middle of Long Acre Square. Where the Knickerbocker Hotel now stands was the old St. Cloud Hotel. Incidentally, the Knickerbocker is now an office building. Every time I look at it I think of Armistice Day, when the shouting and tumult died away as Caruso appeared on the balcony of his top-floor apartment and sang the national anthems of America, France and Italy.

Across from the St. Cloud, on Broadway, was the famous Metropole Hotel, which, losing its lease, moved to Forty-third Street, just east of Broadway, and was the scene of the shooting of Rosenthal, for which a police lieutenant and four gunmen went to the chair. There were two large rooming houses where the Hotel Astor now stands. Hammerstein's Olympia was to the north of us on the east side of Broadway. It is now known as the New York Theater. On the northern end of Long Acre Square was the Brewster carriage factory, occupying the site of the present Strand Theater. Diagonally opposite the square, on Forty-eighth Street, was the Studebaker factory, whose mission in life was the building of bigger and better wagons and buggies. The trend of the traffic was northward, although there were very few theaters in this section.

It remained for a young Philadelphian to come over and realize the hypothetical values in this district. His name was Felix Isman and he rapidly became a power in Manhattan Island realty. He also became a prominent figure in theatricals and theatrical real estate. One of his biggest deals was put over right in Rector's.

At this period vaudeville was divided east and west. The Keith interests controlled the field as far west as Chicago. All west of Chicago, including Chicago and Cincinnati, was under the banner of Martin Beck and the Orpheum Circuit. The two powerful interests had tacit agreements that neither should invade the other's territory.

One evening Felix was dining in Rector's when Martin Beck walked in, having just dropped off a Chicago train. Beck made some remark about the weather, which was one thing that Felix never argued about. He knew that Beck hadn't traveled the thousand miles from Chicago to become an expert on Eastern weather. He finished his coffee, paid his check, and taking Beck by the arm walked him to the site where the Palace Theater now stands at Forty-seventh and Broadway.

An Age of Sandwich Snatchers

Pointing to the plot, Felix said, "That's the place for your theater."

Isman knew that the Orpheum had declared war the minute he saw Beck standing in front of his table in Rector's. Speech is made to conceal thoughts and a remark about the weather may hide much cogitation about real estate. Isman brought his man back to Rector's and sold him the ground. Beck built the Palace Theater and was bought out later by Mr. Keith. The little deal netted Isman around $800,000 before his yearly bonuses ceased. No gold bonanza ever discovered equaled the surface-gold mining in Times and Long Acre squares.

The Rector plot was 75 feet front on Broadway, with a depth of about 100 feet. There were also two houses on Forty-fourth Street purchased by my father from Charles T. Barney, the whole forming an ell. The purchase price was $750,000. On the corner of Forty-fourth Street and Broadway stood a building which occupied a plot of twenty-five feet on Broadway, with a depth of only sixty feet. This property we acquired on a sixty-year lease for a rental of $20,000 a year. Just to give you an idea of how values jumped overnight, we immediately placed a mortgage of $1,650,000 on the ground of the proposed Rector Hotel. The property today is worth in the neighborhood of $4,000,000.

An idea of rentals in the district can be gleaned from the fact that the entire Rector restaurant paid a rent of only $10,000 a year. On the same spot today is a twelve-by-six orange-drink stand paying a reputed rental of $25,000 a year. That orange-drink stand may not seem significant of anything in particular, but it is the real reason why the corner saloon can never come back in America. The soft-drink stand, the cigar store and the drug store have gobbled up the spots vacated by the barroom and are paying three to five times the rent formerly paid by the saloon keeper. That is one reason why the saloon will never return. There is no place for it. Quite a change from the times spoken of by a friend of mine when he said, "In those old days there was a saloon on every corner. I was born at a place called Five Corners."

The customer in a cigar store does not linger more than fifteen or twenty seconds. He is in and out again. Therefore the cigar store has fifty patrons to the saloon's one. That's one reason why the disappearance of the corner saloon has not left any scar or unhealed wound in the long vista of business properties in your city. When the saloon was jerked out, a newer and better tooth grew in its place. In fact, the saloon's former location on our maps would be as difficult to locate as a pinhole in rubber. Furthermore, business is now all business and no sentiment. We have yet to hear of any customer staggering out of a candy store after having insisted on kissing the soda-water clerk good night.

If I could open up the Rector restaurant today, under no circumstances would I serve liquor. Instead of having one drinking party occupying a table for five hours, I would be able to serve ten parties at the same table in the same time. In fact, this generation of ours is not a generation of diners at all. It is a tribe of sandwich grabbers. The cafeterias, the Purple Kitchens, the Busy Bees and the soda-water fountains supply the business men with their luncheon.

It was only last winter that a certain big hotel rented its ground floor corner to a drug store. A few months later the same hotel petitioned the courts to restrain the druggist from selling soups, sandwiches, milk and cake on the premises, claiming that the drug store's fast and furious bargains in light luncheon had irreparably damaged the business of the hotel's dining rooms. The learned judge ruled that it was within the province of the druggist to include ham, cheese and olives in his staple line of chemicals and nostrums.

But the hotel gained a point when His Honor restrained the druggist from serving hot soups and meals, as the presence of a stove behind the soda-water counter violated the fire laws of the city.

Trained-Seal Etiquette

The best description of modern eating is furnished by the spangled performers of the big tents. In the parlance of the circus lot, dining is known as throwing in. And the business man of today literally throws in. Lunch-counter manners are a sort of trained-seal etiquette. The morsel is swished from the plate to the mouth with a sudden parabola of the spoon or fork. Pop! and it's gone. Gulp! and another swift arc of the spoon.

Sometimes I expect the diner to complete the sealish impersonation by balancing an extra fine chunk of meat on his nose, tossing it into the air with a flip of his neck and then catching it in his capable mouth on its downward journey.

The dining of today must break the heart of Berry Wall. And I know that it would have driven Ward McAllister insane. Ward was the man who is responsible for the term "Four Hundred," meaning the number of people composing the cream of American society. That small number would be but condensed cream today.

Berry Wall was very exacting and fastidious in his dining. When he ordered early June peas he wanted them as carefully matched as Oriental pearls. I have no doubt that Mr. Wall could easily have detected a late May arrival in his group of early June peas. The aroma of food was as important to him as the taste. He also feasted with his eyes, and in ordering his

(Continued on Page 98)

It has revolutionized radio reception

RCA LOUDSPEAKER 104 has been tried-tested-perfected --it has proved the remarkable possibilities of *power reception without batteries*

RCA Loudspeaker 104, Complete $275

CLEAR at a whisper . . . . . clear at the volume of a brass band! Turn it low—use the great power as a reserve to get the climax of a song without a crash. Turn it higher—let the dance music sound out clearly above the talk and the shuffling of feet. Or use it in a great hall, to get the actual volume of a whole orchestra. Every instrument is real! With RCA Loudspeaker 104—get *natural* tone and *natural* volume.

RCA Loudspeaker 104 is not only a power loudspeaker, but eliminates the "B" batteries of most sets. With RCA Radiola 25 or 28, it can be adapted to eliminate all batteries. It operates on the 50 to 60 cycle, 110 volt A. C. lighting circuit.

RCA Loudspeaker 104 was designed by the men who have developed the basic principles of radio—men whose names are known the world over. It was ahead of its day—and showed the way to new radio possibilities. Today, many are working hard to imitate it, but it has many uncopyable features. And one of the most important of them is this: It has had a year of use in homes everywhere . . . . . it has been tried, tested and perfected!

RCA Loudspeaker 100, $55

RCA Loudspeaker 102, with *power* amplifier that operates on the lighting circuit (50-60 cycle, 110 volt A. C.) $140

RCA Loudspeaker

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOLA

Authorized Dealer RCA

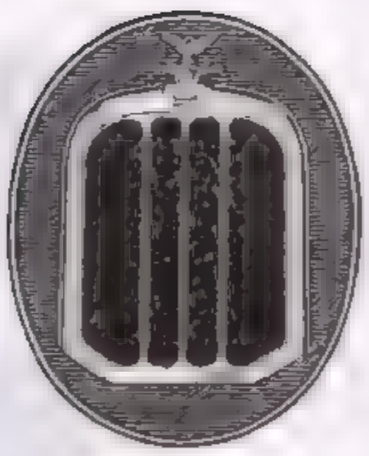
Buy with confidence where you see this sign.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO

Quality again ..for 1927

Chandler offers 19 Beautiful, Finer Models at Astounding New Prices

$945 to $1795



CHANDLER-CLEVELAND MOTORS CORPORATION,

CHANDLER

talks Price

Check all this Standard Equipment!

"One Shot" Centralized Lubrication

Oil Purifier

Air Cleaner

4-Wheel Brakes

Thermostat Heat Control

High-Pressure Motor Lubrication

New-Type Easy Steering

Self-Adjusting Spring Shackles

Look at these new low Prices for 1927

	NEW PRICES	REDUCTIONS
STANDARD SIX		
Touring	$ 945	$ 35
De Luxe Touring	1005	35
Coupe	1035	35
De Luxe Coupe	1125	45
Sedan	995	130
De Luxe Sedan	1095	140
Roadster	1135	
SPECIAL SIX		
Touring	1145	45
Sport Touring	1295	45
Coupe	1195	65
De Luxe Coupe	1285	85
Sedan	1295	95
BIG SIX		
5-Passenger Touring	1545	60
7-Passenger Touring	1645	60
Roadster	1695	60
7-Passenger Sedan	1795	260
20th Century Sedan	1495	155
Metropolitan Sedan	1595	360
Coupe	1675	

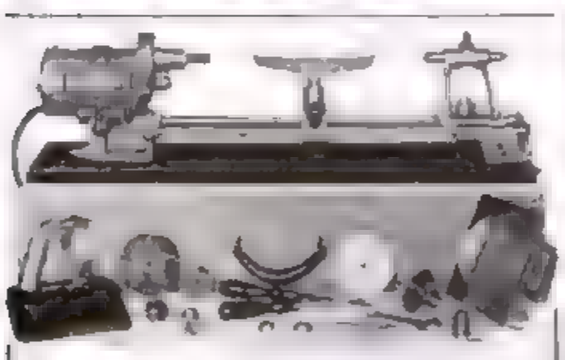
All prices f. o. b. Cleveland

These great cars are now on display—See them!

CLEVELAND · Export Department, 1819 Broadway, New York City

DLER

An Hotel
of Distinction
THE last word in modern hotel construction and service. Right in the center of business, shopping and theatre district and convenient to street cars, bus lines and railroad Union Station. Has the quiet refinement of an exclusive club.
400 ROOMS BATHS
Rates from $3.00
Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers
St. Louis
The MAYFAIR
Hotel



Make Things at Home

You can make almost anything—Furniture, Garden Trellis, Flower Box, Toys, Radio Panel and Console and countless other things, with

Speed Way Shop and Tools

A compact metal and woodworking outfit for mechanics, householders and "handy" men. Driven by the famous Speed Way motor. Tools quickly interchangeable.

8 Motor Driven Tools

Bench Saw, Lathe, Jig Saw, Grinder, Buffer, Portable Saw, Cleaner, Drill

Attach to [illegible] Have the [illegible] flying in [illegible] minutes after receipt.

Portable Saw Unit

ONLY $10 DOWN

We make it easy to pay while you enjoy these sturdy tools in your own home. You can do Wood Turning, Bench Sawing, Scroll Sawing, Portable Sawing. You can do turning, polishing, grinding and drilling either at the bench or anywhere there is a lamp socket.

Jig-Saw Unit

10 DAYS' TRIAL

Test the Speed Way Shop for 10 days in your own home. If it does [illegible]

Free Blueprint Service

Each month for a year we furnish a free blueprint of your selection and help you in other ways to get maximum service from the Speed Way Shop and Tools. Write for list of blueprints.

Write Today For Full Information

Every tool in the "Shop" is high grade, for regular work. A money maker for the small job man. Write today.

Electro-Magnetic Tool Company

1830 S. 52nd Ave., Cicero, Ill. (Adjoining Chicago)

Dept. 19, ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TOOL CO.

Dear Sirs: Please send me full particulars about 10-day free trial, free blueprints and $10 down payment.

Name

Address. . . .

(Continued from Page 94)

food would describe his dinner to the waiter with sweeping gestures. When he ordered oysters on the half shell he went through a pantomime with his hands indicating the opening of the oysters, their appearance on the shell, arrival at the table and his disposal of them.

I still remember seeing him order an entire dinner by the wigwag system. He started with the silent drama of the oysters. The waiter observed, but said nothing. Then Berry ordered soufflé of potatoes with cold flakes of crab meat. He indicated the size of the individual flake of crab meat by extending his hand and pressing the nail of his forefinger into the ball of his thumb. The waiter still stood silent but watchful.

Then followed the description of the soufflé in the sign language. He indicated the puffiness by extending the fingers of both hands in much the same manner that a woman tries to catch a baseball. Then he drew both hands together and spread them apart again rapidly, exactly like a musician playing an imaginary accordion. Filling his cheeks, he blew his breath rapidly through his lips to illustrate the desired lightness and puffiness of the soufflé.

He usually stopped to twirl his mustache, brush a crumb off the table linen, roll his lapels and polish his watch with his thumb and forefinger of the right hand. He never actually looked at the watch, but would pull it out of his vest pocket fifteen or twenty times. By this time he would be ready for the supreme effort—the ordering of the poussang, or squab chicken. He would run his fingers lightly over the tablecloth, as if he were a famous pianist strumming the keyboard. Then he would reach for his aperitif, sip it lightly, place it on the table and inhale deeply. He explained the tenderness of the squab by waving a cigar in his hand like a leader directing an orchestra playing the love motif of Aida. His method of illustrating the plumpness of the squab was to throw out his chest and hold his breath until we thought he would strangle.

He never allowed a waiter to bring a completed salad to the table. He ordered his endives and heart of palm separately. The olive oil was another individual item. So was the vinegar, and also the pepper mill. He kept his own bottle of vinegar in our kitchens just as an old-time member of the Odd Fellows had his private lather mug in the barber shop. This bottle of vinegar was red wine that had turned sour and contained a dozen buttons of garlic. An open bowl of ice was brought in. Inside that bowl was a smaller china bowl, empty, but placed in the larger bowl to attain the proper degree of frostiness.

When the small bowl was thoroughly chilled, he would sprinkle a liberal pinch of paprika over it, then a quarter of a spoonful of mustard and the same quantity of salt. Then he would hold the pepper mill over the dish and turn out ten grinds of pepper. The true epicurean always insisted on grinding his own pepper from the whole pepper berry. If you imagine that Wall was performing the secret rites and incantations of a witch doctor seeking to bring rain to a parched nation, you are wrong. He was simply in the act of mixing his own salad dressing. Then he put in two heaping tablespoonfuls of olive oil, taking extreme care not to allow it to splash. The oil was poured out over the rim of the spoon like a small but important Niagara. Now came his treasured bottle of vinegar. This was allowed to drip in by tilting the bottle in the left hand, meanwhile stirring with the right.

The idea of this formula was to allow the oil to jell when it struck the cold surface of the bowl. By pouring the oil in first, Berry made it smooth and thick and it blended perfectly with the vinegar. He took as much pride in this discovery as a scientist would in the completion of a revolutionizing theory of extracting acid from moonbeams. I can imagine Wall rising to his feet in the midst of the peace negotiations at Versailles, pointing his finger at Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Poincaré and earnestly protesting, "Don't pour the vinegar in first."

Then he would put in the heart of palm and the endives at the same time. With the spoon in the right hand and the fork in the left, he would stir them and scoop them up so that they would absorb the precious dressing. After a few minutes of mixing, he would serve it to himself on his salad dish, which also was chilled. He would eat his salad with some dandy Camembert cheese, running south. By "running south" we meant the cheese was so soft that it had to be eaten with a spoon instead of a knife.

Whenever I met cheese heading in that direction I usually started north.

This is the manner in which a real epicurean dined. Compare this with a frantic patron at a sandwich counter, wolfing his food like the famous Sam White of Princeton spearing a fumbled football on the dead run. Truly, the Earl of Sandwich little dreams of what he started when he invented that cold slice of meat between two blankets of bread.

I forgot to state that after Mr. Berry Wall had spent thirty minutes in gesturing and pantomiming his idea of a dinner to the silent but eagle-eyed waiter, the garçon also qualified for the French school of emotional acting by clapping both hands together twice and jerking the thumb of his right hand back over his shoulder, indicating that the kitchen had been closed for ten minutes before Mr. Wall had started giving his order.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Rector. The next will appear in an early issue.

VALHALLA-BOUND

(Continued from Page 15)

and was broke and felt like malaria. Needed something to brace me up. So instead of taking a little shot of bitters or lemon juice or something I fell for this Congress stuff. 'All right,' I said. 'When do we start?' And, by jingoes, we started in less than a week. When we got there he called in a lawyer and they fixed up some documents and I gave Carter one dollar, and then we signed the documents, and the newspaper was mine, mortgage and all; one dollar down and a dollar a week, or something like that.

"Then he and I went down to the foot of Main Street to see this newspaper. In the composing room they had four linotypes. 'I think you'll need another one pretty soon,' Carter says. I thought he was kidding me. It looked to me like what we needed was another dozen. 'The business manager,' Carter says, 'isn't much good.' 'Well, then,' I said, 'let's can him.' So we canned him. 'I suppose you have someone else in mind,' Carter says. 'What's the matter with that guy?' I asked him. There was a young fellow sitting at a desk and he looked all right to me. 'He's the circulation manager,' Carter says. Well, I looked around and there was another young fellow behind the counter, so I said: 'How about him?' And Carter thought a while and then he says, 'I'm not sure he's big enough for the job. He's just the counter man; he takes in the want ads.' 'He looks plenty big enough to me,' I said. 'His head sticks up above the counter and he can make change, because I just saw him do it. I think I'll give him the job.'

"'Why don't you take it over yourself for a while?' Carter asks me. But, hell, I'm a newspaperman; see? So I told him not a chance. I'd rather get on without any business manager. 'You've got to have somebody to bring in advertising,' Carter says. 'Why?' I asked him. 'Are all the business men around here cripples?' Anyway, it looked to me like we already had more business than we needed for an eight-page paper. They must have been leaving out part of the news right then, because four of the pages were practically all ads. Well, the wind-up of it was that I gave the kid behind the counter the job and he did fine. If he'd done any better I'd have fired him.

"Upstairs they had an old man and a couple of boys. The old man wrote editorials, he said, and he wanted to know if I contemplated any change of policy. 'What kind of policy have we got now?' I asked him, and he said we were Democratic. Well, I always liked the Tammany outfit myself, so I told him to go ahead with the same old policy, and that was settled. Next came the boys. Both of them said they were reporters. One covered the hotel news and the other covered the rest of the town. Well, I'm a newspaperman; see? I nearly fell out of my shoes. I could see us getting scooped in eighteen places every edition. But it seemed not, because there wasn't any opposition. They'd been getting away with this for years. One of the infants would dig up hot stuff out of the justice-of-the-peace court about some guy being sued for his ten-dollar grocery bill while the other one dragged in sensational interviews corkscrewed out of retired business men spending the winter there.

"All these interviews were exactly alike. We had a fine climate. If there was ever any controversy it must have been closed long ago, but they were still taking testimony. There was one other genius in the editorial department, but I didn't meet her the first day. She was the la-di-dah dame"—Jack's term for society editor. "Carter said she was all right, so I let her ride. After I'd been talking to the boy reporters for a while, one of them, the climate expert, says, 'Will you be in our department or in the business office?' 'I'll be in your department, sonny,' I told him. 'I'm a newspaperman; see? And we are going to put some news in the paper.'

"Well, next day I started out after this aforesaid news, but you can take it from little Jack, as a lad who has had experience in finding news, there wasn't any. I never saw such a place in my life, before or since. For a week I went out every day, but there wasn't even a courthouse, much less a Federal building. No morgue. No water front. Nothing. So Carter and I just bummed around getting acquainted with the Four Hundred; me, of course, with an ear cocked for possible front-page stuff. Now and then I'd drift into the business office and ask the manager if we were making any money and he always said we were, so I'd tell him to put it in the bank. Carter owned the bank. Just to play safe, I asked him one day if the money was getting there all right, and he said it was, that we were doing fine, so I didn't have to worry about that any more.

"'Why don't you get married?' Carter asked me. 'I don't know whether I can afford it,' I said. I wasn't drawing down very much at the time. You see, I hadn't been there very long. I paid myself a salary every Monday in a regular envelope, and it didn't seem to me that I'd been there long enough to hit myself for a raise. 'You can afford it,' Carter says. 'Anyway, all the girls you've met here have got a little money of their own.' 'How about that one we met at the Carringtons'?' I asked him. She was a peach. I like girls well enough, if they're good-looking, but I'm not so strong about marrying them, because in the newspaper game a guy is likely to have all kinds of bad hours and not much chance for good ones, so what's the use of having a wife if you're just going to meet her once a week on your day off? Of course Carter thought I could make my own hours, but I hadn't

(Continued on Page 100)

Walter P. Chrysler

Develops a New Manufacturing Principle—

Quality Standardization!

By J. E. Fields

Walter P. Chrysler is intensely individualistic—contemptuous of manufacturing conventions and unawed by engineering traditions unless the years have proven them sound and enduring.

There is scarcely a car of importance in the industry today which has not felt the influence of his ideas—scarcely one which does not show either in design or practice the effect of that influence.

In less than three years he has Chryslerized the manufacture of motor cars—just as emphatically abroad as at home.

But he is not hide-bound in his individualism. He believes in surrounding himself with strong men. There is no greater group of creative specialists in the world than the Chrysler engineering staff. He works with them and they with him as a fellow craftsman.

His special genius is in subjecting all manufacturing practice to an absolute standardization of quality.

The Chrysler four-car plan of quality standardization—the only one of its kind in operation in the world today—reduces processes and practices to an engineering machining mechanical and manufacturing *absolute*.

Nothing is left to chance. Men and machines alike must deliver to all four cars an unvarying maximum of precision and excellence.

This Chrysler principle of standardized quality manufacture is revolutionizing the buying of fine cars today.

There is scarcely a car of importance in the industry today which has not felt the influence of Walter P. Chrysler's ideas—scarcely one which does not show either in design or practice the effect of that influence.

The Chrysler plan of Standardized Quality compels men and machines alike to deliver to all four Chrysler cars an unvarying maximum of precision and excellence.

J. E. Fields

For, at one step, it eliminates "purchaser's risk". . . . ends the buyer's doubts and fears as to quality . . . makes possible the purchase of either the lowest-priced or the highest-priced Chrysler with positive assurance that the quality in each is equally assured and the value supreme in its class.

Leading manufacturers have been striving for years to achieve this absolute evenness of quality. But Chrysler alone has achieved it . . . . translated it into fact by an extraordinarily complete coordination of engineering and manufacturing resources.

Chrysler standardization of quality goes back to the sources of raw material; it governs the very minutest operation; it makes certain that every unit is produced with the finest precision standards under the most rigid inspection; it even moulds the manufacture of accessories.

Of course, Chrysler models differ in price, in size of chassis, in richness of appointments, in speed and power—*the model numbers representing miles per hour*—but all are basically the same in rigid adherence to the same law of quality.

Obviously, cars that are built by one organization . . . under one all-embracing system of standardized quality manufacture . . . must be essentially fine to a degree beyond comparison with other cars made under ordinary methods.

This most important of Chrysler advantages insures the superior quality which is the foundation of superior and uniform performance, dependability, comfort, economy and long life in every Chrysler.

That each Chrysler is far ahead of any car near its price . . . in quality of construction and quality of performance. . . . you can easily verify by comparative demonstration. Hundreds of thousands of Chrysler owners know this to be a fact. We invite you to prove these superiorities of standardized quality for yourself.

CHRYSLER

"50 – 60 – 70 – 80"

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

Model 1900-R-2

Finished in American Walnut, with built-in Pooley (patented) Floating Horn and Atwater Kent Receiving Set. Prices complete, without tubes and batteries, $135 to $160. Other Pooley Radio Cabinets equipped with Atwater Kent Radio, $135 to $390. Pooley Cabinet Speakers, which will accommodate Atwater Kent Sets, $40 to $60.

Here is an opinion on radio cabinets worth knowing. The maker of Atwater Kent Radio states:

"The Pooley Radio Cabinet is approved for Atwater Kent Radio because of the design and quality of Pooley cabinet work and because of the tone qualities of the Pooley built-in floating horn. Both meet the standards we set and maintain for Atwater Kent Receivers and Speakers."

(Signed) A. ATWATER KENT

ONLY in a Pooley Cabinet can you get the built-in Pooley floating horn, with its pure and mellow tone. The Pooley horn is built expressly for use with Atwater Kent Receivers. With the celebrated Atwater Kent reproducing unit it produces *a volume, clarity and truth of tone surpassing anything radio science has yet developed.*

Only in a Pooley Cabinet can you get Atwater Kent Radio which is factory-installed, wired, and tested by expert workmen under the supervision of a staff of radio and acoustical engineers.

And Pooley Cabinets are beautiful. They will delight the wife or mother who keeps your home attractive. They house set and batteries and wires, concealing everything that ought not to show. Made like the finest furniture, they are both sturdy and ornamental.

That is Pooley. With its Atwater Kent Receiver, can you imagine anything more *satisfactory* to own?

Send for our complete new catalog illustrating and describing all the Pooley Radio Cabinets and Cabinet Speakers. It's yours for the asking.

THE POOLEY COMPANY

1660 Indiana Avenue Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Beware of imitations—look for the name "Pooley" before you buy

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. Canadian Pooley Radio Cabinets are manufactured by Malcolm and Hill, Ltd., Kitchener, Canada

(Continued from Page 98

been there very long and I couldn't tell yet whether I was going to make good. What's more, I didn't know whether I'd like the job. But he was all happied up about me liking the peach we met at the Carringtons'. She had more money than any of the others and her father was O.K. politically, so Carter said that marrying her was just like leasing a seat in Congress, because people around there liked me and everything would be jake. He was a great talker, Carter was. Whenever he got hold of me the atmosphere was all littered up with rainbows and butterflies.

"Finally I sent a flock of roses to the peach and called on her several times, and the first thing I knew we were married. It was a silk-hat affair in a big church too. It wouldn't have surprised me at all if she'd said 'No,' but women are funny; you'll find that out, if you don't already know it; they've got a weakness for weddings. The peach's father had some stray houses here and there, so she picked out one and had it painted; then we bought some furniture and started spraying the rosebushes and having the lawn mowed and the hedge clipped and sending out invitations to the Four Hundred.

"It wasn't such a bad life. But I'm a newspaperman; see? And that rag I owned gave me a headache. There wasn't anything except the same old junk to put in it. Never any news. Even the train wrecks all happened on the other side of the state. I used to wander up and down the street, then over to the club, and finally back to the hotel. Carter owned that too.

"Once we nearly had a story, but we muffed it. There was a front-page wedding scheduled and our la-di-dah dame had been ballyhooing it for about two weeks, so I told her that we'd yank it off her page and play it up with headlines when it finally came off. I left orders with one of the infants for the headlines. That afternoon I looked at the paper and, by jingoes, the wedding wasn't there; not even on the la-di-dah page. It wasn't anywhere. So I grabbed the telephone. Well, to make a long story short, the bridegroom didn't show up, so this la-di-dah dame had left out the story in order not to embarrass anybody. I'm not trying to spring an old gag on you; she knew it was news, all right, but she said everyone felt bad enough as it was, without adding to their grief by printing the story.

"'What do you know about that?' I said to Carter.

"'That's all right,' he said. 'That's what I'd have done. And anyway those people were thinking of putting up a candidate for Congress. Now they can't. They're under obligation to you. The last chance of your defeat is gone, so far as I can see. I'd raise the society editor's salary.'

"Think of that! And me a newspaperman! But there wasn't any use trying to explain anything to Carter. He's a nice fellow and a friend of mine, but he just hasn't got any sense. So I went on home, feeling pretty low. I was down, I tell you. Couldn't eat; couldn't sleep. That little Garden of Eden was getting on my nerves. Either I had to come out of the slump or give up. Things couldn't go on that way.

"So I sat down in the library late that night and had a good long talk with myself. 'Jack,' I said, 'what would put you on your feet again? Is there anything you can do here that will cure you? Or have you got to leave?' Finally I thought of something I could do: Get a front-page story. Go after it and go after it and go after it till I got it. I'd been loafing some, you see, and it wasn't good for me. So next day I started. When I got to the foot of Main Street, instead of stopping as I had always done before, I kept right on going. Pretty soon I came to a lot of houses that were new to me, but they must have been there a long time, because most of them were sort of ramshackle. All the people I saw were negroes. I went prowling around through this settlement looking for someone to talk to, and after a while I met a doctor. He was a colored man and had just stepped out of his buggy.

"I opened a confab with him, and after a while he said, 'Aren't you afraid of the smallpox?' 'Hell, yes, I'm afraid of smallpox,' I said. 'Who isn't?' 'Well, about one quarter of these people down here have got it,' he told me. 'How long has this been going on?' I asked him. And then I got my story. That epidemic had been raging for a year, but no official notice had been given it and there wasn't any quarantine. One lone doctor was fighting it single-handed. A lot of people, he said, didn't even bother to send for him. They just put grease on their skin to protect them from scars in case they got well. So I pumped him dry and then tore back to town with my fingers itching for the keyboard of a typewriter. Damn, but it felt good to have a story once more! And what a whale of a story this was! Think of the follow-ups on a thing like that! Investigations! Relief measures! Denials! Everything! I was going at a lope.

"In front of the bank I met Carter. 'Anything wrong?' he says. So I told him what I had. He practically owned the town and it seemed like I was running for Congress on his ticket, so I figured he'd want to do something about this right away. I told him to give me an interview to go with the story, and outlined what he'd better say. But he just laughed.

"'We can't print that, Jack,' he said. 'It would ruin me. I'd have an empty hotel on my hands before tomorrow noon. There wouldn't be enough business in this town for the next three months to pay our electric-light bills. You'd be about the first to go broke too. Better forget that one, Jack, and hunt up something better. Anyway, I'm the little fixer who put the official lid on this epidemic. Had to do it, Jack,' he says. 'There's always been a little smallpox down there and probably always will be. They don't like to be vaccinated down in the hollow. If we waited to get rid of all the smallpox before we started to build up this town, we'd never start.'

"'I'm a newspaperman; see?' I told him. 'So I print my story. Going broke doesn't bother me any. I'm used to it; been broke lots of times. So I'll print the story.'

"'Let me show you something first,' Carter says. So we went into the bank together, and he hauled out those documents we signed. Well, it turned out that until the mortgage was paid off he could foreclose any minute, provided he gave me back my equity in full. So he handed me my equity in full and in gold, as the document provided, meanwhile calling some judge by long distance so he could get an injunction without delay."

Jack pushed back his chair, summoned a waiter and ordered more coffee. Here, it seemed, the story was destined to end.

"Then what did you do?" Tom Hawley prodded.

"What could I do?" Jack demanded impatiently. "I went over to the station—they called it depot there—and sent some telegrams to New York. Just barely had time to write them before the train came. Back to Manhattan for me, and when I got here I had three jobs to pick from. I'm a newspaperman; see?"

"But your wife!" Hawley exclaimed.

"Now, sonny, what did I want with a wife?" Jack asked, obviously pained and astounded at the extent of Hawley's lack of comprehension.

"Didn't you ever see her again?" Tom asked.

"Of course not. She went with the Congress business and the rosebushes and the lawn and all the rest of that—no, I never saw her again. She got a divorce and I got a peach of an assignment on that murder mystery in Jersey City where I dug up all those —— But you two wouldn't remember. You were wearing rompers. I'm a newspaperman; see? And what a newspaperman wants is just three things: A place where there's news, a job getting the news, and a paper that'll print it."

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THE FINE POINT

(Continued from Page 7)

So she asked insistently: "What is it? Is there anything I can do?"

He felt so much in need of sharing his troubles with someone that he confessed to her the situation.

"Mrs. Pane hasn't come home," he said. "I'm worried about her. I don't know what to do."

"Hasn't come home?" Marian repeated. "You mean she's been out all evening?"

He was about to reply, when he heard her speaking to someone at the other end of the wire, and a moment later she said into the instrument, "Here's father. He heard me talking to you."

"I hope I didn't wake him up," Professor Pane protested, but he got no answer from her. She had apparently already abandoned the telephone to her father, for Professor Cammett asked quickly, "What's the matter, my friend?"

"I'm concerned about Jessica," Professor Pane told him. "She hasn't come home."

"Hasn't come home?" Professor Cammett repeated. "What do you mean?"

"She didn't come home last night," Professor Pane explained.

There was a moment's silence. Then, "You've had no word from her?" the other asked slowly.

"No, not a word. She dined with Mr. and Mrs. Horn, and I telephoned Mrs. Horn and she says Jessica left there about half-past ten in her car."

"She may have had an accident," Professor Cammett suggested. "Have you consulted the police?"

Professor Pane said in a quick tone full of dismay, "No, no! I wouldn't think of doing that. Jessica would never forgive me if I did that. I'm sure she's quite all right. She's an independent person, you know."

And Professor Cammett said dryly, "Yes, I know."

"In fact," Professor Pane confessed now, a little ashamed of his own fears, "I don't know why I called you up. I've been sitting here all evening worrying, I suppose; and I have before this found you a tower of strength."

Professor Cammett hesitated for a moment, then said soothingly, "Quite so. And I'm sure you are unnecessarily alarmed. You go to bed; have a good night's sleep. No doubt she will come in sometime later this evening. Perhaps she has tried to get you and found your telephone out of order. There's some perfectly natural explanation."

"Of course there is," Professor Pane agreed. "It's absurd for me to feel any concern." He managed a deprecatory laugh. "Jessica will never let me hear the last of it," he predicted.

"I shouldn't worry about her," Professor Cammett agreed. "She's able to take care of herself. She'll probably come in after the theater."

Professor Pane assented, "Yes, of course she will." There seemed no more to be said, so he hung up the receiver; but as soon as he had severed this connection with his friend his fears returned upon him. He moved restlessly about the living room, went into the library and tried to find a book sufficiently engrossing to absorb his attention, gave up that attempt, looked at his watch, thought of going to bed, and found inactivity more and more of a strain upon his self-control.

It was almost a relief to him when about fifteen minutes after his talk with Professor Cammett the doorbell rang. That could not, his common sense assured him, be Jessica herself. She would have used her latchkey. Nevertheless, it might be word of her, and he hurried to open the door.

He found Von Utrecht, the reporter, upon the stoop, and Von Utrecht, without waiting to be invited, stepped into the hall.

"Good evening, professor," he said. His pale eyes looked this way and that with a curious zeal.

"Why, good evening, Von Utrecht," the professor uncertainly replied.

The young man laid his hat upon the small table by the door and removed his coat.

"I happened to be with Marian when you called up," he explained. "She said you were worried about Mrs. Pane. I thought I might be able to help you."

"That's very kind of you," Professor Pane said doubtfully. "Very kind of you indeed. But I don't know what you can do."

"Marian said she dined out last night and didn't come home."

"Yes, yes, that is true," the harried man agreed.

"She was in her car?" Von Utrecht asked.

"Yes," Professor Pane assented; "yes."

"I telephoned the police here and in town," Von Utrecht told him. "It wasn't necessary to use your name. I just asked them if they had had any report of an accident in the last twenty-four hours in which an unidentified woman had been hurt. They had no such report." He added suggestively, "It's not possible that she came home and went out again, is it?"

"Either Jennie or myself would have seen her," Professor Pane told him.

"Have you looked in the garage?" Von Utrecht asked.

"No, I haven't," Professor Pane confessed. "It had not occurred to me to do so. Why should I have done so?"

"To see if the car is there," Von Utrecht explained. "Suppose we go out and look."

"That's absurd," Professor Pane told him. "If the car were there, she would be here."

"Let's look anyway," Von Utrecht urged. "It won't take a minute. Have you a key to the garage?"

"I imagine Mrs. Pane has the key with her," the professor replied.

"Well, we can look in the window," Von Utrecht insisted. "You needn't come out. I'll go along myself."

But Professor Pane followed the reporter out of doors. They went through the side door and along the path toward the rear of the house. The garage was a small brick structure large enough to accommodate two cars, and there were windows in the doors and also in the rear. These windows were of such a height that it was easy to look inside, and a glance disclosed to them the fact that the car was there. This discovery, so unexpected and so surprising, struck Professor Pane with such force that he found himself clutching at Von Utrecht's arm as though for support.

"But her car is there!" he cried in bewilderment. "That is her car! Where is she, Von Utrecht? What has happened to her?"

"We'll have a look at it," Von Utrecht told him. "You have no key?"

Professor Pane shook his head.

"No, no; I haven't."

Von Utrecht tried the large doors and found them locked. There was a smaller door at one side and this also was secured.

Professor Pane said helplessly, "What are you going to do?"

"I can break the glass," Von Utrecht suggested.

"Do so," Professor Pane said; "do so."

Von Utrecht nodded, seeking something with which to carry out his intention. Against the side of the garage a light hoe and rake and two or three other garden tools stood in a rack sheltered from the weather, and he took up the hoe and with its handle broke in one of the squares of glass, then gingerly inserted his arm and turned the spring lock inside. With Professor Pane crowding at his heels, he entered the garage.

A glance, even in the semidarkness, showed them that the car was empty, and when Von Utrecht tried the ignition switch he found that it also was locked. He struck a match and made a quick inspection of the steering wheel and of the seat.

"Look's all right," he said.

Professor Pane was stammering helplessly.

"What does it mean, Von Utrecht? Where is she? Something has happened to her."

Von Utrecht hesitated for a moment, then took the other's arm and said in a reassuring voice, "We'll go back in the house and talk it over."

Professor Pane submitted, as he would have submitted to any suggestion. He was in such consternation that his wits no longer functioned, and the young man's assurance and confidence made him seem to the professor a tower of strength. So they went back to the house again, Professor Pane babbling his fears.

"Something's happened," he repeated. "Something has happened to her. She came home in the car. She must have, but she didn't come into the house. I'd have known if she did. We ought to call the police, Von Utrecht."

The young man shook his head.

"I don't agree with you on that," he said. "Of course I don't know Mrs. Pane, but the chances are there will be some natural explanation of this. I imagine she'd resent your making too much of a fuss about it. Probably she has left some word for you—a note somewhere. Have you looked around?"

"No, I haven't looked for any note," Professor Pane confessed. "It never occurred to me."

"Suppose you have a look then," Von Utrecht suggested.

"By all means," the professor agreed; "by all means!" He added eagerly, "Mrs. Pane has, of course, many friends of whom I know nothing."

"Something may have come up," Von Utrecht suggested; "something she wanted to do, and she didn't have time to let you know."

Professor Pane caught at this straw.

"Of course!" he cried. "After all, it's absurd to suppose that anything could have happened to her."

"Of course it is," Von Utrecht agreed; "absurd. But if she did leave a note for you anywhere we ought to find it. Where would she be apt to leave it?"

"I've no idea," Professor Pane confessed.

They were by this time in the living room, and Von Utrecht crossed to the center table and looked through the little pile of magazines there and among the books on the rack. There was a desk against one wall and he opened this.

"Don't see anything here," he commented, while Professor Pane watched him helplessly. "How about the library?" And when here again they drew a blank he asked, "How about your room?"

"I will go up and see," Professor Pane suggested.

So they went upstairs to the room which he and Mrs. Pane occupied together. Von Utrecht here again failed to find that which he affected to seek, but he took the opportunity to look in the closet where Mrs. Pane's clothing hung and to ask the professor whether any garments were missing.

Professor Pane said honestly, "I am not familiar with Mrs. Pane's wardrobe."

Von Utrecht smiled a little at this confession.

"Does she have a personal maid?" he asked.

"No, no. We have no servant except Jennie Lake," the professor told him.

"Is she here?" Von Utrecht inquired.

"She's gone to bed hours ago."

"Well, we won't disturb her," Von Utrecht said in a matter-of-fact tone. "In fact I don't think we need to do anything tonight. I'm sure you're making a mountain out of a molehill, sir; but I can understand your concern." He hesitated for a

(Continued on Page 104)

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Post Toasties *Double-Thick* **Corn Flakes** ***stay crisp in milk or cream***

Continued from Page 102

moment, then added, "I'll call you up in the morning. If she hasn't turned up, I can probably help you through the paper."

"Oh, I shouldn't want anything to get into the newspaper!" Professor Pane cried in a tone of consternation.

Von Utrecht unsmilingly nodded.

"I know. That's the way I expected you to feel. But I think you'll agree by and by, if she doesn't turn up, that the newspapers may be able to help you. Most people don't understand these things; but that happens to be my business, you see, sir, and I have a pretty good idea of just how much newspaper publicity can accomplish."

Professor Pane shook his head desperately.

"No, no, I should never consent to that!" he protested. "Anything would be better than that. I have—I say this apologetically, sir—but I have a horror of your profession. I—well, I need say no more than that. I have a horror of it."

Von Utrecht's smile was not wholly sympathetic, but his tone was conciliatory.

"All right," he agreed, "we won't argue that point. I'll telephone you in the morning."

Professor Pane had a sudden desperate desire to cling to Von Utrecht. It was on the tip of his tongue to suggest that the young man stay the night in the house, but he remembered that even now Jessica might return and that if she found the reporter here, her anger and her scorn would be overpowering.

So he merely said, "Do! Do! I shall be glad to hear from you." And he added humbly, "I appreciate your kindness very much."

Von Utrecht did not smile.

"Not at all, sir," he protested; "not at all." And said good night and took himself away.

He was very well pleased with himself. He had played to perfection, he thought, the rôle of a helpful and disinterested friend.

III

VON UTRECHT was as good as his word. He did telephone Professor Pane on Sunday morning, and felt a grim satisfaction when the professor, who had slept little or none at all, confessed in a tone of piteous terror that Mrs. Pane had not come home.

The reporter said reassuringly, "All right, sir; suppose I come out and see you right away."

Professor Pane eagerly agreed; but before Von Utrecht started, he called Marian and told her what the situation was.

"And I thought," he said solicitously, "that you and Professor Cammett might be willing to take Professor Pane off my hands today."

"It's fine of you," she said, "to take so much trouble for him."

"Not a bit of it," he assured her. "I'm sorry for the old fellow. From what you've told me, I understand that Mrs. Pane has always led him quite a dance. But this is pretty tough on him. I'd like to help him out. Can't you invite him to dinner?"

"I will," she agreed. "Father will be glad to have him here. They can play chess or something to occupy his mind."

"You'd better wait," he suggested shrewdly. "I'm going out to his house now. Don't call him up until you think I'm there, then I can make sure he accepts. I want to talk to Jennie Lake. The chances are that she knows something if I can get it out of her."

Marian agreed to do as he suggested, and Von Utrecht, an hour later, was able without too much effort to persuade Professor Pane to accept her invitation

"Go ahead," he advised; "I'll be seeing what I can find out, and I'll get in touch with you this afternoon. You stay there till you hear from me." He was a persuasive young man and he had the advantage of knowing exactly what he wanted. "Before you go," he added, "tell your maid I'm working for you. Don't tell her I'm a reporter. In this I'm just trying to help you out, and if you said I was a reporter it might scare her."

Professor Pane nodded wisely.

"Quite so," he agreed. "I will speak to her." He told Jennie simply that Von Utrecht was one of his former students. "He wants you to help him," he explained.

"I don't know as I can do anything," Jennie said doubtfully.

"I thought," Von Utrecht told her, "that you might be willing to look through Mrs. Pane's clothes and see if there's anything missing. You must know what she has."

"I can do that," Jennie agreed. "She was always one to leave her things around and I guess I know what she's got as well as she does. I'll go up and look in her closets."

Von Utrecht nodded.

"That's fine!" he agreed. "I'll be using the telephone. You come down and tell me by and by."

"Help him all you can, Jennie," Professor Pane urged.

Jennie said, with a doubtful glance at the young man, "If it was me, sir, I'd let the police know about this."

"That would mean unpleasant publicity," Von Utrecht explained. "Professor Pane doesn't want that. I hope you and I can get along without it."

When he had seen the other man safely out of the house, Von Utrecht waited patiently enough for Jennie to come back downstairs. He had acquired a good working knowledge of human nature, and he knew quite well that his first task would be to overcome Jennie's instinctive caution and distrust. He was not at all sure that she could tell him anything, but he wished her to be in a mood to tell him anything she knew.

So instead of antagonizing her by going upstairs to her mistress' room, he waited in the library until she came down to him; and when he heard her coming he lifted the telephone and with his finger on the hook carried on an imaginary conversation for her benefit.

Jennie from the stairs only heard him say, "Fine! That's the stuff, Jim! And if you hear anything, keep it to yourself and let me know—an accident or anything of the kind." And after a moment's pause, "Good! All right. Good-by."

When Jennie came in, he was just returning the receiver to the hook, and he said in an explanatory voice, "Talking to a friend of mine, a doctor at one of the hospitals. Just in case Mrs. Pane has been hurt in an accident somewhere. Did you find anything gone?"

"There's nothing gone," Jennie told him positively; "nothing but the clothes she had on"

Von Utrecht took a notebook from his pocket and a pencil and made a note of this fact in a fashion which he calculated would impress Jennie.

"Now," he continued, his pencil poised, "what did she have on?"

"A dinner dress," Jennie told him, "and an evening cloak, a long blue velvet with some fur around the collar—a soft kind of fur."

"Chinchilla?" he suggested.

"I was just trying to think of that name," Jennie agreed.

"Can you tell me about the gown she wore?" he persisted, and Jennie described it to him and he noted down her description. "Now, Jennie," he said, when this was done, "I hope you understand that I'm acting as Professor Pane's friend. I've known him for a good many years, and I'm going to tell you just what I do know about him and Mrs. Pane. You don't need to say anything. We don't want to discuss Professor Pane's affairs any more than we have to, but I know, as all his friends know, that he's a fine old fellow."

"He's a mighty quiet, gentle, nice man," she agreed. "As fine a man as you'll ever see."

He nodded.

"Exactly. And Mrs. Pane was a very attractive woman," he continued. Jennie sniffed in scornful dissent. "Oh, I know," he assured her, "she didn't understand him; but she meant to make him happy."

Jennie was by this, as he had hoped, provoked to speech.

"Whatever she meant," she said angrily, "she treated him like time, and folks that knew them would tell you the same."

"I don't believe she meant any hurt," Von Utrecht argued. "I knew her slightly. She was really a very kindly person."

"She had a tongue in her head," Jennie retorted, "and she used it more than there was any need to, and him never one to talk back to her."

"I can't imagine Professor Pane talking back to her," Von Utrecht agreed.

"It was a pity he didn't shut her up," Jennie insisted stoutly. "Many's the time I've looked for him to, and a good thing if he had. I've looked for him to get good and mad, but he never did. I've looked for him to throw something at her; but he was always just the same, always gentle, fetching books and flowers like he was courting her, and her chasing off with other folks half the time, leaving him alone here."

"Well," Von Utrecht reminded her argumentatively, "she had her own friends."

"That's all right," Jennie reminded him. "She didn't have to treat him the way she did. He did everything for her a man could do. He was as nice a man as you would meet anywhere, but it was mighty little she ever did for him."

"I expect," Von Utrecht agreed, "she would have liked it better if he had fought back a little. Probably he provoked her."

"She was a bad-tempered one," Jennie insisted.

"Well," Von Utrecht argued, "even a gentle man gets mad sometimes. I expect they had some hot rows that you never knew about."

Jennie sniffed derisively.

"There wasn't much went on in this house that I didn't know about," she retorted.

Von Utrecht nodded.

"I expect that's so," he assented; and after a moment he added, with a change of tone, "Now, Jennie, what time did you get home Friday night?"

"I was out late," she confessed. "I didn't get in until after midnight. Mrs. Pane gave me the evening out."

"Was the house dark when you got home?" he inquired.

"There was a light in their room," Jennie told him, "but I didn't think anything about that. Professor Pane used to stay up till all hours, reading."

"Go right to bed, did you?" the reporter asked her.

"Yes, I did," she replied.

"Did you sleep all night?" he asked.

"I woke up along towards three o'clock," she confessed; "it was so hot in my room."

"Hot?"

She nodded.

"Yes. I'm up on the third floor in the ell over the kitchen, and I opened one of my windows a little bit; but I hadn't turned off the radiator, and when it got so hot it waked me, the radiator was fairly boiling, and I had to turn it off and open all the windows."

"How did the radiator happen to be so hot at that time of night?" he asked. "Wasn't the fire banked?"

"I don't take care of the fire," she protested.

"Who does?" Von Utrecht inquired.

"There's a young fellow from the medical school comes in," she explained. "He looks after it night and morning, and sometimes during the day. But I thought it was just that the wind had changed and made the furnace burn up the way it does sometimes. I've seen the fire all out by morning. But it's not my job to take care of it."

"There must have been a hot fire then in the middle of the night," Von Utrecht suggested indifferently, as though the matter were of small consequence.

"That wasn't my business," Jennie repeated defensively.

"What's the name of this chap who takes care of the furnace?" he inquired.

"His name's Rank," she said.

"Where does he live?"

"I don't know," Jennie told him.

"Was the fire out in the morning?"

"I didn't notice," Jennie confessed. "I was wondering about Mrs. Pane and I didn't pay any attention."

Von Utrecht nodded, dismissing the matter. He made a mental note to see Rank and ask him about the fire, but he avoided letting Jennie guess that he attached any importance to what she had said.

"Do you take care of the bedrooms?" he asked.

"Yes," she agreed. "I always set the house to rights after breakfast."

"Did you clean up the professor's room that morning?"

"Yes, while he was at his classes."

"Everything as usual there?"

"Yes," she agreed.

"Is the professor a neat man?" Von Utrecht asked suggestively. "Does he keep things in pretty good order?"

She smiled faintly.

"He tries to be," she confessed. "He means to be, but you know the way a man is. What they think is clean looks pretty dirty to a woman sometimes."

"Anything of that kind Saturday morning?" he suggested.

"Oh, the usual," she said. "The top part of his pajamas hung up in the closet and the pants of them down behind the bathtub like he had forgotten them, and the bathtub dirty."

"Dirty?" he prompted.

"Well, it looked like he had tried to clean it," she conceded. "And there was pieces of newspaper caught in the hole where the water runs out."

"What would a newspaper be doing in the bathtub?" Von Utrecht asked indifferently.

"You never know what a man will put into a bathtub."

"Was Mrs. Pane any more orderly than the professor?" Von Utrecht inquired. "I suppose she usually cleaned up after him."

"She was near as bad as him," Jennie told him impatiently; "always leaving her things around."

"I suppose Professor Pane used the bathtub Saturday morning," he suggested.

"He usually took a bath at night," she replied.

Von Utrecht nodded.

"Then you didn't notice anything in particular while you were cleaning up their room?"

"Not a thing," she said positively. "Only what was always the way every morning."

"Anything anywhere in the house? There must be other bedrooms."

"They're all shut up," she said. "They're not used any. They never have folks staying here."

He asked curiously, "Have you looked through the house since Saturday morning? There's no chance Mrs. Pane might have come home and gone to bed in some other room and perhaps have been taken sick?"

Jennie said, in a tone expressive of pity for such a thoroughly masculine supposition, "I guess if there was anybody else in the house I'd 'a' known it."

"I suppose you would," Von Utrecht agreed, smiling a little. "I don't know much about such things."

"I can see that," she said good-humoredly, pleased at his humiliation.

"How have you got along," he asked, "since Saturday morning? Didn't Mrs. Pane have to order food and so forth?"

"I do that about half the time," she replied. "She was as like as not to go away and forget."

"Not much of a housekeeper, eh?"

"Not to hurt," she said scornfully. "I have to look after the ordering and the linen and their clothes and the laundry and everything."

Von Utrecht was groping in the dark; but like a lawyer cross-examining a witness he tried this avenue and that, blindly striving to find something which would suggest

(Continued on Page 109)

SPECIAL SCHOOL-DAY OFFERING

Triple-knee stockings for sturdy youngsters —at unusually low prices

You want children's stockings that will stand the wear of rough and tumble play and retain their dressy appearance through many launderings. You want them, too, at economical prices.

Allen-A dealers are offering this week these two great hosiery values:

FOR BOYS

Full length ribbed

No. 415, three pair $1.00. Heavy weight for long wear. Elastic for comfort and easy to pull on. Black that stays black after washing. Triple Knees!

Boys like the colors and patterns in Allen-A fancy golf hose. Wool or cotton.

Allen A

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Hosiery
For Men, Women and Children
Underwear
For Men and Boys Only
© A. A. Co.

FOR GIRLS

Full length medium weight

No. 28, four pair $1.00. Fine weave for style. Reinforced for extra wear. Blacks that won't fade and attractive light shades to match shoes or dresses.

Ask to see Allen-A fancy hose in every length and material. Popular variety of colors and patterns.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

The Master

Never Out of Order

"My Electrol has not been out of order a single time since the date of installation, and has given perfect satisfaction in every respect."—L. B. W.

Come Home Late to Warm House

"The coming home late at night on such occasions as we might be out, coming into a house with a temperature of approximately seventy degrees, as compared with the usual cold house or apartment where the fires are banked early for the evening, alone makes Electrol worth while."
F. R. T.

First Winter Without a Cold

"I have been able to keep my home at whatever degree I want it either day or night. It is the first winter I have gone through without having a cold."—W. L. M.

Never Has Had to Call for Service

"I am very glad to state that we have never been compelled to call upon you for any services whatever in connection with our Electrol. It has given entire satisfaction in every respect since it was installed and adjusted."—H. A. B.

Can Now Wash in Bad Weather

"The comfortable, even temperature of my home, the big open space in the basement where once the coal bin used to reign, the greater amount of light and room to hang wash in bad weather—all this argues well for the Electrol."—F. A. R.

What Electrol has done for them, it can do for you. Our files are packed with testimonials like these from satisfied Electrol users. We will gladly furnish names and addresses to anyone interested.

Opportunity for a few reliable dealers!

In almost every section of the country there are Electrol Dealers, most of whom have been with us for many years. They are enjoying a steady, fast-growing business—the natural result of handling a modern oil burner, one that requires a minimum of [illegible] receives a maximum of factory co-operation in advertising and selling. But there are a few territories open. Yours may be one. It presents an opportunity that is unusual, that the next few months will prove golden. Just write us for information on the Electrol Dealer Plan.

ELECTROL

Furnace Man always at your boiler door

MUSCLES of steel, blood of oil, nerves of wire—modern god of heat—that is Electrol, the Quiet, All-Electric Oil Burner. Never sleeping, never faltering, reliable all the time—now giving you more heat, now cutting it down—ever on the alert to keep your home at the steady, even temperature that gives perfect comfort. Ridding you of the burden of coal and ashes, making your basement a livable room. Modern, automatic, electric-oil—a super furnace man, always on watch at your boiler door!

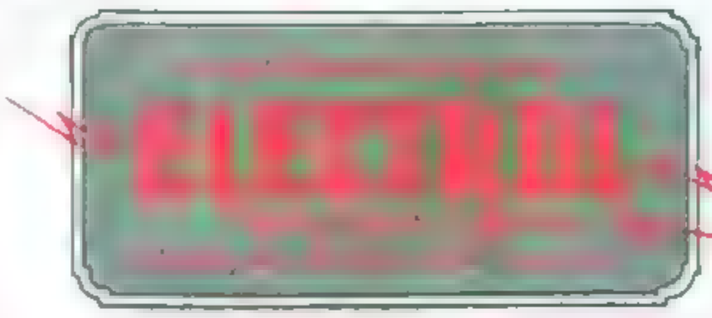
The Brains of Oil-Burner Pioneers

Into Electrol have been breathed the brains of the foremost pioneers in oil combustion, men whose names are indelibly written in the patent offices of the world. Since the very beginning of oil burners, they have been giving their efforts to the development of Electrol, the second domestic oil burner to appear.

It is through their inventive genius that Electrol has been made the modernized oil burner. For they developed from the beginning, and hold the basic patents on, the greatest advance in domestic oil heaters since the early oil field days, when hand and gas ignitions were used with only very crude mechanical control devices. Only electricity is used in connection with Electrol. And Electrol Engineers have developed a Master Control that is actuated by this most dependable force in any automatic operation.

The Master Control

An automatic, electric control—built in as an integral part of Electrol—like some master guiding hand, continually supervises the operation of Electrol. Always it watches the condition of the oil in your tank and its proper flow, the arrangement and functioning of the wiring, and the correct burning of the oil. If any slight readjustment should ever be required, the Master Control will shut off the burner automatically.



A Necessity to a Modern Burner

But the Master Control gains even more than reliable performance, for this dependable electric control has made it possible to remove all parts from inside the boiler door, which were required by the old method of purely mechanical control. Through this feature of the Master Control, it has been possible to develop the following advantages in Electrol:

Quiet Operation

Because there are no pipes to convey the flame, itself, inside the boiler door, the fire is unconfined and does not roar. Also, in Electrol, it is possible to use a much lower air pressure, and the number of moving parts is reduced.

A Longer Life

The wonderful heat that it is possible to produce with oil will quickly burn out parts within the furnace. Because these parts have been removed, Electrol lasts practically indefinitely without replacements.

Burns Cheaper Fuels

Since the parts inside the furnace door have been eliminated from Electrol, the oil has more space for combustion and may, therefore, be heavier and cheaper. Electrol burns the cheapest possible oils that conform with the requirements for maximum combustion efficiency and fuel economy.

Fully Developed for Simplicity

There are other refinements and outstanding developments that give Electrol its great efficiency. Electrol Engineers pioneered in Automatic Electric Ignition and so developed the method of Mechanical Fuel Atomization, used for U. S. Navy battleships, that it is possible to obtain the highest degree of combustion efficiency.

Every part of Electrol, and every principle of its operation, has been designed for simplicity. It is an oil burner you can install in your basement and forget. For there are no adjustments to be made, no day-by-day cleaning to do, no complicated machinery to watch.

For Any Type of Heating Plant

Electrol is adapted to and can be installed in any type of heating plant—hot-water, hot-air, steam, vapor or any other kind of heater for the home or business house. If your present heating plant is adequate, you may depend on Electrol to make it heat continually at a steady, even temperature.

Every Electrol Dealer an Expert

Factory-trained heating engineers are on the staffs of every Electrol Dealer. They have been trained in the science of oil combustion—they know where oil heat can demonstrate its great powers of comfort and automatic heat control, and where it may not. Electrol Dealers have a reputation for thousands of successes to uphold, and if one installs Electrol in your home, you know it will be heated satisfactorily!

Easy Budget Payments

Electrol is sold on the modern plan of easy payments. You pay for it as you would pay the salary of a furnace man, and the initial payment is low. So there is no reason to hesitate. Just call in the Electrol Dealer near you now, or if you cannot easily locate him, mail the coupon and we will have a representative call to make an expert survey of your heating plant.

ELECTROL INCORPORATED
OF MISSOURI
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

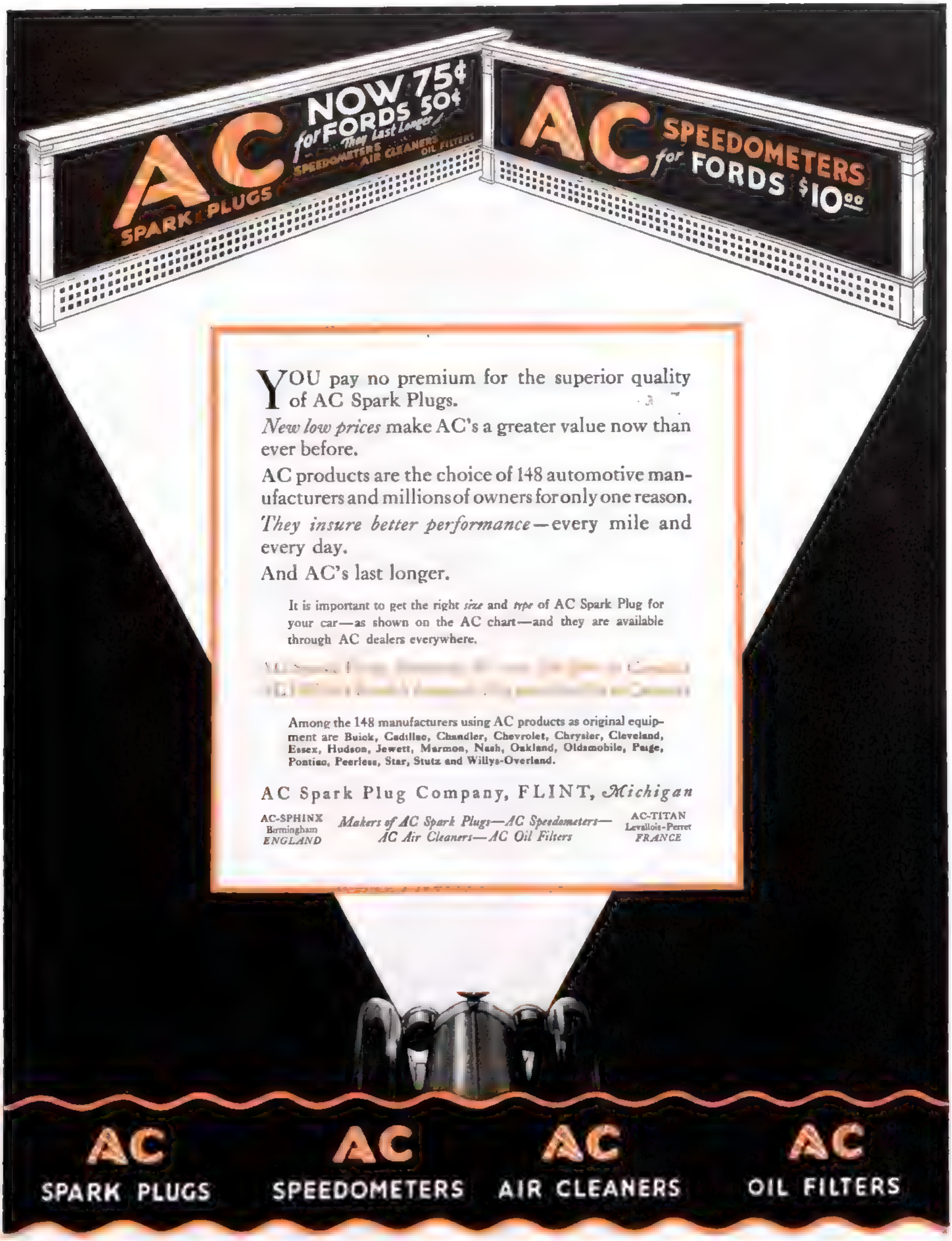
Electrol Incorporated of Mo., Dept. S-9
St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

Please have an Electrol Expert call to advise me on my heating problem. I understand that he will make an expert survey and give me conscientious advice about the use of oil heat in my home, without obligation.

Name

Name

QUIET - ALL ELECTRIC OIL BURNER


AC
SPARK PLUGS
NOW 75¢
for FORDS 50¢
They Last Longer
SPEEDOMETERS
AIR CLEANERS
OIL FILTERS
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SPEEDOMETERS
for FORDS
$10.00
YOU pay no premium for the superior quality of AC Spark Plugs.
New low prices make AC's a greater value now than ever before.
AC products are the choice of 148 automotive manufacturers and millions of owners for only one reason.
They insure better performance—every mile and every day.
And AC's last longer.
It is important to get the right size and type of AC Spark Plug for your car—as shown on the AC chart—and they are available through AC dealers everywhere.
Among the 148 manufacturers using AC products as original equipment are Buick, Cadillac, Chandler, Chevrolet, Chrysler, Cleveland, Essex, Hudson, Jewett, Marmon, Nash, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Paige, Pontiac, Peerless, Star, Stutz and Willys-Overland.
AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, Michigan
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AC Air Cleaners—AC Oil Filters
AC-TITAN
Levallois-Perret
FRANCE
AC
SPARK PLUGS
AC
SPEEDOMETERS
AC
AIR CLEANERS
AC
OIL FILTERS

(Continued from Page 104)

a further line of investigation. It was also a part of his procedure to try to make his questions seem to arise out of Jennie's own disclosures, so he said now, "The laundry goes out tomorrow?"

"The flat things," she agreed. "I do the bulk of it myself."

"What do you mean by the flat things?" he asked.

"Towels and sheets and such."

"Nothing of that kind missing, is there?" he inquired.

"Why would there be?" she challenged. "You don't think Mrs. Pane came home here and packed up four or five sheets in a suitcase and went off with them instead of her clothes, do you?"

"Is her suitcase gone?" he countered.

"No, it ain't gone," she told him in an irritated tone.

"Well, she might have packed something up in a sheet or wrapped it up in a towel." He added apologetically, "You see, Mrs. Pane's car is out in the garage. You know that?"

"Professor Pane said so this morning," she agreed.

"So," he continued, "it looks as though she did come home and then go away again. Let's go up and see if any of the sheets are missing."

"She'd look foolish carrying a bundle done up in a sheet."

"Well," he protested, "the whole thing looks foolish for a woman just to disappear this way without any explanation at all."

"It's just her own meanness," she suggested. "She's just doing it to devil him."

Von Utrecht smiled.

"That's what you think?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, let's go up and see if she took a sheet along with her," he insisted, and in the end, in spite of Jennie's reluctance, he persuaded her to do this.

The result of their investigation was a discovery which awoke in the young man a train of sensational conjectures. They found that three bath towels were missing. A count of the contents of the linen closet, an inspection of the towel racks in the various bathrooms, and a search that covered the entire house failed to disclose them. This seemed to Jennie an astonishing thing, a circumstance even more disturbing than the absence of Mrs. Pane herself. But Von Utrecht, concealing his own interest, pretended to make little of the matter.

"They've probably been lost in the wash," he suggested. "You can't be sure."

"I guess I know how many bath towels there are in the house," Jennie told him insistently. "That's my business to know."

"Well, there can't be any possible reason for Mrs. Pane running off with three bath towels," he reminded her.

"You can think what you like," she said stubbornly, "but I tell you I know what I am talking about."

He laughed.

"Well, if she took bath towels," he remarked, "she might have taken anything. Have you counted the things in the china closet?"

Jennie was beginning to respect this young man, even though he appeared to be in some matters singularly obtuse. That his questions should have led to the discovery that three towels were missing seemed to her extraordinary. That though he made this discovery, he should have found it of no importance, should even doubt the accuracy of her own impression, seemed to her to convict him of a typical masculine stupidity. But she was sufficiently impressed to go with him into the china closet now and inspect the shelves.

They came thus to the discovery of a further circumstance. While she was tallying the number of dishes and plates upon the shelves, Von Utrecht opened the drawers in the lower part of the china closet, examining the silverware and cutlery stored there. There were two tiers of drawers. In those on the left he found everything in order—spoons, knives and forks in even rows, laid precisely side to side. But when he came to the right-hand tier, in the uppermost drawer where the serving spoons and the carving set were kept, he saw the carving knife lying in what was obviously not its appointed place, but all askew and at an angle with the other things there. Without touching it, he bent to examine what seemed to be a rust spot on the blade. Jennie's attention was caught by this movement on his part, and she came to his side and herself picked up the knife.

He said smilingly, "You didn't wipe that dry when you put it away."

"I did so," she told him indignantly.

"There's rust on it," he pointed out, and her own eyes confirmed this.

"Somebody's had it," she said, "since I put it away."

He laughed a little incredulously.

"That's not very probable," he reminded her. "When did you see it last?"

"Friday night," she explained; "he carved the roast with it."

He nodded. "I expect you were in a hurry to get out that evening. You weren't as careful as you usually were."

"I guess I know where my knives and things are," she told him stoutly. "You can talk as much as you're a mind to, but someone had that knife after I put it there."

He chuckled.

"Well," he said, "I didn't set out to criticize your housekeeping, Jennie. I hoped we might run across something to help in this matter of Mrs. Pane, but there is certainly no reason in the world why she should come downstairs and wet the blade of the carving knife and then go out with three towels in a bundle under her arm."

"There's something mighty funny about this knife," Jennie persisted, holding the blade in her hand.

"Let me see it," Von Utrecht said, and took it from her fingers and examined it; and after a moment he asked, "Haven't you knives in the kitchen too?"

"Yes, I have."

"Let's have a look at them," he suggested and as she turned toward the kitchen door and disappeared, the young man stepped quickly back into the dining room and thrust the carving knife between the buffet and the wall, in such a position that it was hidden from any except a careful search. He was in the kitchen almost upon Jennie's heels, and he insisted upon her taking out all the kitchen ware from the drawers and from the kitchen pantry and examining every piece to determine whether anything was missing, whether anything had been used. He kept Jennie occupied at this for perhaps half an hour, and the business of putting everything away again took almost as long. He continued to bombard her with questions. Thus he asked about such details as whether the stove burned coal or wood, and whether she had to carry the coal from the cellar; and he took her down cellar and made her show him the bins where the coal for the furnace and for the kitchen stove was kept. He asked her about the furnace, but she showed such a complete indifference to this topic that he shifted his questions to matters more within her province. His whole purpose at this moment was to make her forget the carving knife. Thus his questions, otherwise pointless, covered everything in the cellar; and it was this which led him to note a five-gallon can of the sort used to contain oil or gasoline which stood near one of the coal bins.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Kerosene," she told him.

"Kerosene?" he repeated with a smile. "Haven't you electric lights?"

"Professor Pane likes an oil lamp to read by in the library," she explained; and she added in a softer tone, "It's a nuisance taking care of it, but a man has to have his own way about those things. He has his own way little enough, goodness knows."

Von Utrecht lifted the can.

"It's empty," he said.

"It was filled Thursday morning," she protested, "and all I've taken out of it was enough to fill the little can in the kitchen."

(Continued on Page 111)

1876 — GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY — 1926

Candy—The Universal Gift—
Appropriate and appreciated always.
—BUNTE BROTHERS.

For the Children's Summer Sweet Tooth

SATISFY the children's summer candy craving with these *thin . . . crispy . . . sugar shells "Stuft" . . . with pure . . . luscious fruit-jams . . . nuts and marmalades! . . .* The sugar shells, thin as paper, are "Stuft" to overflowing with home-made fruit-jams, pure as those you would make—food for body and mind. Give the children all they want.

A pound of Diana "Stuft" Confections contains 160 pieces—21 varieties. Goes four times as far as any other good candy. Keep them on hand for every summer-time occasion.

Packed in air-tight packages—they last indefinitely. 2½ oz. jars, 20c; 4 oz., 30c; 9 oz., 50c; 16 oz., 75c—or in 2, 3, and 5 lb. air-tight decorated tins. At all shops where good candies are sold. Pacific Coast prices slightly higher.

Look for the name—"Bunte"—for 50 years it has been your assurance of absolute purity. Demand the genuine. Choose always from the 1200 Bunte Candies.

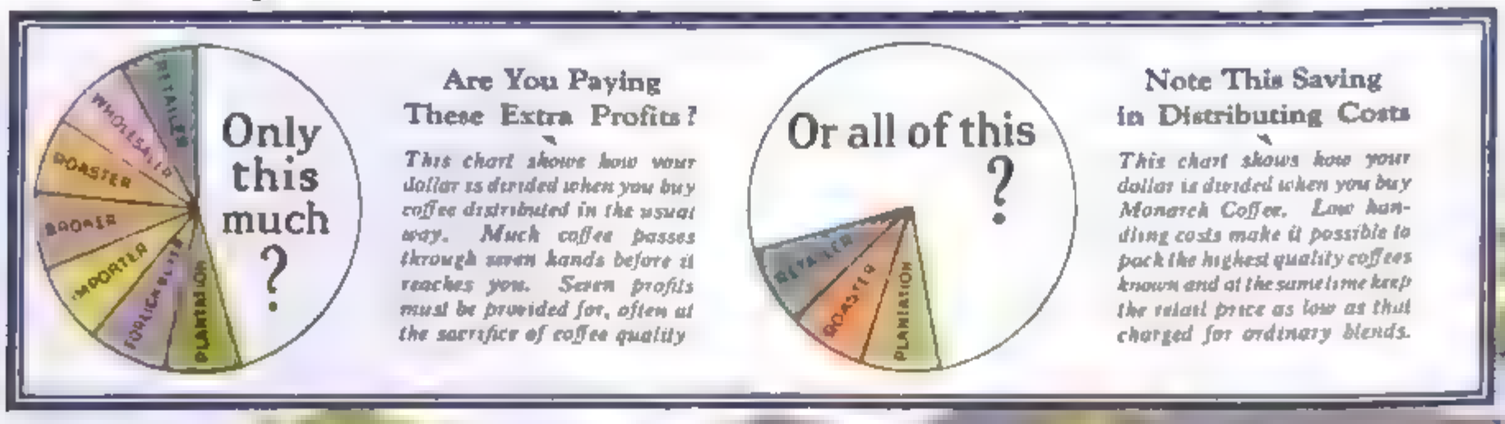
BUNTE BROTHERS : CHICAGO

A suggestion—try Happy Home Mixture, too—The Bunte Candy with hard and "Stuft" centers

Bunte
WORLD FAMOUS CANDIES

DIANA "Stuft"
— Confections —

How much of your coffee dollar buys QUALITY?


Only this much ?
RETAILER
WHOLESALER
ROASTER
BROKER
IMPORTER
FOREIGN BUYER
PLANTATION
Are You Paying These Extra Profits?
This chart shows how your dollar is divided when you buy coffee distributed in the usual way. Much coffee passes through seven hands before it reaches you. Seven profits must be provided for, often at the sacrifice of coffee quality
Or all of this ?
RETAILER
ROASTER
PLANTATION
Note This Saving in Distributing Costs
This chart shows how your dollar is divided when you buy Monarch Coffee. Low handling costs make it possible to pack the highest quality coffees known and at the same time keep the retail price as low as that charged for ordinary blends.

How we improve coffee quality . . . without adding a penny to the cost

A BETTER method of handling coffee is rapidly changing coffee buying habits in America. This method eliminates four profits between the plantation and your table. Choice coffees, once almost prohibitive in price because of costly distributing methods, are now available for everyday consumption. So important are the savings, in fact, that the highest quality coffees grown now cost the consumer no more than ordinary kinds.

How Handling Costs Are Cut

It requires no knowledge of coffee or of coffee merchandising to see why Monarch is such an unusual coffee value. Part of every dollar you spend for coffee pays for handling costs. If these handling costs are high, coffee quality must be sacrificed to keep the retail price within reason. If the handling costs are low, coffee quality can be improved without increasing prices to the consumer. That's simple arithmetic.

Note, on the chart above, how the cost of handling Monarch Coffee compares with the usual coffee handling costs. Much coffee passes through seven hands before it reaches you. Seven profits are added to the original cost. Monarch Coffee passes through only three hands. More than 50% of the distributing chain is eliminated. Four profits are saved. That's why it is possible to pack in each Monarch carton a blend of the choicest coffees grown without increasing the price to the consumer.

Better Quality Increases Sales

These are facts known to every man in the coffee business. And they are facts that are rapidly becoming more generally known to the coffee buying public. This accounts to some extent for the remarkable growth of Monarch Coffee sales throughout the United States during the past few months. Our book, "Coffee Blossoms," sent free on request, tells the whole story. Write for it.

When you drink Monarch for the first time you will probably wonder how a coffee of such superb quality can be sold at so low a price.

COFFEE
Direct from the Plantation

The Monarch method of distributing brings you the world's finest coffees at a price no greater than you now pay for ordinary kinds.

The answer is economical distribution. In other words, when you buy Monarch, your coffee dollar pays for *coffee quality* and not for *coffee handling*. In fairness to yourself we ask that you give this famous blend a trial. If your grocer doesn't carry Monarch Coffee, write for the name of a Monarch Merchant near you.

REID, MURDOCH & CO.
Established 1853
Chicago · Boston · Pittsburgh · New York

Some of the 1001 Monarch Quality Food Products

Coffee	Sweet Relish	Sliced Pineapple	Teenie Weenie
Tea	Chili Sauce	Salad Mustard	Sweet Gherkins
Cocoa	Wax Beans	Peanut Butter	Sweet Mixed Pickles
Spinach	Sweet Peas	Apple Butter	Mayonnaise Dressing
Catsup	Lima Beans	Mincemeat	Thousand Island Dressing
Olive Oil	Asparagus	Pork and Beans	Yankee Beans with Pork
Tomatoes	Beets	Green Beans	Golden Bantam Corn
Succotash	Sauer Kraut	Sweet Potatoes	Sweet Crosby Corn
Pears	Strawberries	Sliced Peaches	Extra Small Peas
Apricots	Blackberries	Vegetable Soup	Canned Spaghetti
Sardines	Raspberries	Clam Chowder	Early June Peas
Salmon	Cherries	Loganberries	Red Kidney Beans
Tuna Fish	Fruit Salad	Pineapple Figs	Grape Fruit Hearts
Shrimp	Blueberries	Preserved Figs	Yellow Cling Peaches
Spaghetti	Pimientos	Tomato Soup	Orange Marmalade
Pumpkin	Grape Juice	Food of Wheat	Prepared Mustard

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MONARCH COFFEE
Quality *for* 70 Years

OUR MONARCH COFFEE comes to you in sanitary, air-tight 1 and 3 pound containers under 4 seals. It is never sold in bulk

Monarch is the only nationally advertised brand of food products sold exclusively through the men who own and operate their own stores.

(Continued from Page 109

"It's empty now," he insisted, and held it toward her.

She took it from his hand and lifted it doubtfully, and as though unable to believe her senses, shook it to and fro.

"It was filled Thursday morning," she repeated, "that's sure!"

Von Utrecht laughed.

"As far as I can see, then," he said suavely, "Mrs. Pane came home Friday night and took three towels and soaked them in kerosene and walked out of the house in an evening gown and never came back again. I don't think we're getting very far, do you?"

She said in some perplexity, "There's something going on here that I don't know about."

"I wish you could tell me more about this furnace," he remarked. "That's one thing that I'd like to know, how the fire happened to be so hot Friday night. Maybe Mrs. Pane soaked these towels in kerosene and threw them on the fire."

"But what would she do that for? She never did come down cellar," Jennie told him.

Von Utrecht chuckled.

"I didn't mean that literally," he explained. He turned back to inspect the furnace; glanced toward the ash barrels at one side. Something in the ashes there caught his eye and he remained for a moment fixed and still. "Who is it takes care of this fire?" he asked in a restrained voice. "Rank, did you say?"

She nodded.

"Yes, that's his name."

"I think I'll go see Rank," he said. "I'll come back by and by. You might be looking around for those towels. They must be somewhere."

"We'd have found them if they'd been anywhere in the house," she retorted; and she added the question he had been expecting—"Where did you leave the carving knife? I've got that to clean."

"I left it on the pantry shelf," he told her; and as she started toward the stairs he added hurriedly, "I'm going out by the bulkhead. I want to take a look around the garage, and then I'm going to see Rank. If anybody calls up, tell them I'll be back here by one o'clock, or maybe two."

She nodded abstractedly, her mind absorbed; and the young man went up the bulkhead stairs and out of doors. But he did not pursue his announced intention of inspecting the garage again. His immediate concern was to get away before Jennie could descend upon him with further questions about the carving knife. That could stay where it was till he returned; till he could get it out of the house and submit the stain upon the blade to an expert eye.

So he went at once to locate Rank. He was able through the college office to do this without much difficulty, and he found the medical student in his room. He recognized in Rank one of those young men habitually apologetic, who seem to feel their very existence is, if not a crime, at least a blunder, and who give the impression that they regret this blunder as much as any man.

Von Utrecht, when the other opened his door, looked at him for a moment appraisingly and then said in a crisp tone, "Your name is Rank?"

"Yes, sir," Rank replied uncertainly.

Von Utrecht knew that victory is often secured by the very speed of the attack.

"You take care of Professor Pane's furnace?" he said challengingly.

"Why, yes, yes," Rank confessed.

"You let the fire go out last Friday night," Von Utrecht accused.

"No, I didn't," Rank protested. "The fire didn't go out. There was a fire there in the morning."

"The radiators were cold," Von Utrecht told him.

"Well, there was a fire, all right," Rank insisted, "but I remember that it was almost out though. I guess the wind—maybe the drafts—had made it burn up. But I got it going without rebuilding it."

"Why do you blame the wind?" Von Utrecht protested. "You left the drafts open."

"I didn't leave them open," Rank told him. "I'm so very careful. I'm sure I didn't."

"They were open in the morning," Von Utrecht insisted.

"Well, they were a little open. The one in the flue was open," Rank confessed. "And the fire had burned up a lot."

"Professor Pane had to come down in the night and put on fresh coal," Von Utrecht declared.

"I noticed the shovel had been moved," Rank agreed. "I'm very sorry, really. I'm sure I fixed the drafts the night before. Perhaps the draft in the flue fell open. It isn't very tight. I'm sorry I made Professor Pane any trouble."

Von Utrecht nodded curtly.

"He wants you to be more careful," he said in a brusque voice, and turned as though to go away. He could almost feel the other's relief; and instantly he swung again and snapped out another question: "You put out the barrels with the ashes and the trash, don't you?"

Rank said eagerly, "Yes, sir, I do."

"You've been saving yourself trouble by burning trash in the furnace," Von Utrecht accused.

"No, no!" Rank protested. "No, I never do that!" He added anxiously, "I guess the maid throws garbage in sometimes."

"What makes you say that?" Von Utrecht demanded.

"Well," said Rank, "when I cleaned out the ashes Saturday morning there were some old burned bones in among them."

Von Utrecht stood very still, his thoughts running at high speed.

After a moment he repeated mechanically, "Bones?"

"Yes," said Rank; "yes, bones."

Von Utrecht looked at the trembling young man for a moment with an appraising eye, considering what his next step should be. He could feel his pulses pound. Then he turned to glance up and down the corridor in which he stood. There was no one in sight.

With a quick movement, thrusting Rank before him, he stepped into the student's room and shut the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE CALIFORNIA RAY

(Continued from Page 9)

have to be accompanied by glossaries so that our British cousins may grasp the meaning of such mysterious Americanisms as ice cream, elevator and hooch. What, then, will be the state of mind of English glossary writers when they are confronted by a California novel that runs as follows:

Marcus Oppenlook emerged jauntily from his boardingeria and caught a trolleria for the neckteria in which he labored. He was at peace with the world; for his trousers had recently been returned from the presseria, and he had beautified in the finest barberia in all the golden West.

His glance lingered kindly on the bright-faced children hastening to their lessonerias; and the sight of them reminded him that ere the day was done he would have to seek out not only a toyeria in order that his little sister Millicent's birthday might be fittingly celebrated but also visit a sweeteria to purchase a candy cane for his fiancée, Clarissa, fairest flower of all the manicurerias in the city.

These things, Marcus knew, must be done; but as his eye fell on the strings knotted around his fingers, he wondered vaguely how he could remember to do them.

There was a string on each finger of both hands; and on some fingers there were two strings. The strings on the two thumbs were to remind him to stop at the butcheria for two pounds of dog meat and at the libreria for certain volumes that would help him develop the theory that the earth, instead of being round, is shaped like a seven-pointed star.

The other strings were to remind him that his landlady wished him to visit a denteria, an antiqueria, a booteria, a drugeria, a hateria, a fisheria, a musiceria, a newspaperia, a fruiteria, and a servanteria, as well as a posteria for a post card.

Slowly Marcus Oppenlook's peace of mind began to evaporate; for there was no room on his fingers for more strings—not even for a string to remind him to visit a peanuteria ——

Although San Francisco in some respects seems less affected by the Zow ray than cities farther to the south, she succumbs with equal vigor in other respects—in respect of Florida, for example.

In connection with this Florida business it should be emphatically announced that California is a generous state; of that there is no doubt. Human nature being what it is, one might reasonably assume that there are as many mean and petty people in California as in the rest of the United States. Yet, for some unaccountable reason, they are less apparent in California than in some sections of the country. Those who have basked in the Zow ray declare that the Californian is kinder to himself and to his neighbors than he was before he graduated from Dubuque or Fredonia or Damariscotta. The reason for this, they say, is because in California he has discovered what a fine and gracious thing life can be.

This may be so, and it may not be so. You can't always depend on the judgment or accuracy of Zow-ray victims. Some of them will assure you, with a perfectly straight face, that all life—animal, insect and human—originated from meteors scoring bull's-eyes on the craters of volcanoes; others will lead you into a corner and tell you impressively that the Gizanta, or eleventh or topmost plane of life after death, will most certainly be attained by no persons except those who refrain from eating calves' liver, peanuts, Roquefort cheese and lemon pie during their present incarnation. Not everything that one hears in California is necessarily true; though the alleged reasons for the alleged superkindness of Californians may be eminently sound.

At any rate, the kindly Californians are always willing to admit that they have nothing but kind words to say for that somewhat disturbing young giant, the state of Florida, which has been attracting a tiresome number of winter tourists to her palm-fringed lagoons and fragrant barbecue-sandwich stands.

There's plenty of room for all warm-weather states, Californians declare generously. Of course they know people that certainly got stuck on real estate down there and wouldn't return to Florida on a bet; and nobody can live in Florida in the summer because the alligators chase all the inhabitants out of the streets and onto the housetops; and the only new arrivals in Florida in the past year were the thousands of laborers that were imported for the special purpose of uncrating the California oranges consigned to Florida soda fountains; and most of Florida building lots ought to be sold by the gallon instead of by the foot, and so on, and so forth. But far be it from them to knock Florida! Far be it, indeed!

In the same way the newspapers of California are particularly generous toward Florida, and overlook no opportunity to advertise their sister state. Distinguished gentlemen from the East frequently yield gracefully to the custom of the country and deliver long and important speeches before large and enthusiastic California luncheon clubs. Their speeches may deal with such weighty and pregnant matters as the Czecho-Slovakian situation, how to tell a farm-relief measure from a cooking recipe, the influence of sun spots on the temperament of blondes, the home life of the snout

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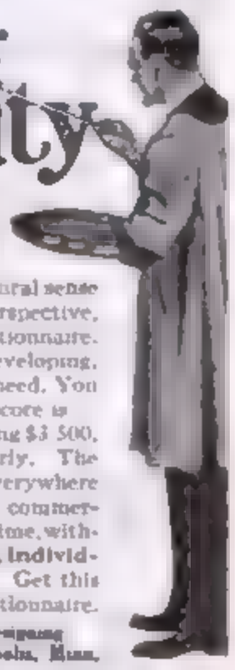

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Window Lights?

Replace window switch with 10-Day TORK CLOCK. Turn Lights ON & OFF regularly at time set. Signs for N. & Insurance Co's. No waste. $5.00 and up. Stock of 100 styles.

Copy of "WINDOW MAGIC" free.
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CARRYOLA MASTER

A Short Course in College Popularity

IF you would be popular at college, take a Carryola Master along. Nothing like it for snappy, peppy, jazz. Has the tone and volume of a console model. And it's strong. You can take it anywhere.

The Carryola Master is the ideal "Portable". Carries easily. Holds 15 full-sized records. Plays all makes of records. Comes in four attractive colors or black—all in genuine Du Pont Fabrikoid with 2-Tone Embossed Art Cover and Record Album.

Sold at the better music stores.

CARRYOLA CO. of AMERICA
648 Clinton Street Milwaukee, Wis.

Write for this attractive folder giving details of the Carryola Models.

Blue Band VELVET PENCILS

A Soft and Very Black Easy Writer—*For Sale Everywhere*
Write for Sample
AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL CO., 218 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Makers of the famous VENUS Pencils

Ten Dollars a Day
Commissions Paid Daily

Part time representatives can easily increase their income $30 weekly in spare time. Full time people can earn

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beetles, or the relationship between tin automobiles and loose conversation in the United States Senate. So eager are the newspapers to give Florida her due, however, that when the speakers reach for the public prints on the following day, they frequently find their efforts condensed under headlines that read Celebrated Lecturer Prefers California to Florida, or Noted Jurist Declares Many Florida Fish Inedible, or Prominent Author Deplores Lack of Mountains in Florida. Of anout beetles, farm-relief measures or the Czecho-Slovakian situation there is little mention.

When the keen young California reporters get on the trail of a visitor of sufficient importance to be interviewed, they listen politely to his sapient remarks on the subjects concerning which he wishes to unburden himself, and when he has finished they carelessly sprinkle a few questions about Florida into the conversation. If the visitor is sufficiently astute to refuse to talk about Florida the resulting interview may be headed: Eastern Magnate Has Nothing Good to Say of Florida. If he seeks refuge behind the claim that the Florida situation is a complete blank to him, the headlines are likely to read: Florida Situation Insignificant. Unheard of by Leading Banker. But if he says the usual polite things the headlines will be in a prominent place on the front page, and will softly and reticently announce Every Florida Trip Develops Calif. Booster, or something of a similarly generous nature.

It is a regrettable fact that press agents and self-advertisers occasionally take advantage of the generosity of the California newspapers where mention of Florida is concerned. The forty-eighth vice president of a Western railroad has learned that he can get on the front page of almost any California paper by stating that California could afford to pay the railroad fares of Eastern tourists to Florida, thereby turning them into California enthusiasts. The manager of a long-haired musician from Eastern Europe knows that he can get his employer's name right next to the prominent crime reports by putting out a statement to the effect that real music is impossible in Florida, because the overlaying of hemisphere by atmosphere in that locality causes the strings of all string instruments to get mushy before the first obbligato of any opus has been half opened, or words to that effect.

Freedom of the Press

This same generosity causes California papers to take a passionate interest in Florida's climatic conditions and general health. Two cases of whooping cough in Jacksonville frequently cause California papers to burst out with such sympathetic headlines as Epidemic Sweeps Florida. A thunderstorm that topples over two beach chairs at Palm Beach and fills the gutters in Sanford will draw seven-column heads in the California papers, benevolently declaring that Tornado Wreaks Havoc Throughout Florida.

It may be said without fear of contradiction that California is far more generous toward Florida in many things than toward herself. Take, for example, the matter of the smallpox epidemic that broke out in Los Angeles with marked enthusiasm during the early months of 1926. The Los Angeles Times, owned and edited by the level-headed Harry Chandler, published terse statements concerning the progress of the epidemic—statements such as "Three new cases of smallpox were reported yesterday. There have been 123 cases reported this month, making the total for the year to date 657 cases. The total for last month was 329 cases. Last week's total was 48 cases. Totals for the preceding weeks were 61, 55, 113 and 112 respectively."

But other California papers, which are commodious and energetic sheets, could not seem to find space in their columns to mention the smallpox epidemic—possibly because they were too busy hunting for Florida epidemics.

It seems hardly possible that any other reason enters into the failure of the California papers to publish news of epidemics and other misfortunes. Some low, coarse persons who have never known the refining influence of the Zow ray have spread a report, from time to time, that the silence of California papers concerning such things is due to the unwillingness of California business men to have anything printed that might divert a dollar from their coffers. Once upon a time this may have been true. Many years ago an epidemic broke out in Los Angeles, and a committee of business men waited on the Times and urged it not to print the facts. Their anguish was so deep and sincere that the Times agreed to cover up the horrible details. Shortly afterward the city and the entire coast were overrun with rumors that thousands were dying of the epidemic; and still a little later the committee of business men returned to the Times with pallid faces and trembling knees and besought it to print the facts, so that their businesses wouldn't be ruined by rumors. Consequently the business men of California must by this time have learned the unfortunate results of suppressing the truth; and the silence of California papers concerning California epidemics and kindred matters must be due to their big-hearted efforts to unearth a satisfactory amount of news concerning Florida misfortunes.

Nut Groves of the West

The frequent forgetfulness of California papers to publish their own troubles is usually offset by the desire of a little coterie of California nuts, cranks or faddists to disseminate a remedy for any trouble that may be active at the moment, and to pay full advertising rates for its dissemination.

As a result of this advertising, the person who is unaware of the existence of the trouble which the remedy seeks to alleviate, in spite of the avoidance of the subject in the news columns of the press, has to be something of a recluse or nit-wit.

There will always be violent arguments in California as to whether a great many people are cranks before they go to California, or whether they develop their crankishness after they get there because of exposure to the Zow ray or some other influence peculiar to California. It is a question that cannot even be passably settled without the assistance of a civil war and a couple of constitutional amendments.

All up and down the California coast, as profusely luxuriant as the mountains and valleys and oranges and lemons and prunes and grapes and redwoods and oil wells and cantaloupes and what not, are vast quantities of diet nuts and dress nuts and scientific nuts and lecture nuts and religious nuts and architectural nuts and countless other varieties of nuts, exclusive of the edible varieties.

The apex of nuttishness is reached in the widespread city of Los Angeles and its purlieus, probably because of its tremendous size; but sections farther to the north and south, which are regarded in California as being sparsely populated with nuts, are infinitely more nuttish than other sections of the United States.

Strict as is the state of California about many things, it has never established a nut commission to protect its citizens from the encroachments of nut-idea promoters, nor has it required its leading nuts to take out nut licenses—though something may have to be done about it if California's population is going to triple in the next thirty years, as is confidently predicted by those who have been touched by the Zow ray.

Consequently anybody who gets a nut idea is at liberty to expose it to the public eye; and thanks to the Zow ray or some other imperfectly understood agency, the public eye absorbs it with unbounded enthusiasm.

The growth of a California nut circle is simplicity itself. An individual—a college graduate or a stenographer or an ex-Kickapoo Indian herb doctor or a taxi driver or somebody who is discontented with his profession or calling evolves a great cure or uplift agency out of an extinct work of fiction or an old almanac or his own inner consciousness. He might call it the League of Rashnagunda.

Having settled on a name for it, he has a few handbills printed announcing that the innermost secrets of that great and powerful agency for the All Good—the League of Rashnagunda—will be pried wide open at 272727 5–8 Cabingo Boulevard on Thursday evening. He also inserts an advertisement of similar import in the Los Angeles papers, along with the thousand or so advertisements of nut uplift agencies that appear in these papers each week.

On Thursday evening, astonishing to relate, a sizable group of bona-fide nuts and would-be nuts appears at 272727 5–8 Cabingo Boulevard to get the low-down on the League of Rashnagunda. Some of the nuts may have been adherents of other nut circles in which their interest has flagged. Some of them on the other hand, may be newly arrived in the golden West, and consequently free from any nut affiliations.

At any rate, in due season the founder, or rajah, of the League of Rashnagunda rises to his feet, takes a drink of water, clears his throat and explains to the little group the inner meaning of the league. One of the pleasing features of obtaining adherents to a nut cause is the fact that the true nut seldom demands logic or clarity in the cause to which he adheres. The hazier the ideas to which nuts are asked to subscribe the larger the number of nuts who will enthusiastically fall in line.

The League of Rashnagunda would probably be explained in California about as follows:

Rashnagunda was a sacred being who dwelt in the innermost fastnesses of the Kush Mountains. He was a very ascetic man and lived on pine-cone soup, roast pine cones and pine-cone pudding, with pine-cone hash on Sunday evenings. When not collecting pine cones he devoted himself to standing on his head and meditating concerning the infinite.

Rashnagunda, in his lifetime of meditation, reached several important conclusions concerning the infinite.

In the first place, the infinite is tangible and can be touched by true believers who place themselves thoroughly *en rapport* with the spirit of the ages.

In the second place, the best way to place one's self *en rapport* with the spirit of the ages is to give away all one's possessions to somebody who is already *en rapport* with the spirit of the ages and familiar with the beautiful beliefs of Rashnagunda. If, for one reason or another, one is unable to give away all one's possessions, then one should give as much as possible.

In the third place, one should have faith in Rashnagunda and the Infinite. By touching the infinite one can banish all sorrow, forget all disappointments, attain health, well-being and happiness, make one's self popular socially, assure one's self of success in love, business ventures, investments, art, golf, literature, sculpture, advertisement writing, burglary, or in whatever trade or calling one wishes to be successful, and avoid rheumatism, indigestion, old age, falling hair and arches and baggy trousers.

The League of Rashnagunda

Instead of walking out on the rajah of the League of Rashnagunda with hoarse bursts of derisive laughter, the little group of nuts wag their heads complacently over his remarks. Some of them may hesitate to become leaguers because of the resemblance of the Rashnagunda theories to those of the Knights of the Healthful Grail or the Grand Order of Menegooswah, to which they already pay dues.

The others, however, become faithful adherents of the League of Rashnagunda; and within a year's time the league has become so powerful that it holds conventions. The delegates wear red ribbons stamped League of Rashnagunda in gold letters; and the rajah has so improved his situation over the days when he was a mere taxi driver or Kickapoo Indian herb doctor that he wears a turban with a glass sapphire in the front and moves around in a maroon automobile whose chassis cost $15,000.

It might be remarked in passing that California promoters of nut ideas who wish

(Continued on Page 117)

Etching made for the Kelly-Springfield Tire Company, by O. Kubler, Pittsburgh

All over America today a network of motor coach lines is bringing town closer to town and making travel more convenient and more pleasurable. What has given such an impetus to this new phase of transportation? As much as any other one thing, the development of pneumatic tires that will stand up under weight, speed and strain. It is gratifying to us to know, from the testimony of hundreds of coach operators, that Kelly Heavy Duty Cord tires have been a contribution of real value to this great new industry.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES

For Good Health's Sake

CARBONATED DRINKS

Bottled!

AFTER the last class, when brains are weary and nerves unstrung, your favorite carbonated drink in a bottle, with the cool caress of the ice still lingering on it . . . one long draught of the sparkling bubbles, and *your* world will sparkle, too!

These beverages refresh because they are food as well as drink. Pure sugar gives energy and pep. Pure water to throttle thirst. Pure flavors tempt the palate.

Carbonation lends that piquant, tingling taste, insures scientific purity of the drink, and stimulates digestive functioning. This perfect carbonation is possible only when the beverage is bottled.

—and for the home— buy it by the case

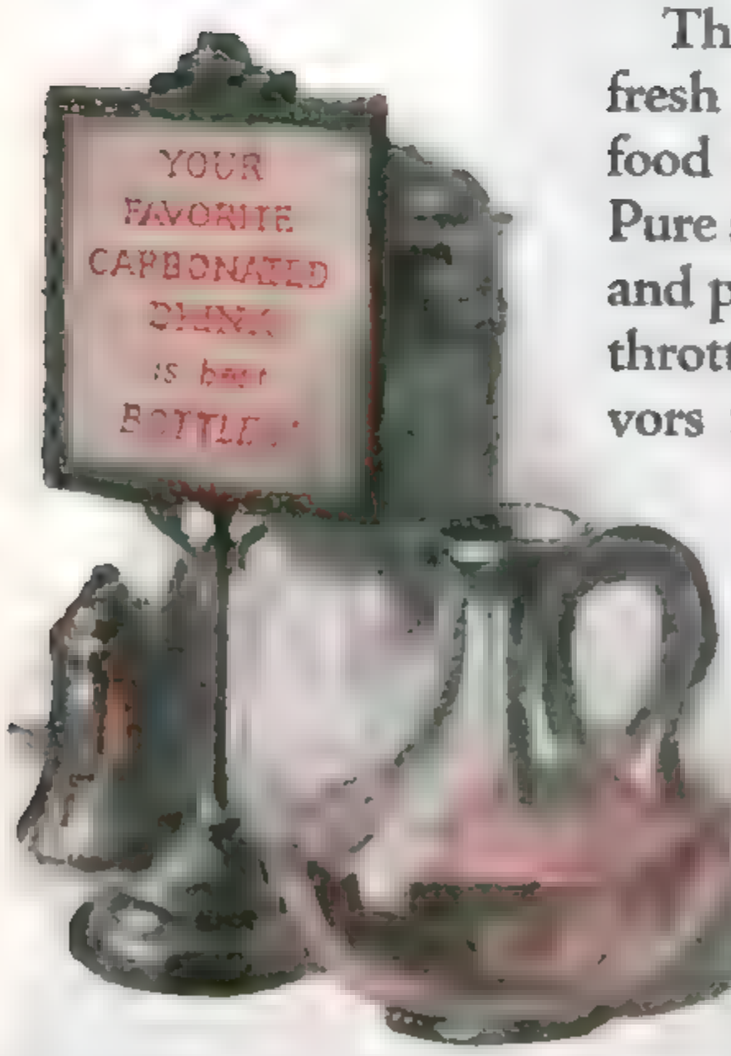
Leading dietitians declare that a bottled carbonated beverage is *purer than water.* For carbonation kills lurking germs. Keep the ice box generously filled with the family's favorite *bottled* carbonated drink—*for all occasions.*

Sponsored by AMERICAN BOTTLERS OF CARBONATED BEVERAGES

AMERICAN BOTTLERS OF CARBONATED BEVERAGES

Dr. W. W. Skinner, *U. S. Bureau of Chemistry* states:

"Dietetic value carbonated drinks recognized. Act as digestive stimulant. Increase appetite and absorption of food."



YOUR FAVORITE CARBONATED DRINK
is best BOTTLED

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FATHERS, MOTHERS; *Bar him out of your schools!*

This week and next, twenty-five million children are going back to school. *Last year Fire burned up, on the average, five American schools every day.*

How about the school your children will attend this winter? Are you sure that the school board has installed every necessary item of fire prevention equipment? Are you sure that nothing has been left undone which might be done to increase the children's safety and protect the money of the taxpayers which is invested in school property?

If you are not certain, then right now is the time to make absolutely sure that all is well. Look into conditions yourself, and coöperate in every way you can with the teachers and the officers of your schools. Perhaps you can be of real assistance.

The Hartford agent in your neighborhood is a good man to know. His fire prevention knowledge and experience are valuable, and they are quickly available. The Hartford policies he offers afford complete protection from financial losses due to fire.

INSURE IN THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT
The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life

(Continued from Page 112

to use the ideas of the League of Rashnagunda in their businesses will find them as effective as nine-tenths of those that are so ardently patronized by California nuts.

Occasionally coarse Easterners come bursting into California, emitting loud and anguished outcries because a wealthy and erstwhile hard-headed relative has turned over his entire bank account to the High Commander of the Knights of the Healthful Grail, or the Noble Sachem of the Order of Menegooswah, or the Rajah of the League of Rashnagunda.

The frequency with which this occurs seems, in some respects, to confirm the belief of Zow-ray enthusiasts that hard-bitten newcomers to California soon discover that life is finer and more gracious than they thought, and consequently become kinder to themselves and to their neighbors. The ear-piercing screams of the coarse Easterners usually have few if any results. The Noble Sachems or the High Commanders or the Rajahs keep a tight hold on the money, and seldom become any kinder to their neighbors in the matter of handing them any of it; and the coarse Easterners go back home growling petulantly that everyone may be kinder to each other in California than elsewhere, but that there is always someone ready to grab and hang on to everything that anyone else is willing to give away.

Californians who are browned and ruddy from the Zow ray point proudly to the fact that when one climbs the swelling Sausalito Hills that look down on the Golden Gate and the beautiful harbor of San Francisco, one encounters a hand carved in the rock and the words To China. Similarly, along the route that the heavily whiskered forty-niners followed from San Francisco to Sacramento there is an ancient signboard reading To Seattle. These signs, according to Zow rayers, "symbolize a certain freedom, a certain Homeric sweep and simplicity, which Californians, responding inevitably to the stimulus of their magnificent landscapes, come to share in common."

The Native Sons' Anvil Chorus

This may be true; and then again the road signs may merely be hang-overs from the good old days when a San Franciscan was so jealous of other California cities that he refused to admit publicly that any settlements existed between San Francisco and the Mexican border. In the bosom of his family he might admit that there were such places as Los Angeles and Santa Barbara and San Diego; but if he had to put up a signboard pointing to the south, he would conceal his knowledge of these communities and letter the signboard To Mexico City.

So, too, the Angelenos were filled with an almost uncontrollable aversion to San Francisco and Santa Barbara and other places to the north. Many an Angeleno refused to countenance any directions on Los Angeles signboards which pointed to northern routes, except the words To Alaska. Some went so far as to object to advertising Alaska, and insisted that the signboards should read To the North Pole. They were not, in short, as kind to their neighbors as one might expect them to be after one has listened to the Zow-ray victim's account of how life in California is finer and more gracious, and so on, and so forth.

Of late, however, things have changed. San Franciscans admit that Los Angeles exists, though they privately express the opinion that she is too hot, too noisy and too excitable. Angelenos admit that San Francisco is indeed a city, though they are free to declare to intimates that she is too chilly, too earthquaky and too upstage.

But all of them—San Franciscans and Angelenos and San Diegans and San Luis Obispites and Sacramentoans and Santa Barbarinos and Pebble Beachers—are using the energy stimulated by the Zow ray for other and better purposes. The San Franciscan, mindful of the steamships that were transferred from California to the Florida run in 1926, wastes no time in putting Los Angeles on the griddle. The Angelenos, unwilling to depend on the statements made in California papers by visiting celebrities concerning the worthlessness of Florida, hurl a few harpoons into San Francisco.

"Why, of course," says the Californian, with glittering eyes, "of course you can live where you want to live. I don't care where you live. But why live outside of California, where it is always too hot or too cold? If you like things that way, all right; but if you like steak and potatoes, why spend all your life eating shredded newspapers and stewed grass? Hey? Why, from the first of June to the first of October no rain falls in California. A little fog, maybe, but no rain. No umbrellas. No rubbers. Sleep on the ground if you want to. No winter in the wintertime. Larkspur and poppies on the hills. Pretty rotten, hey? Different from the nice, sloppy, dark-brown winters of Massachusetts or Indiana or Pennsylvania, hey? Nature sets the key in which we play life's music. You cannot be blasé in California. Sooner or later the rhythm of the warm earth and the blue sky will possess you and the taste of life will be keen and delicious."

If it is a Santa Barbarino talking you can trip him for a moment by asking him whether Pasadena or Pebble Beach is the most beautiful spot in California.

"Beautiful!" squawls the Santa Barbarino, clenching his fists and gritting his teeth. "What have they got to compare with our ——" Here, however, he controls himself. The royal palms of Florida rise before his eyes.

"Every part of the state," he declares passionately, after a convulsive gulp or two, "is beautiful. Every part of the state is better than any other part of the world. The children of California grow taller and weigh more than the children in the rest of America. There are more athletic stars produced by California than by any other state in the Union. The farmers of California are the most prosperous farmers in America. The California factory workmen look out on ocean and mountains and valleys; throughout the year the soft California breezes cool their heated brows. They are healthier and happier than the workmen of any other state in the Union. Eventually all the wise manufacturers of America will move to California. We don't care whether they do or not; but if they don't move we'll know they're weak in the head. They can produce better products, and more of them, at a cheaper cost than they can anywhere else. Eventually all the wise workmen will move to California where they and their children will be healthy and happy."

Hope for the Future

Renewing his air supply with a shrill whistling sound, the Californian continues: "California is a constant challenge to the imagination and to the creative impulse of man. It is a country to be thought of with awe. The man who sees California's fertile valleys pour forth their flood of abundance loses his distrust of life and taps resources of confidence and enterprise that—gubble, gubble, gubble. Life in California is freer, richer, happier than anywhere else in the world. Nowhere else can one walk down the street with bare head and feet and a meal-sack garment without causing comment. What life will be in California tomorrow and the day after tomorrow, if man does well his part where Nature has been infinitely prodigal, is something that can scarcely be contemplated without a catch of the breath."

After all, it will be a great thing for the weary and weatherworn states of the North and East when they can buy Zow rays from California in carload lots and work up enough enthusiasm to keep their bored inhabitants from migrating in a body to the warm-weather states.

A Scene on the Palos Verdes Shore, California

If someone said to you—

"Let's Go Into Business"

I'll put up all the money, furnish the factory and equipment; buy a $1,000,000 stock; advertise for you; take care of your orders and guarantee your profits, all you have to do is sell—

What would your answer be?

This is exactly the opportunity we offer you. We put our immense shops, force of 800 workmen, and tremendous stock of merchandise at your disposa. We advertise for you, teach you, train you, co-operate with you. We give you an elaborate selling equipment that fairly talks. We authorize you to take orders and collect a deposit, which you put in your pocket as your profit. After that the responsibility is ours. We fill the orders, ship them direct to your customers, collect the money due us, and absolutely guarantee perfect satisfaction. There is no chance for you to lose a single penny. This is the kind of partnership we offer you, if you are honest, industrious, willing to work hard for success, and have a clean record. If you have selling experience, so much the better but it isn't necessary. If you are interested and think you are the man we want, sign and send the coupon. Address Dept. 573.

GOODWEAR Chicago, Inc.

Send This Coupon for Facts!

GOODWEAR Chicago, Inc.,
West Adams St. at Peoria, Chicago. Dept. 573
Gentlemen: Please send me the facts about your proposition. I am willing to work hard for success if the opportunity you offer is all you claim for it.

Name

Address

Town State

Knox Everlasting Furnace Pipe

WATERLOO REGISTER CO.
Dept. D Waterloo, Iowa

GLOWNITE $4.50

You can attach sturdy, handsome, GLOWNITE Dash Clock yourself. Shows time in darkness. Vibration proof—rust proof. From your dealer or direct from us.

J. F. MANSFIELD
15 Maiden Lane, N. Y. C.

MANSFIELD MOTOR CLOCK

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ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 9,500 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. [illegible] including members of the A. I. A. [illegible] for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays." LaSalle Extension University Dept. 971 H Chicago. The World's Largest Business Training Institution.

$1 PLAY BALL!

A new game of indoor baseball. Amusing and instructive. A good way to keep up on the fine points of baseball. Dad can enjoy himself while showing the boy.

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$1.10 west of Mississippi River

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Box 148
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JAN. 29 MEDITERRANEAN, $600 UP; JAN. 19 ROUND THE WORLD $1250 UP. SPECIALLY CHARTERED STEAMERS. REASONABLE RATES IN EVERY DETAIL. GUIDES. DRIVES. FEES.

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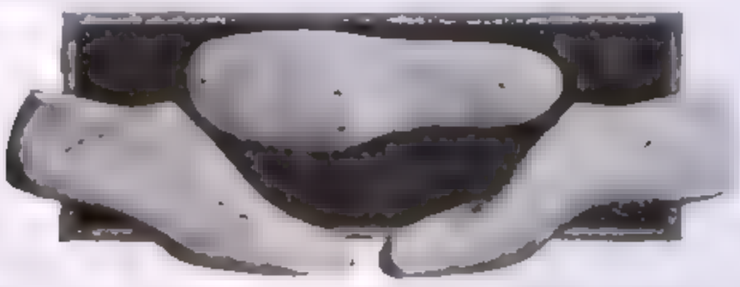

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KNIFE AND FORK

(Continued from Page 17)

poured it. And naturally he got the last cup, so he sat down beside her and had a real good talk. She showed him the little French motto embroidered on the tray doily.

"It's the requirement for good coffee," she said. "Translated, it means, 'Pure as an angel, sweet as love, black as the devil and hot as hell.' She fumbled and flushed a little over the words "devil" and "hell," because she had been brought up to know that these are not, strictly considered, drawing-room words for a lady, and she did not hold with the modern fashion of women swearing.

Jameson laughed tremendously at the motto and thought it very clever. He spoke of how lonely she must be in this large residence all alone, and she said she was. He said she was a wonderful housekeeper, and in all his life he had never eaten such a glorious dinner. He paid her so many compliments that she wanted to do the nicest thing she could for him, so she asked him to sing, and commandeered Ethel Devyne to play his accompaniments. He sang Sally in Our Alley and Mandalay and Duna, and when he was through he came straight back to Millie's side, and she told him that she'd rather hear him sing those songs than Werrenrath himself, which was perfectly true.

After that she had Rosemundine set out card tables, and four of them played bridge and the others played a very hilarious game of rummy. About midnight they all left and repeated their compliments all over again. Jameson Lowe took Ethel Devyne home—she lived out his way—and Tom Vandiver took Lena Pattee, and Gerber Rudd walked down the block with Margaret Burton. She lived the nearest.

When they had all gone Millie Tolliver stood on the front porch and enjoyed the sharp sweet spring night, and wondered how she would feel when she and Jameson stood there together and bade their guests good night. She would say to him as he locked and bolted the door, "I was so proud of you tonight. You are so much more distinguished and attractive than all the other men"—for that was the sort of wife she intended to be.

During the week after her dinner every one of her guests called up or dropped in personally to tell her how delightful it had been. Gerber Rudd took her to the movies and Charlie Mardell asked her to go driving in his runabout. She met Tom Vandiver on the street by chance and he insisted that she should come into the Regina Hotel—where he lived—and have tea with him, and then he gallantly presented her with a two-pound box of chocolates from the stand in the lobby.

Millie accepted all these attentions placidly—they were very well as far as they went—but the thing she counted on was that the very day after the dinner Jameson Lowe had telephoned and said the nicest, the most complimentary things; told her that he was going to give himself the pleasure of paying his party call very soon, but in the meantime he simply had to let her know—and so on. To give weight to his protestations, he sent her a box of roses and sweet peas.

But the days went by and he didn't appear. Millie felt that it would be poor business to force his hand, so she did nothing at all—at first. After a fortnight she realized that she wasn't getting very far with the business of marrying, so she determined to telephone Jameson and ask his advice about selling a couple of lots she owned on the edge of town. Not that she had the least intention of selling the lots, but she knew that the best way to start a conversation with any man is to ask his advice.

But before she could tell him what she wanted he burst forth in a perfect flood of eager talk. "Millie, I was just going to call you up and tell you the great news, because I wanted you to be the first to hear it, since you are really responsible for it," he said. "It began with that beautiful dinner you gave two weeks ago, and then Ethel played my accompaniments afterward, and I walked home with her, and—I don't know—but we got talking and -well, I've been very lonely since my wife died, and of course Ethel's had a pretty hard time, too, and the Devynes have never treated her right, so the upshot is we're engaged and we're going to be married very soon, just quietly; and I feel, I honestly do, Millie, that I owe it all to you, for it was seeing Ethel again under such favorable circumstances, and having that quiet talk with her after your wonderful party, that made me see that she was just the woman I needed to fill my empty life."

He went on talking and talking, but stopped at last for lack of breath.

"I'm delighted, Jameson; I certainly am," said Millie. "It's fine for you and it's fine for Ethel. She's a sweet girl and she has had, as you say, a very hard time. I'm glad she's found new happiness with you—and I congratulate you with all my heart."

But she felt very blank as she put down the telephone. "Of all things!" she thought. "Of all peculiar things! Well, Ethel's just changing from keeping house for the old Devynes to keeping house for Jameson, that's all, for he isn't any better off than they are. However, I suppose she'll prefer it; and she is a nice girl, and—and—yes, I do hope they'll be happy."

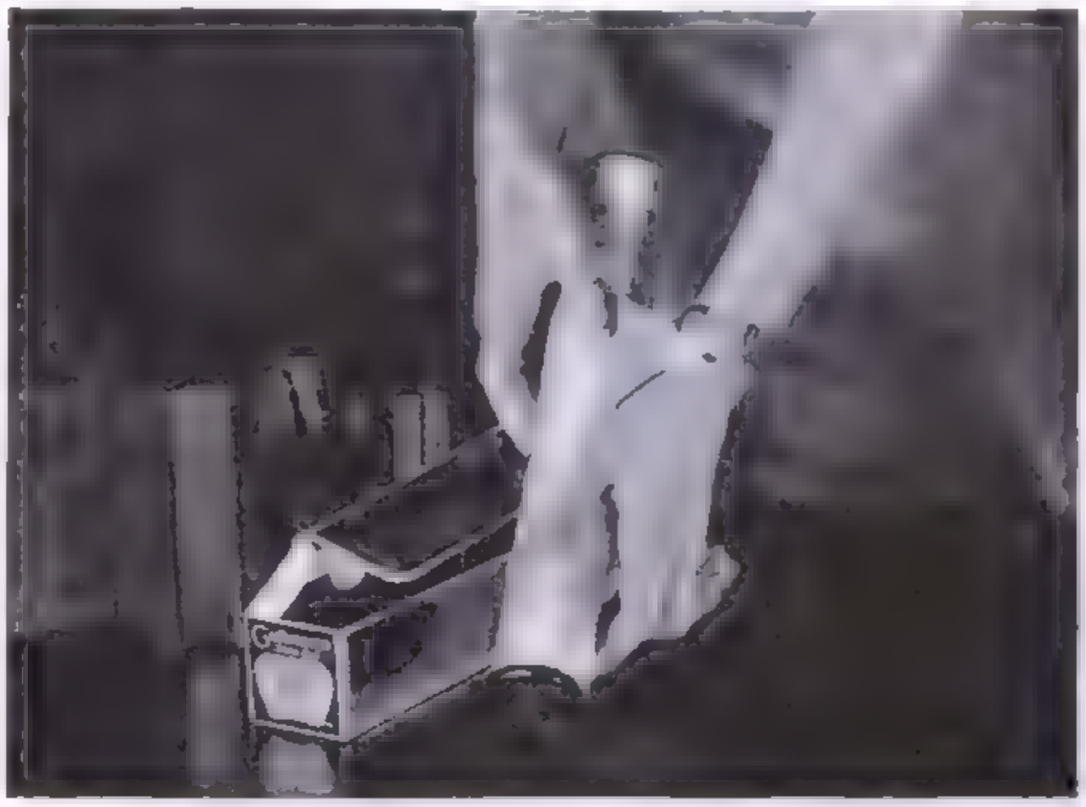
That very afternoon Ethel came to see her, also bubbling with gratitude. "I never could have anybody come to see me at the house, you know, Millie," she said, "because Pa and Ma Devyne snoop and listen so, and make me so uncomfortable; and here in your lovely home, among my real friends, and you asking me so sweetly to play the piano for him—it gave me my first chance of enjoyment for ever so long. And going home I was telling Jameson about it, and he was so kind and sympathetic! And then we went to the movies together. Of course I had to meet him out on account of pa and ma, but we could sit in the darkness and talk, and so—it happened. I'll always be grateful to you, dear, and I'll always love you. You don't know what it means to me to get away from where I am; and besides, Jameson's a darling. Don't you think so?"

"He's a fine man, Ethel, and I'm more than pleased if I unconsciously helped you along," said Millie good-naturedly. She thought a moment. She couldn't afford to lose any time. "And I'll tell you what I'm going to do," she added. "I'm going to entertain for you, give an engagement dinner, with the very same crowd of people. Would you like that?"

"Why, Millie, you're the sweetest, kindest girl!" said poor little Ethel, tears coming to her eyes. "It would just be gorgeous, for Pa and Ma Devyne are so mad at me they won't do a thing, and I've got no folks of my own."

It gave Millie quite a glow of satisfaction to hear her. By this time she had decided that she had never really been desirous of marrying Jameson Lowe, and his choosing Ethel instead of herself showed that he wasn't the man of fine taste and sophistication she had thought him. This time she would center her efforts on Tom Vandiver; for though he wasn't so polished as Jameson, nor of as good family, he was taller and he had a great deal of money. With his money and her own they would be able to have a showy establishment, a couple of cars, go abroad every year and lead the whole of Sunchester in style. Now that she considered it, to marry Jameson Lowe and reap no material advantage from it would have been unpractical. At her age, the solid, substantial man was the right sort. Tom Vandiver was a little too solid and substantial, perhaps; but there again, in a

(Continued on Page 121)



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(Continued from Page 118)

husband one mustn't expect absolute perfection. He would easily pick up the little subtleties and nuances of good behavior under her tutelage and with the contacts of travel and society.

Over a particularly well-flavored sillabub for dessert at her solitary luncheon, she matured her second set of plans, and as soon as she had finished her little post-lunch siesta—such a soothing adjunct to her day—she was all set for her second party.

She treated herself to another new evening dress—Tom Vandiver was the sort of man who would enjoy seeing his wife decked out magnificently—and chose as best suited to her purpose a vivid red-and-gold brocade which at ordinary times she would have termed loud. She had it made with a lavish décolleté, and rejoiced in the smooth white expanse of skin it revealed. Indeed, she looked very handsome in it; very handsome, very striking. To match the formality of her gown, she sent out notes of invitation this time.

Again did she and Etta go into an executive session on the menu. It began with hors d'œuvres, not too many, nor too heavy. Then came a clear tomato soup jellied into quivering delicacy, with wafers of cheese-sprinkled toast; fillets of sole stuffed with shrimps were next served with tartar sauce and small potato balls in parsley butter; a crown of lamb, through which went the magic suspicion of garlic, a fresh mint jelly, peas served on artichoke bottoms and small hot baking-powder biscuits made the principal course. A green salad of water cress, endive and celery was served with it. For dessert there was a strawberry *bombe* and squares of rich black chocolate cake dipped in almond icing. Millie enjoyed eating the dinner so much she almost forgot its purpose; but she had put Tom Vandiver at her left, and he also was absorbed in his food, so any attention to him would have been but a distraction.

The party went off with more spirit than the first, the presence of the engaged couple giving a never-failing topic for conversation and raillery. Everyone laughed and joked; it was very gay. After dinner, when Rosemundine brought the coffee to the drawing-room, Millie asked Tom to help her pass it, telling Jameson, teasingly, that she'd not dare to call on him for any service now. Tom passed the coffee clumsily.

"I'm afraid I'm a boob at such things," he said. "But if I break anything you can take it out of my wages."

Everyone laughed again at his droll way of talking. "You do it very well," said Millie. "All you need is practice."

"There," she said to herself, "the thought is implanted."

So that being done, she urged Jameson to sing, and Ethel to play for him as before, and once again he sang Sally in Our Alley and Mandalay and Duna, and Millie listened to him with every outward appearance of pleasure, but inwardly she was criticizing him.

"How ghastly that he knows only three songs!" she thought. "Poor Ethel, how sick she'll get of hearing them. And he's so short. Now Tom Vandiver's a man one can look up to."

She smiled round at Tom, feeling very regal and distinguished in her brocade gown, and he smiled back. "It's a good party, Millie," he said softly, "and you were a mighty good scout to do it for poor little Ethel.

"I was very glad to," she said, and felt like a princess who has bestowed an honor and been approved by the prince.

It was raining when the guests left, and since Tom had his car and Charlie Mardell didn't have his, it was up to Tom to take everyone home. So he took the Wilsons first, for they lived nearest; then the engaged pair and Charlie Mardell; Gerber Rudd had an umbrella and went home under it, sharing its shelter with Margaret Burton; and this left Lena Pattee, the high-school teacher, whose boarding house was not very far from the hotel where Tom lived; so he took her last.

Before he left he asked Millie to go for a ride on Sunday afternoon, and he said—as, indeed, did all the others—that he'd thought it wasn't possible to get a better dinner than the first one she gave, but that this one surpassed it, actually.

"But it doesn't help my girth control any," he added in his humorous way.

As she locked up the house the vision of big burly Tom Vandiver had quite replaced the earlier one of Jameson Lowe. When Tom was toned down a bit and had a better tailor, he would be a pretty fair impersonation of a leading captain of industry; and with herself beside him, in décolleté brocade and a good many jewels, they would make, she was sure, an impressive couple. People on ocean liners would say "Who are those distinguished people?" and head stewards would bow before them. At hotels, too, they would receive every attention.

Everyone would know, before they said a word, that they were somebody! Why, Jameson Lowe was a mere insignificant little whiffet beside Tom Vandiver!

For the motor ride on Sunday afternoon Millie did some frank prinking. Her gray foulard and gray tweed coat went splendidly with her green hat. And she touched her cheeks with the least little color and brightened her lips a bit—rouge always made her feel dashing and daring and fascinating. Tom drove up promptly at four.

"You look like a million dollars," he said as he helped her into the car. "Some swell outfit, Millie."

"You look very smart yourself," she returned promptly. "Where do you get such good-looking ties?"

It seemed a good beginning. They drove out toward the new boulevard, and then turned into the real country, wide prosperous farms, green orchards, stretches of pine wood, dark and sweet smelling. And in one of these pine-wood stretches, about five miles out from town, whom should they see, sitting by the roadside, and evidently in distress of some sort, but Lena Pattee, all by herself. They stopped.

"I came out for a hike right after luncheon," she explained, "and I turned my ankle, and though it doesn't hurt when I'm still, I can't walk on it for any distance. I broke it a couple of years ago, and it's not been strong since."

There was only one thing to do, and that was to have her get in the car with them; and though she said they'd better take her back to Sunchester and start on their drive again, that seemed foolish, for this road was the prettiest in the county, and her foot didn't hurt as long as she sat quiet. So they took her along on their drive; and though she was apologetic and tried to be agreeable, it spoiled the day for Millie. She couldn't make much headway toward matrimony with a third party—another woman -present.

However, she made the best of it, and it was somewhat comforting to see how dusty Lena Pattee was, and how stringy her hair, and what a shabby old hiking suit she had on. Such a favorable contrast to Millie's fresh smart clothes!

Tom did not seem to mind the extra passenger—it gave him a doubled audience for his jokes. He favored the alleged humorous phrases: "I'll try anything once," and "Anything you say will be used against you," and "The cat's whiskers," and "So's your old man," which he sometimes varied with "So's your Aunt Maria." After he had said one of these he would look round for applause.

Millie told him she had never laughed so much in her life. And Lena promptly added that he ought to go on the stage. When they finally got back to Millie's house she asked them in for a cup of tea, and served her best China tea with its incomparable aroma, toasted sandwiches, hot crumpets, grapefruit marmalade, white plum cake and sand tarts.

"Call this tea!" exclaimed Tom Vandiver, eating largely. "I calls it a regular bankwet, and as the Swede said, 'I ain' ban quit till I ban full up.'"

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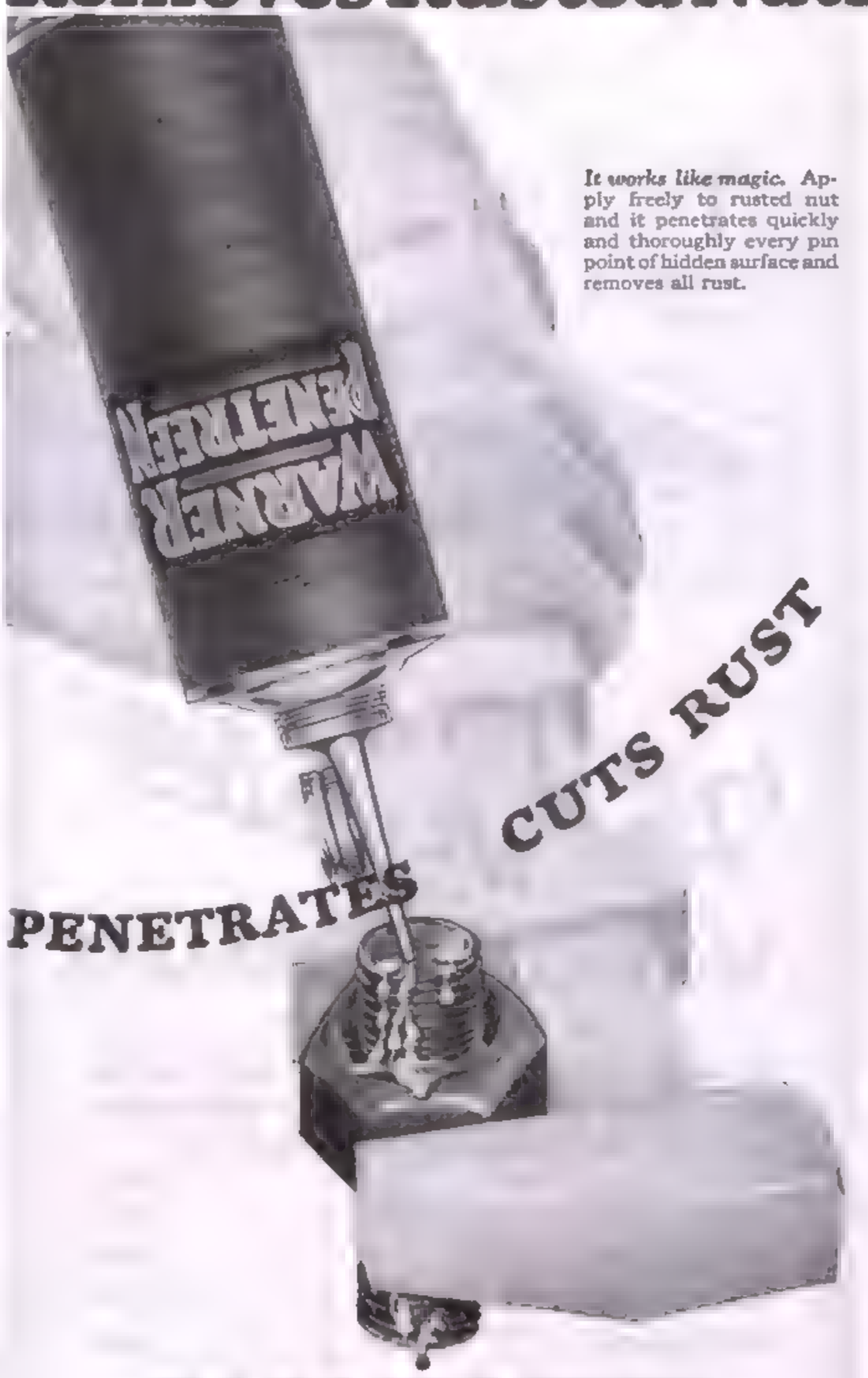

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CHICAGO

That seemed to be intended as funny, too, Millie saw, so she laughed appreciatively and passed him a third crumpet. After tea he had to take Lena Pattee back to her boarding house. He said nothing about taking Millie for another drive, but then he couldn't very well before the other girl. She supposed he would call her up very soon and ask her for next Sunday, though.

But he didn't. She didn't hear a word from him. And on Thursday Grace Wilson came in to see her, and the first thing she said was, "Well, Millie, everyone in town is talking about you and saying that you are running a matrimonial agency."

Millie felt the most horrible sinking of the heart. Had Sunchester then found out her secret plans? Had she been so obvious, so open, so unconcealed? She couldn't look at Grace, and she felt her ever-ready blush coming up under her collar.

Grace went on: "First it was Jameson Lowe and Ethel Devyne, and now if Lena Pattee and Tom Vandiver aren't engaged everybody is going to be mightily surprised and disappointed, for he's been taking her out every evening in his car for a week, and the girl who has the candy-and-flower stand at the Regina told the news-stand boy, who is a cousin of Bob's partner's chauffeur, that he sends her five dollars' worth of stuff, or more, every day."

Millie breathed a long trembling sigh of relief. She had not been discovered. Sunchester had had no vision of her as a husband-hunting schemer. She was safe.

"He'd be a very good catch for Lena," she said, thinking quickly, her blush cooling off. "Of course, not everybody would like to have a man around who makes dumb jokes and tries to be funny all the time; but I should think it would be better than trying to hammer literature and Latin in the heads of those high-school flappers. Tom's good-hearted and he's making good money, and I've always liked him. And she's a fairly pretty girl, and smart too." She added, "I'd be very glad to think I helped it on."

Grace Wilson could find no flaw in that, not the least loophole for censure, so nicely balanced it was between a knock and a boost for both principals. So presently she went away to spread the glad tidings elsewhere.

"I suppose," she said before she left, "you'll be giving an engagement dinner for them as you did for Jameson and Ethel."

"Indeed I shall," replied Millie firmly.

After Grace had gone, though, she was not so brave. This business of getting married by intention was becoming too great an effort.

It was a great nuisance and most unsettling to have one's mind all made up on one man and to have him slip away. "They fold their tents like the Arabs and silently fade away," Millie misquoted sadly. "It's a lucky thing I've still two chances left. And really I don't believe I could have stood laughing at Tom's jokes—I'd have probably thrown the grapefruit at him some morning. I don't need a husband with money, either; I've got plenty of my own, and Lena Pattee has to work for her living, so a well-to-do man will win her gratitude."

She went out to the kitchen and asked Etta to make Sally Lunn for supper—she needed strength and consolation. "And some nice fresh little apricot tarts, too, Etta," she added.

"En some o' dem veal birds would go good, en a green-pepper sauce, Miss Millie," suggested the epicurean Etta.

She felt better at the mere mention and went upstairs again quite blithely. "It was a narrow escape," she thought. "When Grace Wilson began to talk I nearly went through the floor. I'd rather have anybody in Sunchester on my trail than Grace, for her tongue's like a razor. Well, now the next thing is to find out if the report of the engagement is true."

It was true, she shortly ascertained, though both Tom and Lena couldn't imagine how she'd found it out.

"A little bird told you, I suppose," said Tom facetiously. "Probably one of those damn English sparrows."

Millie laughed perfunctorily. "But I don't have to laugh," she thought joyfully. "I'd have to if I was engaged to him instead of Lena. I never could endure a man who thinks he's funny."

Meditating on the two men left unattached, she decided that Gerber Rudd would be her next attempt. He was so good-looking it would be a pleasure to have him around. He didn't have any money, but he was industrious, and his little bookshop was considered to be one of the town's intellectual ornaments. "We'll be congenial as to reading," thought Millie, "and he'll enjoy father's library. Of course, he's very silent, but then, 'Still waters run deep.'"

But now the thing to do was to get ready for her third dinner party. The third time is lucky, she reminded herself, and so renewed her spirit when she began to arrange her third menu.

She found that she could obtain Spanish melon, and served it, golden pink, for her first course, with a faint touch of rum for piquancy. Then came cups of strained gumbo, with cheese straws hot with Cayenne. Followed the tiniest crab shells piled with a deviled crab meat beyond compare, and with it a cooling mélange of celery hearts and water cress. Roast ducklings for her main course, French fried sweet potatoes and jellied spiced apples for accompaniment. Then came young cauliflower, steamed and ready to melt into a lake of hollandaise. The dessert was a soufflé with brandied cherries, and instead of the plain black coffee of her other dinners, Millie chose to offer her guests little cups of *café brûlé*, orange peel, cinnamon, sugar and burned cognac drowned in the blackest and strongest and hottest coffee.

In a third new evening frock of demure blue, Millie presided over this feast, with Gerber Rudd at her left hand. He looked handsomer than ever, she thought; and though he said little, what he said was appreciative and agreeable. Naturally the attention of everyone was centered on the two engaged couples, and especially on the newer pair, Tom Vandiver and Lena Pattee. Tom was in such spirits and made so many jokes that he kept the table in a gale, and no one else needed to talk; and from time to time, Millie, looking understandingly at Gerber Rudd, realized that he found Tom's endless witticisms as much of a bore as she did. Once she leaned to him and told him that she was going to drop into his bookshop sometime soon and get him to recommend some good solid reading to her.

"I don't care for frothy stuff," she said. "Didn't somebody say that a good book is the best of friends?"

"But surely," said Gerber Rudd, "you don't lack friends, Millie."

"I always count you as one," she replied quickly.

"I'd be very sorry if you didn't," he answered. Oh, it was a very satisfactory snatch of conversation!

A nice man, Gerber Rudd. She wished she had picked him out first—he didn't sing, and he didn't make a clown of himself. Still, it was rather fun that she had engineered two engagements in one month in Sunchester. It made her feel like one of the French noble ladies who had a salon and pulled secret social and political strings.

Just as the second party had been gayer and pleasanter than the first, so the third surpassed the second. "These dinners of yours are becoming institutions, Millie," Grace Wilson remarked. "You ought to write a book about giving dinners, you do it so well."

Millie turned coquettishly to Gerber Rudd. "Did you hear that?" she asked. "How many would you sell if I did?"

He assured her that everyone in Sunchester would certainly buy a copy, which was, he added, more than he could say for any other book he'd ever tried to sell. And all the guests urged her to go ahead and write it. "And give the recipes," added

(Continued on Page 124)

But—

R.G.,sr.,wasn't joking when he wrote:

"*Bring this up in 1946*"

"What's this, Dad, a joke?" quizzed R. G., jr. (it was at the end of his first week in his father's office).

R. G., sr., paused in the act of lighting his cigar. That pause would have been a warning to his business associates. But the son rushed right ahead.

"Here's a folder in your future file, marked by you,—'April 1st, 1946'—a delayed April Fool joke?"

R. G., sr., lighted his cigar.

"Did you read the contents of that folder?" he drawled.

"Well, no," confessed the boy.

"Well, read through the folder and you'll find whom the joke is on," concluded R. G., sr.

* * * * *

In the folder was a Surety Bond which guaranteed R. G., sr., against any expense for repairs or maintenance to the roof on Plant 5 until April 1, 1946.

* * * * *

Whenever a building is covered with a Barrett Specification Roof the owner receives a Surety Bond issued by a great nationally known Surety Company. This Bond guarantees him against any expense for roof repairs or maintenance for 20 years.

Add this: Service records on file tell of great numbers of Barrett Roofs of this type laid 35 to 45 years ago which are still soundly weather-tight—and never a cent for repairs or maintenance. Finally—Barrett Specification Roofs take the base rate of fire insurance.

Sounds interesting? You want the facts about Barrett Specification Bonded Roofs in detail? Then address a brief note to The Barrett Company, 40 Rector Street, New York City. We'll reply promptly.

Note: For some sound reason you may want a built-up roof constructed to your own specification.

If that's the case, remember that the experience of building construction experts during the last half-century has clearly shown that it pays to construct a built-up roof of pitch and felt—that it pays to make sure that both pitch and felt are Barrett—that a wearing surface of slag or gravel is essential to the lasting weather-tightness and fire-resistance of a built-up roof.

Barrett
SPECIFICATION ROOFS

This column is addressed—

to men concerned with School, Factory, or Apartment building maintenance

FOR several years The Barrett Company has performed a rather unique service for building owners.

From time to time, at the request of men interested in the maintenance of large buildings, highly trained Barrett Inspectors have made careful surveys of the roofs of all these buildings and rendered detailed reports.

In many instances such examinations have resulted in large savings in building maintenance; and in the case of factories have undoubtedly prevented the loss of operating time and the damage to stock which often result from roof leaks.

Today Barrett is organized to offer this service to a wider list of owners. (The chances are it would prove valuable to you.) *Any recommendations will be impartial and based entirely on the actual conditions found.*

Ask yourself these questions:

"Have I any definite knowledge of the condition of the roofs for which I am responsible?"

"Are repairs or replacements necessary now? Do I know when any repairs will be necessary?"

"Is there danger of unforeseen interruptions caused by roof troubles?"

"Are all our roofs absolutely fire-safe?"

To answer these and any other questions, The Barrett Company with its 68 years of experience in the built-up roofing field offers you the benefits of its Roof Examination Service, free of charge or obligation.

Note: This service is available for big buildings, structures with roof areas of 5,000 square feet or more that are located east of the Rocky Mountains.

For detailed information regarding Barrett Roof Examination Service, address a brief note to The Barrett Company, 40 Rector Street, New York City, or—

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE BARRETT COMPANY
40 Rector St., New York

Please send me full information about your Roof Examination Service. I am mailing this coupon with the understanding that there is no charge or obligation involved.

Name of Firm .....

Your Name .

City ..... State

Size of roof area

IN CANADA: **The Barrett Company, Limited**
2021 St. Hubert Street, Montreal, Quebec

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NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ACCREDITED COMMERCIAL SCHOOLS

Today's Big Opportunity

300 of America's leading schools of business are now opening their doors to young men and women who want to succeed in business—the greatest of all professions.

No prospective business student should select a school without having before him our free Booklet A, "The Sure Way To Success." It contains invaluable suggestions on choosing a career and a school. Send for it today. Don't let delay cheat you into failure!

National Association
Accredited Commercial Schools
1618 Mallers Building, Chicago

Earns Extra Money

Mrs. Agnes L. Heaps, Indiana

MRS. AGNES L. HEAPS, a widow living in Indiana, some few years ago decided that to maintain her home and help in the education of her child she would need more money. She wrote us for our spare-time offer, using a coupon just like this.

The Curtis Publishing Company
466 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please mail me your extra money offer.

Name _____ Age _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

And she liked our offer so well that—

Since January, 1923, Mrs. Heaps has taken some easy Curtis profits in every single month but two.

Three and a half years of consistent, steady, spare-time earnings. What a record! And what a help to her the extra income is!

Money of Your Own

The same opportunity which Mrs. Heaps seized years ago is wide open to you NOW. Forwarding the subscriptions of your friends and acquaintances for the three popular Curtis publications is *so* easy—and so profitable! You need no business experience to succeed. We don't ask you to invest a single penny.

Surely what hundreds of busy mothers and home keepers are finding it pleasant to do you also will enjoy. At the very least, why not get all the information about this plan, without obligation—then decide? Use the coupon above.

(Continued from Page 122)

Lena Pattee, at which everyone laughed enormously.

They had so much fun talking about Millie's possibilities of authorship that the card tables didn't get going until quite late, and it was after midnight when the party was finally over. When they left, Gerber Rudd said to Margaret Burton, "It's not raining tonight, but you'll let me walk home with you anyway, won't you?" And as Dr. Charlie Mardell had brought his car this time, and Tom Vandiver had his, they took everyone else.

"Now," thought Millie, "I've made no mistake. And I'll not lose any time. I'll go down to the bookshop tomorrow afternoon."

But the next day proved to be the one when the first red raspberries appeared in the market. Everyone who makes jelly knows how difficult it is to make red-raspberry jelly unless the fruit is a little green—it is difficult enough even then. And Millie must have her red-raspberry jelly—three dozen glasses being the least quantity to suffice for a year. She always helped Etta make it. This year, with matrimony in view, she thought she ought to make a dozen extra glasses, and perhaps some sun preserves as well, for nothing in the world is more delicious than a sun-preserved red raspberry. No husband but would adore a wife who could provide it.

The thing to do then was to leave the visit to the bookshop for the day after, when the jelly would be made. Accordingly she put on her apron and went into the kitchen, where she began assiduously to pick over fruit, measure sugar, inspect jelly bags, and so forth and so on, as the work demanded.

At luncheon she was very hungry from her labors, but Etta had been so busy there was no time for her to cook anything but a pick-up meal, consisting of a mere cup of the left-over gumbo, some broiled chops and baked potatoes, grilled tomatoes, a salad of hearts of lettuce with Russian dressing, corn muffins and a dessert of sponge cake with hot chocolate sauce, in which floated split marshmallows.

After luncheon Millie felt drowsy—she had worked so hard over the hot stove, you know—so she dropped down on the couch in the library for a little rest and nap. She'd hardly dozed off when she was wakened by Margaret Burton hurrying in, flinging her arms about her and giving her the most affectionate kiss.

"Millie darling," cried Margaret, "I'm so happy—and I owe it all to you! What do you think—Gerber Rudd and I are engaged! He proposed to me last night on the way home, and oh, it never would have happened if you hadn't given us the opportunity to know each other better! You are our good angel!"

Millie, the good angel, sat up, slightly dazed. Margaret raved on: "I can't see how he ever came to fall in love with me, for I am not intellectual or beautiful; but he said a man doesn't want intellect or beauty, but sympathy and understanding; and he feels my business experience—copying the voters' lists and things like that down at the courthouse, you know, dear—will be of the greatest help to him in his shop and that he will be much more successful than he has ever been before. Oh, Millie, how can I ever thank you?"

There was a great deal more of this in the same strain. Millie made what response she could and concealed her own chagrin. But she wondered profoundly how she had ever come to imagine that Gerber Rudd was a clever man.

So only Dr. Charlie Mardell was left! She'd have to take him. There was no one else in Sunchester, and she had never wanted to marry a doctor, for it was well known that they were never on time to meals and might be called away right in the middle of a lunch or supper. It would be most disturbing to have things like that going on.

Nevertheless, Millie decided to make the best of it. She supposed that she would have to give an engagement dinner for Margaret and Gerber, since she had done it for the others. They would be offended if she didn't. But she couldn't look forward to it with any eagerness, and she made up her mind that she was not going to buy another new evening dress. She was tired of making herself look so stylish and handsome while other women in inferior gowns got the men.

She wondered if Charlie Mardell would want to turn her father's library into an office. There'd be patients trailing in constantly, and the doorbell ringing, and the telephone. She reminded herself that a doctor was a noble servant of humanity and that she ought to be proud to share vicariously in his service. She supposed she'd be elected to the town hospital board now. She promised herself that she'd make the old dodoes on it sit up and take notice, for that hospital kitchen was a scandal, and she'd tell them so. Charlie sometimes went to medical conventions—that would be pleasant. She would meet other doctors' wives, stay at city hotels and get new ideas from their restaurants to bring home and have Etta try; new salads, new desserts, new sauces. There was an advantage worth while in marrying Charlie Mardell, after all.

She thought it might be a good thing for her not to wait until the fourth dinner party to start in on Charlie, so she decided that in place of a visit to Gerber Rudd's bookshop—now unnecessary—she would drop in at Charlie's office and ask him what she should do for that queer burning sensation she sometimes felt about her heart after a meal. He would prescribe for her, and she could then let him know whether she responded to his treatment—and a basis of frequent meeting would be at once made.

Before she went down to his office she thought she would telephone and ask if he'd be there. No use going all that way on a warm day for nothing. Very sensible of her, for the girl in his office said that he had gone out of town for a few days but would be back next week. There was nothing to do but wait.

Just before suppertime Rosemundine brought in the Sunchester Daily Banner, and Millie opened it at the Social Notes. The first thing she saw was this:

HAPPY END OF A ROMANCE

DR. CHARLES MARDELL WEDS CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART

Those of Sunchester who have missed the city's popular physician from his accustomed round may be surprised to learn that he was married yesterday to Miss Vernie Temple, of Hood's Corners, and that the happy couple are now enjoying their honeymoon at Atlantic City. Miss Temple is Doctor Mardell's third cousin, on the maternal side, and was his childhood sweetheart. Fate in the shape of a lovers' misunderstanding parted them years ago, and only recently was the breach healed and the rift within the lute mended.

It is the social editor's opinion that Doctor Mardell succumbed to the contagion of engagements which has been raging recently in Sunchester, and that, being an experienced and able medico, he took the most efficacious treatment possible. Miss Temple—we beg pardon, Mrs. Mardell—is reputed to be an accomplished and beautiful lady and her presence will be a real asset to the society of Sunchester.

For a long, long time Millie read and reread this paragraph and the one following it, which described the details of the wedding. She felt utterly hopeless, in despair. A slow tear trickled out of her rounded cheek, made a curving path thereon and dropped on her bosom; another followed, and another. Rosemundine, coming in, found her bathed in distressful grief.

"Why, Miss Millie, whatsa matter?" asked the startled girl. "Why, Miss Millie, is you sick anywheres? Is you got a misery? Lemme git you dem smellin' salts. Whatsa matter, Miss Millie, honey? Fo' de Lawd's sake, hol' up 'at cryin' en tell me."

"I'm not sick, Rosemundine," wept Millie. "But—oh, I'm blue!"

"Yo po' chile! Doan I know dem blues! Nemmine, lamb, nemmine. Blues goin' pass by. You dry yo' eyes en come right on down staihs to yo' suppah. Etta, she mek waffles."

At last, cajoled and petted, tended by Rosemundine's efficient, loving hands, Millie stopped crying, washed her face, powdered her nose, and finally descended to sit, pensive and drooping, in the dining room. Never had it seemed so vast and empty and lonely. Never had life been so bare, so poor. How sad her fate! How miserable her future! All, all was dark and hopeless!

Rosemundine brought chicken, smothered in brown gravy, with green peas, new potatoes *persillade*. Slowly Millie ate, choked now and then by a persistent sigh that caught her throat. Then came the waffles, crisp, brown, savory, melting.

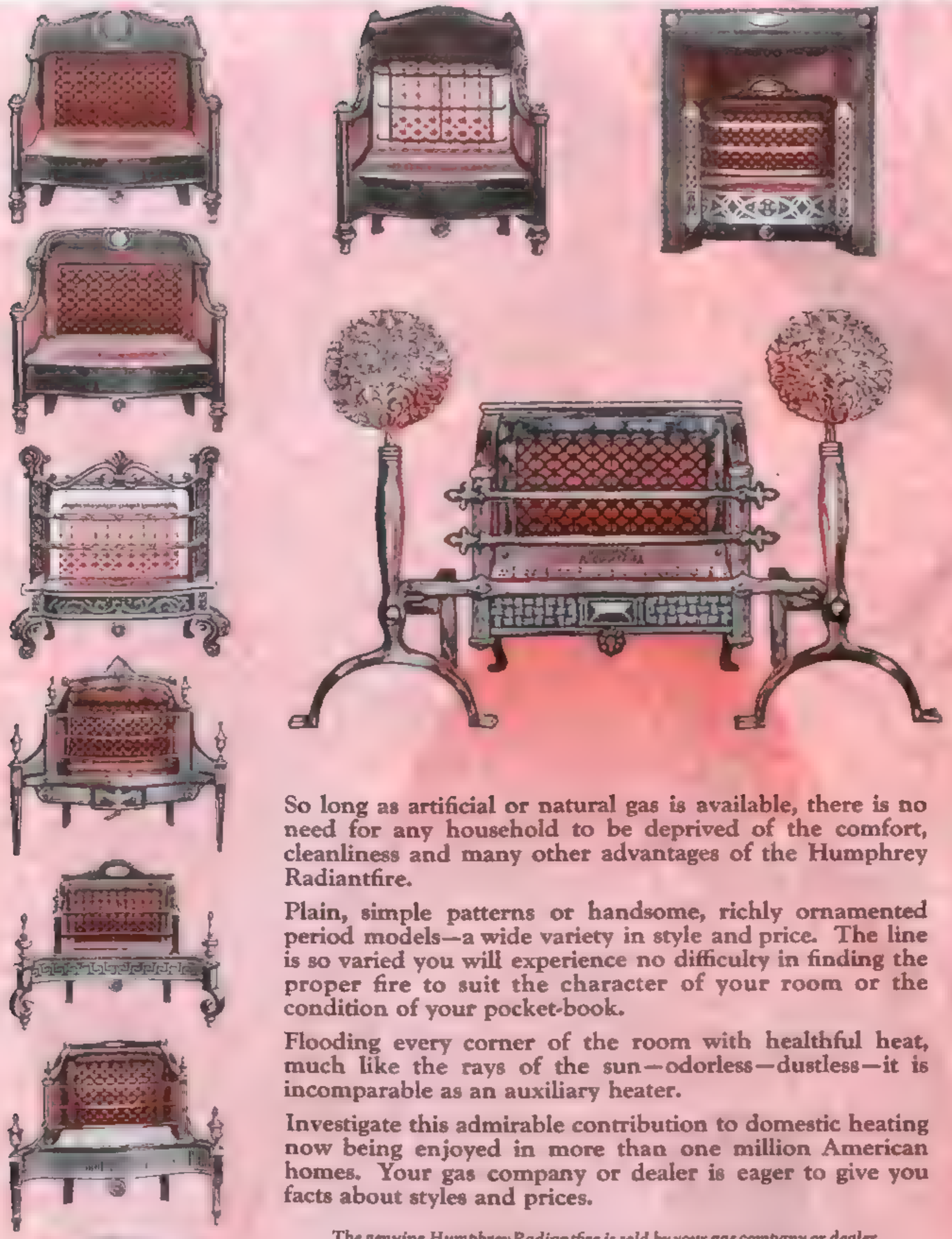
Gradually, as the waffles disappeared, so did Millie's grief. The dining room became more cheerful; its very loneliness changed to serenity and peace. Her future became less dreadful. How could a man add anything to the beauty and charm of her life?

"I believe I'll have some cream with scraped maple sugar, Rosemundine," she said. "And bring some extra butter."

More waffles came, crisper, browner, even more melting. And the cream mixed with the maple sugar—a luscious mess. Millie's eyes ceased to smart. She looked at the waffle before her, with its golden indented pattern, its promise of perfect flavor. A work of art. Yes, and more—a symbol, a sign. A wise man once said, "Everything in the world deceives us except good food." Here in such waffles as Etta's was the ultimate honesty of existence for Millie Tolliver.

She reached once more for the cream, took up her fork. She was consoled.

The Hamilton Mansion in Philadelphia, the Jesqui-Centennial City



So long as artificial or natural gas is available, there is no need for any household to be deprived of the comfort, cleanliness and many other advantages of the Humphrey Radiantfire.

Plain, simple patterns or handsome, richly ornamented period models—a wide variety in style and price. The line is so varied you will experience no difficulty in finding the proper fire to suit the character of your room or the condition of your pocket-book.

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IT FAIRLY Flies!

Graceful, speedy as a 'plane!
The letters flow—the school work's done
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all because the pen is FRESH!

An old pen's costly—messy, slow. It wastes your work and spoils your temper. New pens *save*—they're fast and clean. It pays to keep some FRESH pens handy—those that *stay* fresh—Esterbrooks!

There are Esterbrooks to humor every hand and every pen-use. You will catch the *mood* for writing with an Esterbrook to speed your thoughts.

Clip the coupon—get some samples. You will like their balance, freedom. Having Esterbrooks, and fresh ones, will become a useful habit. Get those samples—get them now!

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FREE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., Dept. S-1, CAMDEN, N. J.

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☐ Send me, free, the Esterbrook Chart of Handwriting to help me find the pen best suited to my hand—also a sample of Pen No. 556.

☐ I enclose 15 cents, for which send me the "12 Most Popular Pens in the World."

WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS IN THE MARGIN BELOW

How you SAVE *by always using a fresh pen:*

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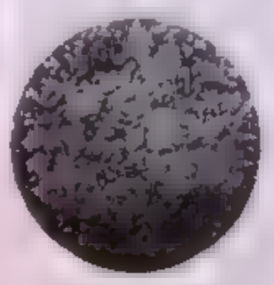
Startling differences in pens revealed by the microscope!

Steel in an ordinary pen (enlarged 400 times)

The black areas (ferrite) and the white spots (cementite) are large and irregular. That makes it easy for the acid in ink to attack the ferrite in a few hours, the harder particles drop away and [illegible] The pen is worn and scratchy. You have to throw it away. Cheap pen—false economy



Esterbrook Steel enlarged 400 times

[illegible] stays smooth and flexible all through its long service. Esterbrook—true economy

THE POOL IN PARVIN

(Continued from Page 10)

following. I made the move single-handed, and had very little trouble doing it. But Wall Street was sure it was a pool—sure that I was working for a big pool of insiders. I didn't deny it. Why should I? It helped. And later on the crowd believed the same thing again—believed it was the same inside pool backing me, or hiring me, when Parvin went above 150. And that was a joke too. Speaking of jokes, you shouldn't have taken that doctor seriously. He didn't mean all he said, and I'm thirsty. Would you suggest a jigger of this or that?"

The partitions in the shack are thin and the male Maine ear is attentive. Joe Messick called "In a minnit" and appeared presently bearing equipment to adjust the situation. His parting glance at me was puzzled, as who should say, "What manner of bug is this?" The rain was pounding heavily again, and the lamps were sullen. Bailey Wallace sat bent forward, frowning at the fire, while Garry watched him with a speculative eye, and I watched them both, hopefully.

After a time Garry began again, saying, as if casually: "So Paul Seward wasn't in the Parvin game with you from the start, Mr. Wallace."

Our guest turned his head slowly. "You seem to know a lot about this," he said.

"Seward was in your pool," Garry asserted. "I know that. Seward and others."

Bailey Wallace stretched his thin arms and laughed. "Pool!" he said. "Pool again. There was Paul Seward and there was one other man—three of us. We had a joint account in Parvin Stores. I managed it, operated it. That's all there was to the pool in Parvin."

"And none of the Parvin people?" Garry's voice dripped unbelief. "Then you fooled Wall Street."

Wallace stared at the red logs. "Any man can fool Wall Street as long as the banks let him," he said thoughtfully. "He can fool himself that long, and no longer. Last September I was practically out of that first play in Parvin. The market had been going very fast and my calls showed me a fat profit. I gave the stock a gallop up toward 90 and quietly sold it on the way down again. And I was out of nearly all of it—nearly all the stock I could call. Then one day I got a message from Paul Seward.

"You may know Seward. I didn't at that time, but of course I knew a lot about him. When a man has as much money and as many market interests as Paul Seward everybody knows a lot about him. I met him that afternoon. He wanted to talk about Parvin. He told me he had bought a line of it and was going to buy more, and he thought we might do business together.

"I asked him why he was buying Parvin and he bumped me by saying he knew all about the plan for the company to take over the big Goodman system. That was real news to me, and Seward saw it was. I questioned it, but he showed me that it was true—that the deal was actually made but wasn't likely to be announced for another two or three months. The Goodman people were to get Parvin stock in exchange for their own, share for share. Of course I was sore. The Parvin crowd had kept me in the dark and I had lost my position in the stock. I told Seward so, but I knew he had guessed it already. He had been watching Parvin in the market and keeping his ear to the ground, and he suspected I had been selling out. That was why he wanted to talk to me.

"Then he showed his hand. He believed the combination would really be a big thing for Parvin Stores, and he knew Wall Street would think it was bigger still. With the whole market climbing and the deal certain, he thought Parvin could be put to almost any price. None of the larger stockholders would dump any of the stock while the Goodman purchase was pending, and he saw a chance to put Parvin up fifty, sixty, seventy points. And he said I was the one man to do it. I knew the stock's position; I had been successful in it, and had a following in it because of that; everybody believed I was working for an inside pool and would continue to believe it. So Seward proposed that I come in with George Nichols and himself and make a stiff play in Parvin Stores. His idea was a joint account that I would run.

"That was Seward's proposition, and I liked it. In a few days we settled the details and went into the thing together Seward and Nichols and I. And that was the whole of your great Parvin pool. Not what you thought, was it? Not so big, eh? But it wasn't a lightweight affair either. George Nichols is a bigger man financially than Seward, although you may not know his name so well. He's in all sorts of things, and one or two trust companies in the Middle West open their cash drawers when he snaps his fingers. I looked the thing over from every angle and I couldn't see anything but an opportunity and all the money in the world to develop it."

"Well, you did develop it," remarked Garry Sandgren sweetly. "No one will deny that. You had about everybody gambling in Parvin."

Wallace smiled. "Parvin wasn't exactly an investment," he said. "The truth is the Parvin people were paying a very high price for the Goodman property. As a piece of business the deal wasn't anything to cheer about. But we saw from the first that in the kind of stock market we were having a Parvin-Goodman consolidation was just the sort of sensational thing to excite Wall Street traders, if the action of Parvin stock could be made to advertise it. Deals like that are great fertilizers for the market. I worked on that theory.

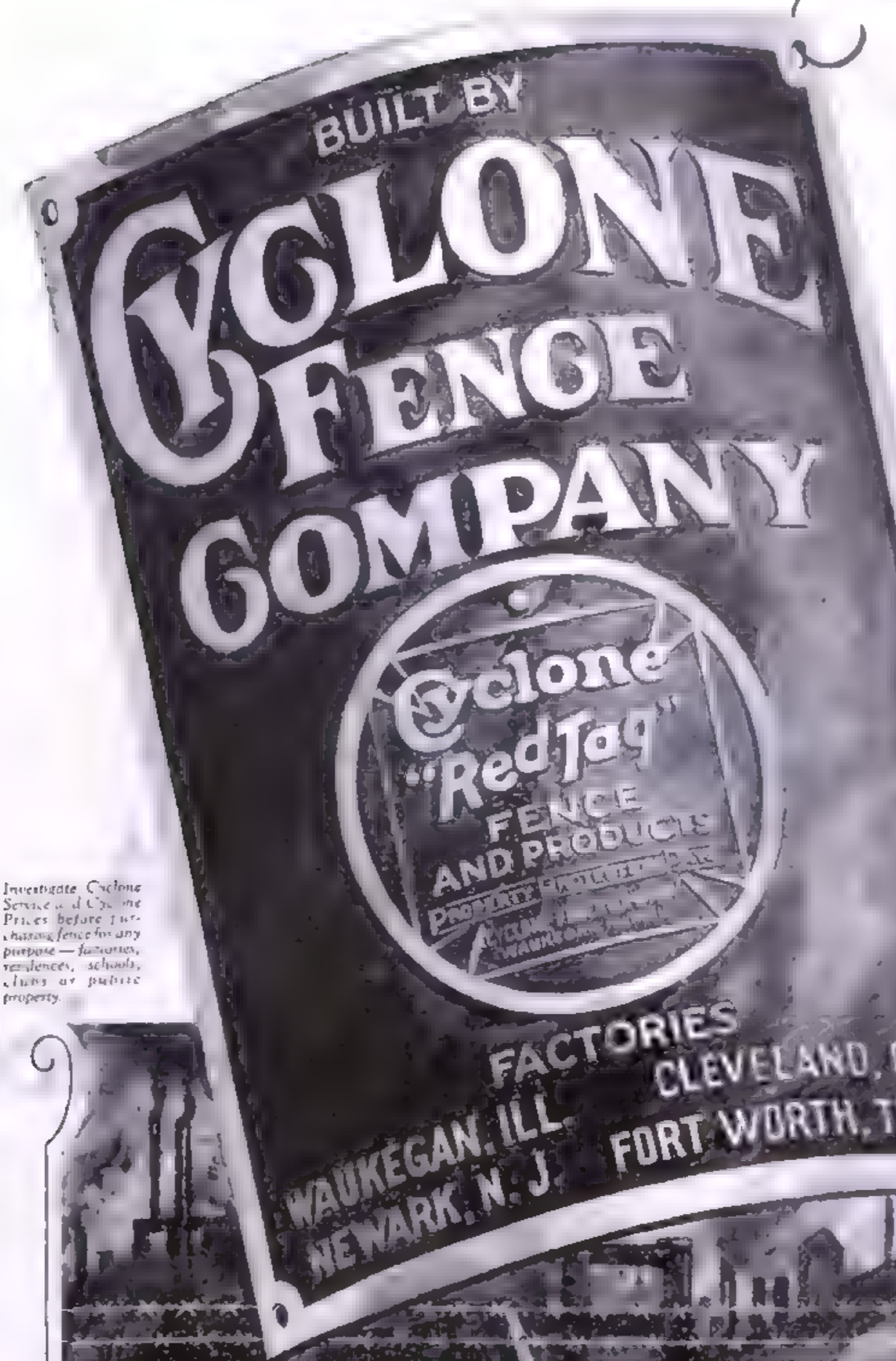
"When we started, Parvin wasn't easy to buy. I had worked up more bullishness on the stock around the Street than I realized. It was 82 then, and I couldn't take my time to pick up the line I wanted either. The news of the Goodman deal might leak out any day. I did the best I could, but the price was up nearly to 95 before I had accumulated our line of stock. After that it became plentiful again—too plentiful. In fact when I got it to par I was buying more of it than I wanted just then in order to keep it strong in the market.

"But by that time I had fixed up what I needed—a connection with Elhoff & Ingalls. I needed a big, hustling Stock Exchange firm as headquarters for the Parvin operation—one with plenty of gambling customers and active branch offices and a string of private wires to other cities. Boverton & Co. had done most of my business before that, but they weren't big enough for the Parvin work—not prominent enough, and maybe too conservative. There were a dozen and more big houses to choose from—they all were snapping for business—but I tied up with Elhoff & Ingalls. They had everything I wanted, and I switched the Parvin account over to them. The rest of the Parvin move was handled through their office.

"Of course I used other brokers—a lot of them. Your in-and-out trading has to be scattered and covered up, you know. But the Parvin business was centered in Elhoff's office. It was all done in my name too. Neither Seward nor Nichols appeared in it. The Street knew well enough that they were interested, but their interests didn't show anywhere except in a private arrangement with me.

"The Elhoff connection was just what I wanted. If you remember, the firm was as active as any in the Street. It had a group of the biggest traders in town as customers—some very big ones in its uptown branches. Elhoff's whole business was speculative. They didn't want anything else. They had active out-of-town wire accounts, and their publicity got attention

(Continued on Page 129)



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811

You'll find me in the P. A. cheering-section

YES, Sir! Prince Albert is the kind of a smoke that makes you want to grab a megaphone and shout its praises from the house-tops. With true fan pride, you just want to tell the world you've discovered the grandest tobacco that ever lined a pipe-bowl.

P. A. is so genuinely friendly to your tongue and throat and general disposition. It bangs your smoke-spot in deep center for high score every time. Cool as a parachute-jumper. Sweet as a check in the morning's mail. Fragrant as a pine-grove on a damp morning.

Mild, too, with a mildness that lets you hit it up from morning to midnight. Never a regret. Never a protest. Yet, Prince Albert has a body that satisfies your smoke-taste right down to the ground. Prince Albert is *quality* tobacco, through and through.

Nail this for a fact, Men: if you have never smoked P. A., you haven't given that old jimmy-pipe a chance to do its stuff. You may *think* you are perfectly satisfied with your present brand. Don't stop there. Buy a tidy red tin of P. A. today. It will be a revelation!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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(Continued from Page 126)

everywhere—tips and opinions and all that. And they didn't know what conservatism meant. First and last, they wanted business. They saw business in me, and every facility they had was mine in exchange for it. And I used every one of them.

"You probably don't realize how much market influence a big Stock Exchange house like Elhoff & Ingalls has, while it lasts. You don't realize how its prestige can be used. The name of a well-advertised firm such as that carries a great deal of weight. Whatever it does is supposed to be for somebody of importance. Whatever it says about the market or about some one stock is taken to be what somebody of size is going to make come true. You hear all the time, everywhere: 'Elhoff's buying Steel. That looks like Johnny Henderson.' Or, 'Elhoff-Ingalls are taking all this Smelters. That's the uptown crowd.' Or, 'Elhoff's turned bullish. Remember that, because it means the Rector Street Bank outfit.'"

Garry interrupted, "And therefore: 'Elhoff's buying Parvin Stores. That's Bailey Wallace.'"

"Better than that. What they thought was: 'Bailey Wallace is still running that big inside Parvin pool.' Don't forget the big-pool idea. It helped. As a matter of fact, there was quite a little inside selling of Parvin around par. It got in my way and gave me some trouble. I began to suspect that some of the Parvin crowd were not as enthusiastic over the Goodman deal as they might have been. But the rumors of the deal began to spread around Wall Street—I had something to do with that—and then the stock got more and more attention among the traders, and it was easier to move.

"George Nichols had friends among both the Parvin Stores and the Goodman directors, and he had a line on whatever went on. I kept in touch with the Parvin people too. They were very friendly, and glad enough to see their stock climbing, and finally I got J. J. Parvin to give out an interview admitting that the Goodman deal was on the fire. We used the statement to give Parvin a whirl that put it up close to 110, and I was able to sell out even more of it than I had taken on to shove it through par and carry it on up. That gave me plenty of buying power again, you see. After that, things went very well. When the stock dropped back a few points and the little traders sold out what they had climbed for, I showed up openly as a buyer again and pushed the price up to a new high figure before I let the crowd have my surplus line once more. I kept seesawing it that way—the usual way—and I had it well in hand above 120 the day before the official announcement of the Goodman combination was to be made.

"We were all ready to give Parvin a lively run-up on that news. I went up to Paul Seward's office after the market closed, and we were talking things over when Nichols came in and upset us with news of a different kind. The Federal Reserve Bank had just announced an advance in its rediscount rate. Do you remember?

"That meant trouble. It was certain that the whole market would be hit the next day and the Goodman announcement would go for nothing, so far as Parvin stock was concerned. That night we had a long powwow at Seward's club and threshed the thing out. We finally decided to hold Parvin strong if we could, no matter what the market did.

"We figured that the effect of the Reserve Bank news would be only temporary, and that a show of strong support in Parvin in connection with the Goodman deal would hold back general selling of the stock and would be the best kind of advertising, even if it was expensive. Seward and Nichols were ready to supply what money I might need, and I made my plans accordingly. Next day every active stock on the list closed with a loss—most of them from two to five points. But Parvin Stores showed a modest little advance.

"I kept it strong through another day, and then, when the market got over its fright and began to rally, I started in immediately to push Parvin. But it took a lot of strength to do it. Stock kept coming in, and I found that some of it was coming from the Parvin people themselves. They thought the good news was out and the stock was high enough. Then I took off my coat. I had to."

"You had too much of the stock," Garry observed.

"I had too much and I needed buying around the Street—by the crowd—to take care of the Parvin that was coming in too fast. But do you remember how soon the market got back into its stride again after that first discount-rate advance? Everybody forgot the Federal Reserve Bank and was happy again in two or three days. Even Nichols, who at first thought the thing was serious, changed his mind and concluded it wouldn't do any more harm. I thought the same. It wasn't bad judgment, either, for the time being. The trouble came from continuing to think that way. At any rate Nichols and Seward took care of the finances, and I went at Parvin with my teeth set. I used every trick I knew or could invent to work up bull sentiment and keep the stock popular.

"In particular I went after men in the Street who, in one way or another, can influence others when they have reason to do it. I gathered an armful of good ones and supplied each one of them with a reason. In most cases I handed out calls to them. Calls again, do you see?"

Garry nodded understandingly, but I did not understand. "What influence?" I asked. "What kind of men?"

"All kinds," declared Bailey Wallace. "If they could and would bring in buying of Parvin Stores by other people, I let them have an interest of some kind—an interest that would be worth something if the stock went up. In most cases it was a call."

"But what men?" I persisted. "What sort of men? Brokers?"

"All sorts," he said. "Brokers? Yes, a few. Here and there calls went to a firm, or to a partner personally. More of them went to office managers. Some went to customers' men, if they were big enough to be of value to me. Beyond that, I dealt with unattached men—the kind who play the market themselves as a business and have groups of friends and followers who will act on their advice and their tips. Wall Street is full of such men, you know. Or you may not know. In fact I'm one myself—I have been, and will be again. And there was publicity—all forms of it—to be bought with calls too. In the end it was quite a crew I had working for Parvin, and for me, in that way. Oh, it wasn't anything new. I simply made it an object for other men to help Parvin's rise by getting their customers or friends to buy into the stock and to believe it was going higher."

"But," said I, "you can't mean that you got reputable Wall Street men to sell their influence—to sell out others in that way?"

Bailey Wallace studied me with curiosity. "Reputable?" he questioned. "Well, of course there isn't more than one brokerage house or partner in twenty or thirty who will work with you in that way. But the percentage of brokers' employes who won't isn't so small, and there are not many individuals in Wall Street who won't—when the terms are right. Most of them are reputable, I think. They're supposed to be. Besides, Parvin Stores was a real property. The stock had value. Oh, it's part of the game. And why not? Why shouldn't it be? If you were in Wall Street you'd know. People go there, work there, to make money. I never knew any to go for any other reason. Did you?"

I would have asked more concerning these ethics, but Garry Sandgren, scowling at me, said, "Did you get results? Did your calls help?"

"Certainly they helped," replied Wallace promptly. "And the whole market went on climbing, you know. Everybody was more enthusiastic than ever over everything. I kept churning Parvin, and the interest in it increased, so that I worked off enough of our stock to make us fairly easy again. I did that after it got to 135. You said you were in the stock at that time. You know how active it was and how much you heard about it—rumors of all sorts—bigger dividends, another combination, and more gossip like that."

"Of course I know," said Garry. "Cody & Erwins' man, Taggart, used to call me up every day or two and tell me what Parvin was going to do before the closing; and usually he was right."

"Yes. I let the boys get used to making a little money in turns like that. It kept them interested, even excited, and it didn't cost much, you see. But what bothered me a bit was a let-down in the interest of some of the people who had been rather enthusiastic up to that time. The Parvin people became very chilly and I saw signs of cold feet in the Street too. Some of Elhoff & Ingalls' big customers weren't as ready to trade in Parvin as they had been. I didn't know why. Everybody had made money in the stock, and there couldn't be any soreheads, and I believed the enthusiasm could be worked up again. In fact, it had to be. I had to look ahead to the time when we would want to liquidate our position.

"So I got the crowd together. I gave a dinner—a big dinner."

"I have heard about that," said Garry. "The famous Parvin dinner."

"Is it famous? I suppose it is now. It was quite a dinner. Private of course. The newspapers never had anything about it. Everybody was there—everybody who had an active interest in Parvin Stores. I had the whole Elhoff-Ingalls outfit and a partner or two from every Stock Exchange house that had been doing business for me in the stock. Seward was there of course; and George Nichols. I had about all the men who were bulling Parvin because of the calls they had, and they brought along a few of their interested friends. Several of the Parvin and Goodman directors, too; and J. J. Parvin. He was the honored guest, I suppose. He was also the mistake.

"It was a good, lively dinner. Everybody was happy. There was plenty of enthusiasm over Parvin and its prospects, and all that. Everything went along beautifully until I asked J. J. Parvin to talk to them. He did. I don't know yet whether he had been dining too well or whether he was a good actor. He began by telling them how it pleased him to have so many representative financiers interested in Parvin Stores and regarding it as worthy of investment. He said it was a tribute to him and the whole management. And so on.

"And then, before I realized what he was saying, he was telling them they mustn't let their enthusiasm run away with their judgment. Somebody should have choked him, but nobody did. He said the business of Parvin Stores couldn't be expected to grow as fast as the stock had been increasing in price. He said it might be quite a while before the business and profits would justify the quotation of 135 for the stock. The company's growth would be regulated by the ups and downs of general business. No increase in dividends was in sight. Parvin Stores was just a sound, conservatively managed, representative American business enterprise, with nothing splashy or speculative about it. He hoped everybody would consider Parvin's longer future, rather than make mistakes about its immediate present. Then he sat down. A little later he went home.

"There wasn't much noise at the tables when he went out. Everybody was jolted. I knew something had to be done, but I didn't know how to do it. But the minute the door closed behind Parvin little Jake Wenzell gave me a cue. He called out, 'I wonder how much he's short of,' and everyone laughed. Then I knew what to do. I made a speech myself.

"I said: 'That talk of Parvin's means only one thing. He is the president of

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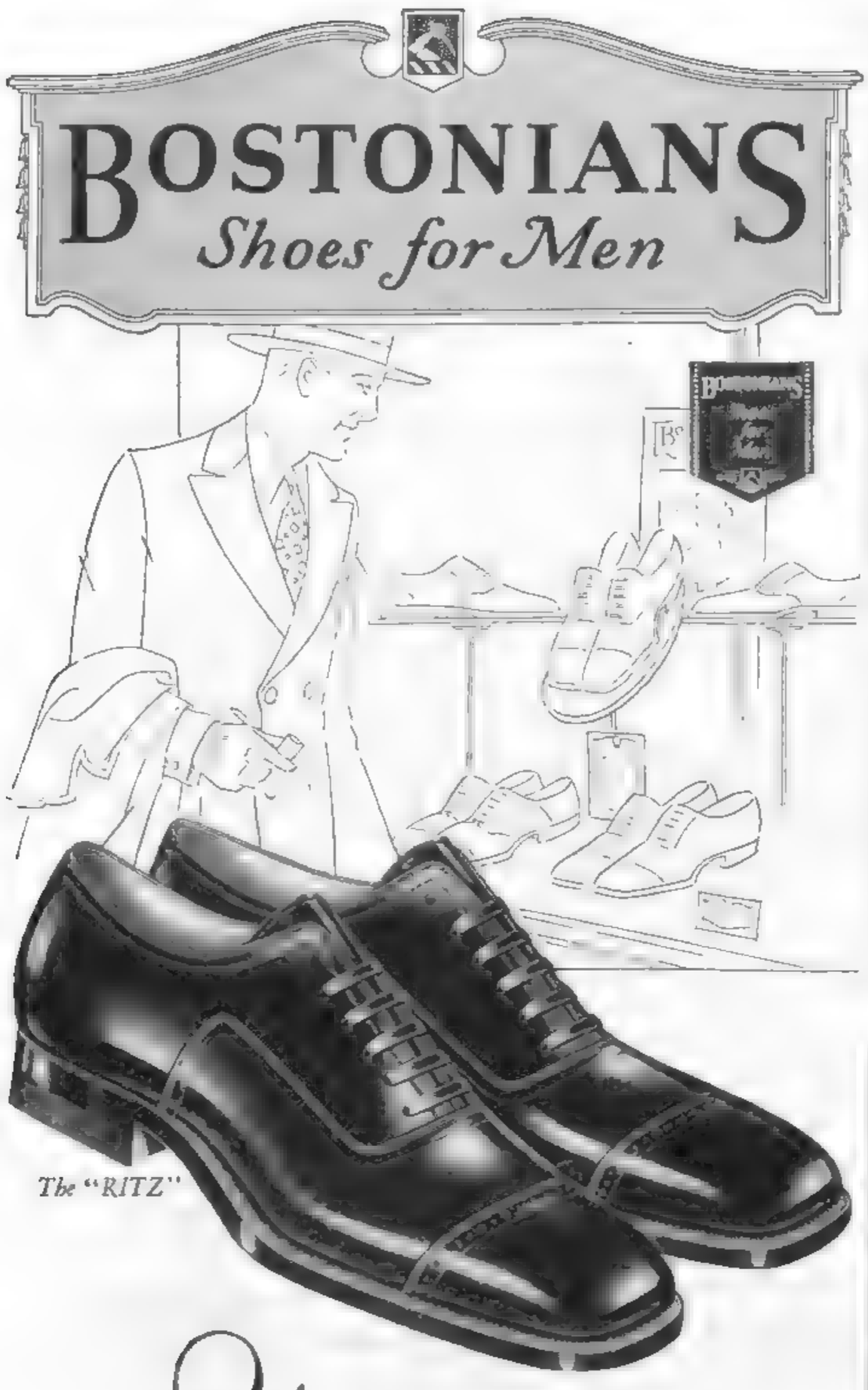

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Parvin Stores. He didn't come here tonight and deliberately slam his own stock without a personal reason. I've suspected that reason for some time. I had it in mind when I invited Parvin here. I don't know what you men think, but it's plain enough to me. J. J. Parvin and his friends in the company have sold out a lot of their stock, expecting to get it back cheaper. Now they find they have lost it. They want it back, but they find they can't buy it without putting the price to the ceiling. But they must get it somehow, and what Parvin said to us was intended to scare us into selling what they want!'

"I said, 'I'm sorry J. J. Parvin went away. I'd like him to hear this: He will not get his stock back any cheaper than it is now. A week from today he will see it selling at 150, and even then he will have to pay a great deal more if he wants to buy much of it. I mean what I say—150 within a week, and then higher. Anybody who wants Parvin Stores is going to climb for it, and I mean the Parvin insiders in particular. You can tell them Bailey Wallace is prepared to see to that.'

"It was a bluff, but it worked. And we made it good. Seward and Nichols said 'Go ahead,' and I went ahead. I put Parvin to 150 within the week. I had to take a lot of stock to do it. More than one man went away from that dinner and decided to play safe by letting at least some of his Parvin go. I had to buck against that, and there was considerable short selling too. The shorts began to cover when the stock got up a bit, but, nevertheless, we had 85,000 shares of Parvin Stores the day it hit 150. In addition, both Paul Seward and George Nichols had lines of their own. Your pool in Parvin was well loaded."

In my ignorance, I ventured, "But you were making an enormous amount of money with the stock going up so much." Bailey Wallace looked at me in pity.

"It was enormous on paper," he said; "but, you see, our stock had to be sold before we could count the money." He turned to address himself to Garry's experience. "And yet, do you know, I wasn't worried? I was drunk, hypnotized by that market we were having. Day after day it was big and broad and strong, with nothing in sight—in my sight—to change it. And Parvin wasn't my only interest either. I was handling two other stocks—playing on calls that I had taken from inside bankers who wanted them lifted. Calls again, you see. Bartlett Foundries was one of them. Amalgamated Construction was the other. I was doing pretty well with them both.

"We were all blind. Everybody was blind. I believed I had better control of Parvin at 150 than at any time since I started it. I didn't expect to lift it much more, but I was sure we could liquidate without trouble. But I was blind. So were Paul Seward and Nichols and plenty of other, bigger men. We should have seen the writing on the wall when Sorden Soap went to pieces. Do you remember? Sorden was nothing but a one-man bubble that should have burst long before it did. Nevertheless, when it smashed we all might have known it was quitting time. But we didn't. I held Parvin steady when the Sorden slump shook the market a bit, and I kept it strong above 150 for ten days after that. It made a top of 156 at a time when most other stocks were soft.

"And then one day somebody hit my Parvin market with 10,000 shares. I found it was Henderson—Johnny Henderson. He staggered me, and I had my first chill. I hate Johnny Henderson, but I'm afraid of him. He can smell weak spots where nobody else can. He knocked Parvin off more than five points before I got it in hand and jacked it up again. Nothing happened for two days. Then Henderson took a quick shot at Bartlett Foundries and I knew he thought he had found a weak spot in the market—me.

"My position in Bartlett wasn't very big, but still it hurt when Henderson jammed it down; and when he followed through with a raid on Amalgamated Construction the Elhoff-Ingalls people began to take notice. By that time the whole market was beginning to wabble. I tried to dump my little line of Bartlett, and the market backed away from me. It broke badly. I tried the same thing with Construction and I found Johnny Henderson was selling it too.

"It was certain then that Henderson would go after Parvin the minute it showed any weakness. Paul Seward began keeping close to me all the time, and George Nichols wasn't out of call. We knew we were in for trouble if the general market didn't soon get its balance and swing up. Well—it didn't. And that's all."

"But what then?" I asked.

He laughed sourly. "What then? In two weeks Parvin Stores was down sixty points and I was broke."

"Because of this Johnny Henderson?"

"Because of the market. Because everybody in the world stopped buying and sold out what they had. Because prices melted so fast. Because the banks had reasons of their own, and said, 'Pay off your loans. Take your collateral away. It's worth less every minute and we don't want it.' Henderson made things worse for us, damn him. He gave Parvin the shove that started it down and carried us with it. But everything went. The whole boom collapsed.

"We tried to protect ourselves for a while—tried to keep Parvin from breaking too fast or too far. Both Seward and Nichols came through with money—a good deal of money. But it was no use. Elhoff kept running in and out all day, every day, yelping, 'We're broke if you don't do something.' And they were broke too. Parvin was only one of their troubles. They had to get help, twice. They managed to borrow three millions privately on stuff that couldn't be sold at all at the time. And who do you suppose loaned them some of it? Johnny Henderson! That's Wall Street. He helped to scuttle them, and then loaned them some of the money he'd made doing it, so as to keep them afloat.

"We had to let Parvin go. We squirmed, but there wasn't anything else to do. The banks were squeezing everybody. Anything that looked like a pool account, or a big play such as ours, was being shot to pieces, deliberately. George Nichols did what he could, but he had other things to take care of—many of them. It wasn't sense for either Nichols or Paul Seward to do more than they did. I could see that, sore as I was. We simply had to let Parvin go. In fact, we were told so by men whose tip couldn't be laughed off.

"The stock broke twenty-four points in one day, when we were selling it. We still had more to sell when it got down to par—fifty-six points down from the top. J. J. Parvin took the lot that was left. He paid us 92 for it, privately. And that was the end except for the I O U's. That was the end of your great powerful pool in Parvin Stores.

"It cost Seward and Nichols more than a million and a half apiece. It cost me—but that doesn't matter. I've stopped thinking about it, and it doesn't matter. It will matter, though, if the Wall Street crowd finds out that after I faced everything and took my medicine, I crumpled up and had to sneak away to that damned hospital. That will matter a great deal to me. See here ——"

He scowled upon each of us in turn.

"If either of you call me anything but Stevens when that doctor gets back I'll make trouble for you. I'll tell him you are a pair of sneak thieves, a couple of pickpockets. I'll swear you've robbed me since I've been here."

Garry Sandgren showed a puzzled frown. "Robbed you of what?" he demanded.

"Of the story, of course," said Bailey Wallace, with a sudden wry grin. "You've been pumping me all along, you know. And you've pumped me dry too—oh, very, very dry."

"Coming!" called Joe Messick from the kitchen. "Jest a minnit!"

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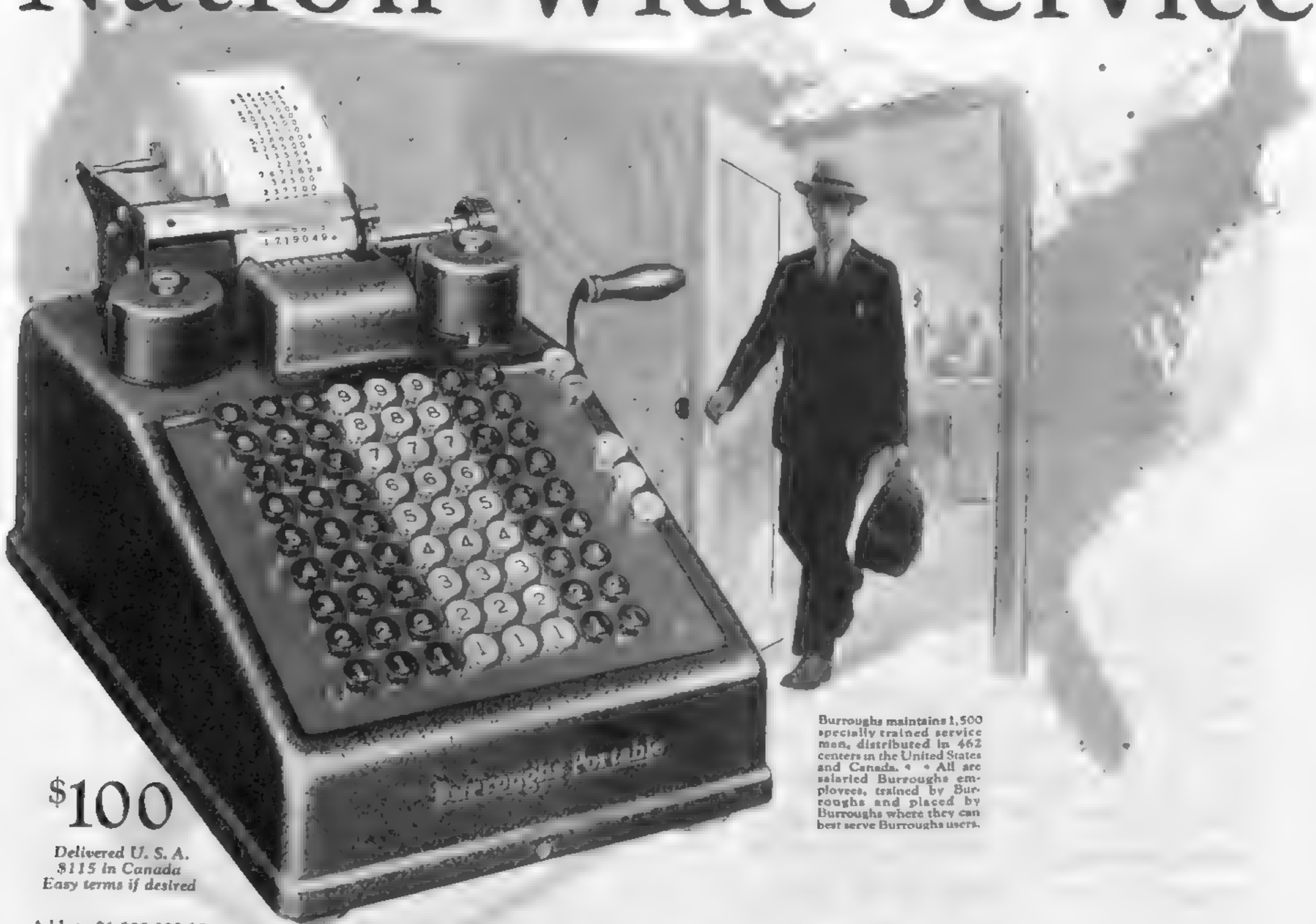

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HUSBAND IN THE DARK

(Continued from Page 21)

"I suppose you want to find out by that lead if I'm a married woman. I'm not," the voice said, with the subtlest of subtle shadings. "But just take it that we're ships—ships that pass in the night."

"That's a sad little thought. They're passing mighty close aboard."

"Too close for comfort?"

"Did I yip a syllable to that effect?"

But instantly rain out of a viperous heaven lashed on the windshield and he was forced to use his right arm to move the wiper back and forth. He cursed the niggardly spirit which had induced him to hold off buying an automatic visionator.

"Did you ever see anything so dark?" she breathed, and leaned a hair closer to look through that little semicircle of clarity he had created with the wiper on the glass. "It really frightens me."

"Dark is nothing but the absence of light."

"Is it? You're a man. If I'm coming home late alone I can hear my own footsteps overtaking me. I'm always peopling the dark."

The road was getting all at once really atrocious, and he was forced to go into second speed. This prodded him into saying, "Seems to me you people out this way had better give the road commissioner a prod. The man you came with must have had to fight his way. By the way, who did you come with, did you say?"

"I didn't say."

"Canny soul. You aren't taking full advantage of this game, might I point out? Oughtn't the very fact that we are, so to speak, in the dark about each other have some bearing? I mean, people circumstanced as you and I are, total strangers, often say things we wouldn't and couldn't dream of saying, possibly, to people who are a part of our lives. Isn't it a kind of confessional, where neither of us will ever know what the other even looks like, if we go on the way we're going?"

"A confessional," she replied faintly. "Whatever put it into your head that I might have something to confess? Isn't this a wonderful riding car?"

"Yes, it lays over the horse-drawn vehicle a little," he said sulkily. And then impishly he flicked the dashboard light switch on. It stayed as dark as ever.

"I took the liberty of unscrewing that bulb," she said.

"You're plenty forehanded. You evidently don't take me seriously."

"When did ever men take me seriously?" she cried with a flash of resentful passion in her voice. He was silent, and he heard her sigh profoundly, a sigh with a touching quiver in it. The darkness fell into a darker dark and the car wallowed closer to the ground.

"If you will have a confession from me," she murmured, with a complete change of tone, "I can say I could just go on and on like this forever. That won't endanger my reputation for telling truth."

"I don't have to lie to second the motion then."

"How queer it is we can't simply be happy in the company of people we like. It just seems to be our lot to be thrown in with the wrong ones in our daily walks, don't you think?"

"Them's my sentiments, stranger," Mr. Whitaker said gruffly, shaken into levity by this sudden grip or glow of heart's emotion scarcely a finger span away. "I can say frankly that I never had such a whale of a time in my life as I'm having right this present minute, and I've had some whales of times in my time too."

"I'll bet you have."

He had gone into second gear again with a deft snap, and now he was in low. "Does it get better or worse from here on?"

"It's not much different, one way or the other," the girl said dreamily.

"The man that brought you ——" he was beginning, when she cut him off with "That man again! Isn't it better to assume he doesn't exist, rather than be introducing him eternally?"

But immediately she was apologizing for her outbreak. It was just this deadly time of year, waiting for the mud and snow to go, and when everybody's nerves were just on edge and people were wishing time away, even the old, though Barney Hillis stated that after thirty time went two for one.

"That isn't saying you couldn't afford to wish a month or two away," he said. She replied that this was very sweet of him, considering how perfectly in the dark he was about her still.

Their fencing was interrupted by his catching sight of a rock which reared its jagged crown in the very center of the road. That blamed thing, he mumbled, could as easily as not crack the housing on the differential. He went too far to the right of it and sank.

While getting the jack out from under the seat, he said, "While we are exchanging confidences, let me say the soul of a mechanic doesn't dwell in me."

The girl, rather close against him in the dark, repeated twice over that she blamed herself for having let him undertake such a journey in the first place.

"People who persist in living at the end of the world should just get back there the best way they can," she said despairingly. She showed her practical gift, however, by seeking out and putting into his hands a flat stone to slip under the foot of the jack.

"You get back into the car. You'll be wringing wet, all this filmy stuff you're in. It's raining."

In fact it was raining again, though not hard; but he found the stone very acceptable, and it was ten to one he would never have found it by himself. She was just obstinate enough to stand her ground, too, reminding him that two heads were better than one, not to speak of two pairs of legs when it came to putting a shoulder to the wheel. He got out a waterproof suit, consisting of a blouse with monkish hood attached, and pants. The pants she refused, with a quick laugh, to step into; they were miles too big, she could feel; and besides, he was the unfortunate who must get down on his knees in all this mire. The blouse she did allow him to drop down over her head, outside everything. She held quiet while he poked her arms into the sleeves.

But from now on, he knew, he would be simply going through the motions. It was nothing short of ludicrous for a man with his small pretensions in the way of tools to attempt to move a car, single-handed, out of a bed of slime like this. The situation was certainly draggle-tail enough. Between rain squalls, the black earth with its glimmering white patches was all one great rill of running water. A good deal of this sound, he presently discovered, came from an ice pond on his right, lifted up by a kind of dam made of black stones to about the level of his chin. Water was running over the dam through a wooden sluice box laid on top of the stones, and it was this water that had made a quagmire of the road. To the left, the white wall of a house appeared, drawing out into a woodshed, stable and outbuildings.

"Maybe I can rouse somebody up there and get the loan of a horse," he muttered.

"No, you can't," the girl said promptly. "That man hasn't any horses. At least, I don't think he has now. I think he drowned his last one grooving ice in February."

"I can get a light then, anyway."

"But truly, there is an ugly dog somewhere on the premises," she protested, her flawless voice enchantingly atremble. "Do let's see if we can't manage by ourselves."

There came the distinct pounding of a horse's hoofs on wooden flooring.

"Maybe that's the ghost of the horse that was drowned in February," Ray said. He was fairly under the car now. But the jack had already played him false three several

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times. Either he got it too tall to wedge under the axle, or not perpendicular, when the weight of the car, half-jacked, would topple it and force him to grope in mud as fat as butter for that vanished implement. Crouching there, he caught dark hostile gleams from all those underslung projections, hideous with slime. He tried to use the lever of the jack as a shovel, but it was of soft iron and buckled nightmarishly.

He felt as if his whole personality were leaking away through his heels He was evidently a weakling; and this recognition of his shortcomings, this bitter introduction of himself to himself, made more impressive the girl's valiant comings and goings somewhere on the other side of the ditch. She had the flexibility of steel. He could hear her in among the alders, wrestling, it seemed, with the trunk of a dead tree lying imbedded in all that winter muck. She evidently couldn't budge it, though, because almost at once there were faint sounds of her having gone farther afield; and even, finally, into the neighborhood of the hypothetical dog.

He went on digging. The sour clay stank; his face was smeared with it; some coarse grains had worked in at the corners of his eyes. His fingers, too, were numb, and by this time he had forgotten what the jack looked like. He couldn't tell, with it actually in his hand, whether he was stepping it up or down. He was in a mechanistic panic.

Then a kind of lapse of physical awareness came over him. He dreamed and speculated. She wasn't being candid with him. Something must be in the wind. The alleged absence of the horse was as false as the alleged presence of the dog. For all he knew, the entire situation might be built up out of that varnish can which he in his innocence had kicked contemptuously off the running board.

The girl now appeared at his elbow with a plank. "Where under heaven did you unearth that?" he asked, amazed.

"From under the barn."

"How did you chloroform the dog?"

She had no answer ready. He began to fear that the dark had literally dissolved her. Getting up hastily off his knees, he swung his shin bone into the end of the plank which she had dropped into the mud and started to wedge under the tire.

"It's no use," he said savagely. "I've got to get these people up now. If you must know it, I've lost the jack entirely somewhere in this mud."

"You can't have."

"I have though. Now you just wait here. Who is the man, by the way, that lives here?"

"It's the man who brought me to the dance," she said, with a striking effect of somberness and fate. Since it was now his turn to be silent, she went on: "He went past us while we were pumping that gasoline. Can't you understand how I'd fight, bleed and die rather than let him have the laugh on me like this?"

This unlooked-for flare-up of emotion was enough to make her visible almost. He began to expect her to burn through the dark like sunlight coming through a dungeon of fog. That flaxen hair ought to be showing up, at least. He could understand how, in the circumstances, she might not want to get that fellow out to help them out of their predicament.

He forced himself to find the jack again; this time he got the rock under it; the car began to rise slowly; and the girl, watching her chance, slipped the plank under the tire.

He felt the short quick breath of her effort against his cheek. When they were ready to start the engine up again, she pleaded with him to let her take the wheel, since she was familiar with the territory, and, besides, was so much lighter. That would leave him free to put his greater strength against the car itself, and that little extra might be all the difference between getting out and staying where they were.

It proved so. Under her management, the sedan, like a young hippo with steaming snout and mud-crusted buttocks, wallowed out of the bog, and gained the crown of the road.

When he slid under the wheel again, after first divesting himself of the waterproof pants, he said complacently, "Nothing like keeping at a thing."

For three or four minutes nothing more was said; she seemed weary; and when she did speak, it was only to say, in answer to a question of his, that they were almost there. They had got down into the meadow road which had more bottom to it, more gravel and less clay; and she said that from now out, or until he struck the main road, he ought to have no more trouble.

"You'd better stop here—and snap the lights off, please," she said almost at once. The lights had rested for just a second, as the road took a little more northerly turn, on an affrighted house full of villainous black windows, and with a broken-backed roof and curving chimney.

"You can't mean—you're home?" he muttered, staring.

"Yes. And I wouldn't want father to know, either, what time I was getting in."

He shut off the engine. "But you can't simply slip away like this, without telling me your name."

"Please! Aren't we, after all, just ships that pass in the night?"

"Well, hang it, ships—even ships speak to each other," he said hoarsely. Against a patch of snow in the field opposite, he saw her dark bowed shape writhing out of that blouse and hood. He tried to help her, but the clumsiness of the combined effort was appalling. His effort to take her in his arms resulted in his getting nothing better than an armful of that blouse. She herself was clear of it.

"Give me three minutes to get in," she whispered, "and then you can start up and go past the house. You go straight ahead, as I say, and take the first turn to the right. It brings you out on the main road."

He felt desperate as at the breaking of a pleasant dream. If he never saw her, she was practically certain to haunt him till his dying day. Bafflement like this had made poets out of better men than he. A cock crowed. His thoughts went to the tune of that half-subterranean babble of water by the roadside. A plank just here bridged the water-filled ditch and led into what, he sensed, was probably a pussy-willow kind of territory. She had fled over this plank; he followed at a venture, and floating by her side, gripped her elbow masterfully.

"I'm going as far with you as the door," he whispered.

"Don't think of it!" she cried. "Father sleeps in the east room and the least noise will bring him out of bed all standing. We'd better tell each other good night here."

But to leave her actually on her doorstep—or, better still, in the back entry, since she was going for the back of the house, was now the one ambition of his life. She gave up trying to shake his hold and led him into what had the look, or feel, of an extinct apple orchard. This ought to be the safe side, he pointed out, if her father slept on the east; but instantly, before the words were all out of his mouth he had reason to think that it might be anything but the safe side. Something leaped out of the dark and cracked him on the skull, a shocking blow.

His fading senses leaped with panoramic nicety to a theory of ambush or trap. But instantly he was hideously ashamed of himself; since, with both her arms round him, supporting him, he had got back sense enough to put the whole of the mishap together and realize that he had stepped on the teeth of a rake and brought the handle flying up against him.

"You see what you get for not taking my advice," she said, and she was either trembling or shaking with secret laughter. He must be just a bundle of nerves. They moved forward again; and now the dark clawed at him and took torturing holds on

(Continued on Page 137)

Why 50% of all SPENCER HEATERS *are installed to replace other heaters....*

"I am advising and installing Spencer Heaters because of first-hand experience with one in my own residence."

—Letter from one of many Heating Contractors using Spencer Heaters

THE MOST enthusiastic advocates of Spencer Heaters are those who have had most experience with heating problems—architects, heating contractors, house owners who have had occasion to compare notes with their neighbors and check Spencer advantages against those of other heaters; building engineers who have analyzed the problem.

The usual experience of these heater-wise folk is well illustrated by that of Mr. William T. Hamilton of Crestwood, N. Y., who writes:

"In October, 1925, I decided that my old heating equipment was too expensive to operate, considering the then prices of egg and stove coal."

(After referring to his investigation of oil burners, and his final decision in favor of a Spencer Heater, Mr. Hamilton continues)—

"The Spencer requires very little attention, works almost automatically, has heated my house perfectly in the coldest weather, and is altogether most satisfactory.

"Furthermore, my season's coal bill heretofore has been about $300. This winter it is only $120. So, within just a few years, the Spencer will have paid for itself It strikes me that if the majority of the public knew facts like these, your factory would never be able to fill its orders."

Some of these important facts are emphasized by the letters in the column at the left—representative of the thousands we receive.

Remember, whether you are interested in heating a modest bungalow or a large apartment or industrial building, there is a Spencer type and size to meet your needs. Sold and installed by heating contractors.

An unusual book "The Business of Buying a Heating System" containing a great deal of valuable information needed by anyone facing the problem of replacing an old heater or making a new installation will be mailed to any responsible person upon request.

SPENCER HEATER COMPANY

Factory and General Offices: Williamsport, Pa. *Offices in Principal Cities*

DIVISION OF LYCOMING MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Typical Experiences

"My house has never been so well heated during the 34 years I have lived here, from two different heaters. The fire has not been out since first started and a temperature of 70° has been kept up during the coldest weather

Previously burned 10 tons coal at $16 a ton or $160.00. During past 7 months used 11 tons at $8 50, or a saving of just $66.50

The magazine feed has worked well and is a great asset in the working of the heater."

GEORGE R. MURDOCK, *Dorchester, Mass*

••

"The Spencer is absolutely the best heater I have ever had. As it works automatically, it takes very much less time and trouble to tend. It burns less coal and a cheaper kind than any other furnace I have ever had, and has more than paid the difference in cost, by the saving in the price of Buckwheat coal over other grades."

W. R. EVETT, *Baltimore, Md.*

••

"In 1911 I installed a Spencer Tubular Heater in my building on North Broad Street and I have had absolute satisfaction each season since its installation

"Having operated other heaters, I can honestly say that the Spencer requires less attention and is easier to care for than ordinary heaters

"By burning Buckwheat coal, I have been able to save from $5 00 to $7 00 per ton each season This saving has more than paid the entire cost of my heating installation

MAX THIEL, *Philadelphia*

••

"We have used No. 1 Buckwheat coal from the beginning, and have found it a great saving in the year's coal bill Indeed our Spencer has cut the coal bill in half. While we burn the same number of tons as in the old heater, yet the price per ton is only one-half that which we would have to pay for the large size coal

W. E. JONES

Dane Street Congregational Church, Beverly, Mass.

••

"The past year has been my first real year of heat comfort

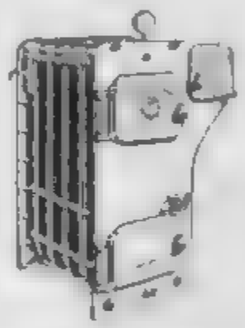
Referring to the cost of operation, on the heater previously installed, we used ten tons of egg coal at a cost of $14 per ton During the past year, we used in our Spencer Heater, Buckwheat coal exclusively, costing from $6 60 to $8 00 per ton, saving approximately $76 over the previous year.

I have been entirely pleased with this heater in the matter of fuel consumption, comfort and the minimum amount of attention required."

HAROLD VAN DOREN, *Westfield, N. J.*

Upon request the names of some Spencer owners in your locality will be furnished.

Ask us to mail you a copy of "The Business of Buying a Heating System". It is one of the most valuable books ever prepared to help the property owner



Spencer Junior Hot Water Heater for the small home

SPENCER FEATURES!

THE following features of Spencer Heaters are fully described in a valuable book, a copy of which awaits your request.

Saves an average of $7 in the price of every ton of coal used because it burns low priced No. 1 Buckwheat Anthracite and burns no more tons

Requires attention only once in twelve to twenty-four hours, because coal feeds by gravity as needed

No blowers or other mechanical contrivances

Even heat day and night, due to automatic feed

Equally successful for steam, hot water or vapor

Type for every need from small home to large buildings

No night fireman required in large buildings.

Easily installed

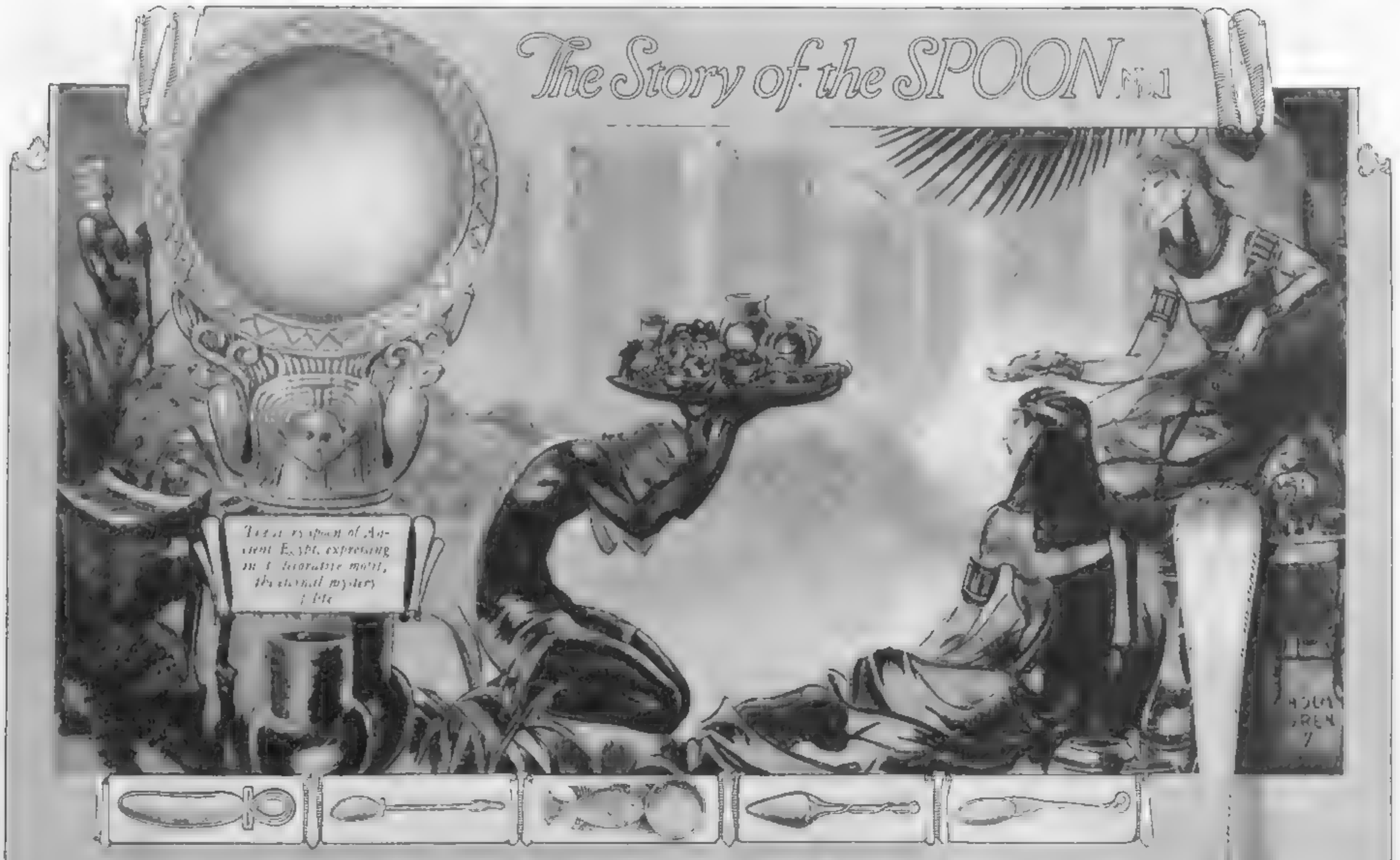
Pays for itself by burning low-priced, small size coal

Proven by thirty years' success

Built and guaranteed by a responsible organization

Spencer
steam, vapor or hot water
Heaters

Burn No. 1 Buckwheat Coal • • • Averages $7 less per ton • • • Less attention required



A series of ancient Egyptian spoons. The one at the left is of grayish green slate. The others are of wood. The fish which forms part of the handle on the third spoon is removable. Beneath it is a small cavity, used, possibly, as a container for salt.

From the Great Ivory Spoon of Ancient Egypt to the Graceful Reed & Barton Spoon of Today

Chest of Wakefield Silver. Genuine American walnut—blue velvet lined. Will hold combinations of from twenty-six to eighty pieces.

FIRST came fingers! Then came the spoon!—which is just another way of expressing the fact that when Man reached that stage of development when fingers ceased to be an entirely satisfactory means of transferring food to the mouth, he created the spoon.

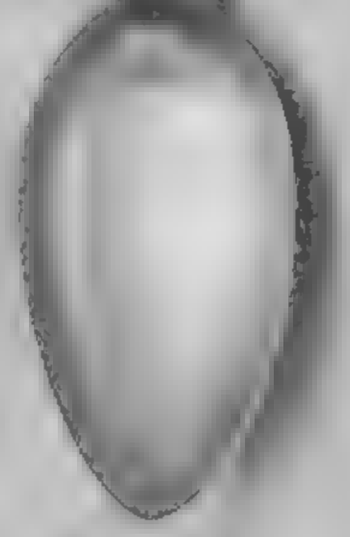
Time was when the spoon was but a shell picked up at the seashore. Again, it was a piece of crudely hollowed wood or slate. Ancient Egypt carved spoons from ivory similar to the interesting example of one of the first spoons, illustrated above. Early Greece hammered them from bronze or gold. Britain fashioned spoons with folding handles so that they might be carried in the pocket when one went out to dine.

But, in all lands, some form of spoon was FIRST among eating utensils, for it had certain natural qualifications that appealed to a world that was much more utilitarian than delicate. Obviously, the spoon alone could do what the fingers could NOT do!

Perhaps, then, there is good reason for the degree of finished beauty you find in the Reed & Barton spoon of today. That graceful bowl and that perfectly formed handle have been four thousand years in their development. Reed & Barton, alone, have contributed more than a century to this evolution of the spoon.

* * * * * *

One of the finest expressions of the silversmith's art is to be seen in the Wakefield Design in Reed & Barton Solid Silver. Your jeweler will be glad to show you this as well as many other patterns in Reed & Barton Solid Silver or heavy durable Silver Plate.



Wakefield Tea Spoon (Actual size)

REED & BARTON, TAUNTON, MASS.

It is Sterling
—more can not be said

REED & BARTON
TAUNTON MASSACHUSETTS
ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS
SOLID SILVERWARE — PLATED SILVERWARE

(Continued from Page 134)

the skin of his neck, on his eyelids, making use of a few low-hanging branches of those old trees.

He knocked his shin against the rim of an old buggy wheel, and then, cringing and crouching with pain, whispered, "I wish you'd tell me what the geographical position of all these objects is."

But she herself was now afflicted. With a slight bitter cry, she stooped away from him and held fast to her ankle. She had swung it, he found by groping around, into a thing like a disk harrow made up of rusted dished metal plates circular in form. They had got into the midst of a veritable junk pile of worn-out objects, antiquated farm machinery; and it occurred to him that if she had led him through this in the spirit of a practical joker, she had been properly served, for certainly she must know the lay of the land.

She excused herself by saying that the dark had got her all turned round, for she couldn't really see her hand before her face. The flat of his free hand rasped against a grindstone, and laid against the face of this was some sort of ladder, he could feel. All the way from the car he had been thinking there was some unfinished transaction between them; something more than his mere reluctance to let her slip out of his hands; and he remembered now that this transaction was the gasoline. He hadn't paid her for it yet, but he decided not to speak of that at once. They were out of the orchard, and he could dimly see her turning toward him with her hand resting on the door knob of the side door.

"Now I'm all right, really," she breathed. "It's been so nice of you."

"How do you know you're not locked out?" he whispered. "Try the door."

He covered her hand with his and turned the knob. The door didn't yield.

"My goodness, it is locked!" she gasped.

"You haven't got a key?"

"You think they'd trust me with a key?"

They confronted each other full of poignant thoughts.

"How about getting in a window?" he inquired.

"The windows on the ground floor are locked all winter long," she faltered.

"You won't deny now then," he said cheerfully, "that we're morally bound to give 'em a yell. Here you are, wet to the skin, quaking."

She did deny it though. Her hand doubled into his, she whispered in short stabbing phrases that her father put difficulties in the way of women of his household going out at night to dance and getting home at all hours of the morning. Along with his insomnia he had a deep infusion of old-time religion. He was death, positively death, on cards and dancing.

"Won't you see? He'd flay me alive if he should find me standing on this doorstep with a strange man. He sleeps so lightly too. Please—please go! And then I'll wake him up myself. He'd put the worst possible construction on my being here in any man's company, let alone that of a man I don't so much as know the name of."

"Name's Ray Whitaker," Ray said obstinately. "But since he sleeps in front, and with all this wind, I wonder if —— Look here, where's the window of your room?"

It was just over their heads, she pointed out. Immediately he was on the trail of that remembered ladder. Marking it by the buggy wheel and the grindstone, he put his hand on it. It was like playing jack straws to extricate it in the dark, and that without moving any of the other objects in the pile to any dangerous extent. The handle of the grindstone sticking through the rungs gave him pause, but in the end he did contrive to withdraw the ladder with only a faint collapse of all the other articles.

"What are you up to?" the girl whispered as he came past her. "If you think I may have left my window unlocked, you're quite mistaken. I locked it, I'm positive I did. It rattles and disturbs father if it isn't locked. Just a piece of gutter got loose and knocked under the eaves the other night, and he made a frightful touse about that."

Wonderful if that old devil hadn't succeeded in breaking the girl's spirit altogether, Ray reflected. He felt that he had pitted himself against a terrible sleeping force, but he wouldn't draw back now. The girl's voice had died in her throat. He posed the ladder against the wall of the house.

"I'll see if it's locked," he whispered. "Then if it is, and this will reach, I can go back and get a screw driver and snap the lock."

"Don't dream of doing that. It's too awfully like breaking and entering," she murmured, aghast.

But he was already halfway up the ladder. And now he felt again, and this time almost overpoweringly, a dreamlike something in this ludicrous performance. It must be that varnish can decidedly. The fact that the ladder began to narrow and draw in at the top didn't tend to make him any the less of this opinion. One of the rungs was rotten and all but broke under his weight. With his hands against the house, he put his foot hastily into the rung next higher, and this had got all at once so narrow that his foot actually jammed.

He was forced to see now that this was a physical vagary of the ladder and not a product of his fancy. Spread-eagled there against the white wall, the sill of her window out of reach by inches only, his nose close enough to the paint to smell its dusty oldness, he felt the ladder beginning to slip sideways. A gust of wind shook the house; a combination of knock, squeak and gibber followed, and the ladder kept on its inchmeal journey toward the ground.

But then, when it was most essential that he should be, he was steadied from below. That girl, or shadow, had deliberately walked under the ladder and embraced it He could feel the fact of her rescuing weight flooding dumbly and warmly into the quivering legs and rungs of the unlucky ladder. It was a good deal as if she had telegraphed at this distance the fact of her substance, when he had accused her in his thought of being shadowlike, the imp in the bottom of the varnish can. She was certainly a woman, he thought in one grateful flash, who could take the laboring oar whenever the situation might require it. He got himself to the ground.

"You saved my scalp that time," he said, staring through the rungs.

"Don't you know any better than to swarm right up into the peak of an apple-tree ladder?" she cried with amazement. An apple-tree ladder. Of course. It was pointed at the upper end to make it easier to poke into the branches of the trees at harvest time.

"It won't quite reach," he muttered. "Maybe, though, there's another ladder on the premises."

"There isn't. Truly there isn't. Oh, can't you see I'd rather die on this doorstep than have them find us here together? You're not the one, remember, that's got to live with them to all eternity."

"Don't you think you're talking just a little wildly?" he said with a slightly grim accent. The house had another prolonged shudder. Certainly it wasn't prepossessing. "Villainous" would have been the word for it, he would certainly have thought, if any other mortal had inhabited it than this one, and especially when glimpsed at this unseasonable hour. But that it should be impregnable was what made it hard to understand.

"It's queer," he went on more mildly, "if a modern girl can't be innocently locked out and find an explanation."

"I will. I will find it, I tell you. Only, please, yourself, go away."

"If I go away, you won't wake 'em."

"I will! I will, I tell you!"

"No, you never will."

He doubled up his fist to knock—he actually had knocked once, a little fainthearted, when he felt her whole weight

No Wonder They Once Hobbled Women Like Horses

"BUT how very immodest, my dear", said the lady of the late eighties, as she surveyed the half inch of ankle that displayed itself between shoe-strap and skirt hem of the new gown. And she was right. It was *decidedly* immodest to show the ankles of that day. They didn't add a single iota to the beauty of the general dress ensemble. There was good reason for calling legs limbs. They were a good deal more like limbs than legs.

And the answer was that the hosiery of that day was no more suited to graceful ankle contour than the nether part of a pair of blue denim overalls.

But, today, you have "Onyx Pointex"! Sheer as a morning mist, or heavy enough for sports-wear — beautiful — sleek — full-fashioned — accentuating, by virtue of the twin tapering lines of the "Pointex" heel, every charm that a beneficent nature places in a graceful ankle.

That your ankles may appear at their best, *insist* upon "Onyx Pointex".

Leading stores everywhere sell "Onyx" Hosiery and especially the Pointex style listed below

Silk, with Lisle Top

Style 155, Medium weight $1.65
Style 255, Service weight $1.95
Style 355, "Sheresilk" $1.95
Style 265, Service weight with new 4 inch lisle top $2.25

Pure Thread Silk

Style 450, "Sheresilk", the finest web of silken strands $2.50
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Pointex means perfection and Pointex is made only by Onyx

"Onyx" Hosiery

"Pointex"

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When Molten Metal Spills Over—

Kreolite Floors have withstood this test without damage to the floor or danger from fire. Heat, cold, heavy trucking, the weight of ponderous machinery, no matter what extremes of usage, Kreolite Wood Block Floors have met every requirement. With their strength, durability, and resiliency they actually outlast the factory.

Let our Kreolite Floor Engineers study your floor needs and make their recommendations without any obligation on your part.

THE JENNISON-WRIGHT COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO
Branches in All Large Cities

KREOLITE WOOD BLOCK FLOORS

hanging from his arm. Again, his arm sagging, he had in his nostrils that scent whose refined bouquet he daily extolled to the skies without ever having once dreamed what power of romantic communication dwelt in it. For the hundredth time he asked himself if this was in fact that tall girl with flaxen hair—Esther Gideon—that blazing beauty who had dissolved to all intents and purposes in his arms with the dropping of those lights.

"You are actually trembling," he said.

"As if I hadn't cause! You're thinking, I suppose, that something like a curtain lecture will be what's waiting for me. Must I just make a clean breast of it? There was something in that punch, wasn't there? Well, if he should detect it, I think he'd kill me just for that. For that matter, murder has been done in this house already," she burst forth tragically, leaning back against the wall.

"Murder!" he repeated. At bottom, he wasn't surprised to hear it. That was the conviction he had all along been coming to. Murder! It stuck to the walls. It glinted from those black panes. A dread something seemed to filter down from these dark eaves and envelop them where they stood with foreshadowings of evil. Goose flesh was rising all over his cold body. He heard the girl going on:

"It's all religion and the other world with father. He won't so much as read a newspaper on Sunday, or do anything but necessary work. Pleasure goes against his grain. We're just here to mortify ourselves, in his opinion. As if I wasn't sufficiently mortified already!" she added fiercely.

The man burned with secret shame to think that he had forced such a confession from her lips. But he had learned too much now surely to allow of his walking away without the least effort made to repair her dismal fortunes.

"Look here, if it's as bad as this," he said, "how did you manage to escape him for the evening?"

"I went to bed early," the girl sobbed, after a second's somber silence. "And then I got away down the back stairs and out at this door while he was sitting reading the farm journal in the dining room. He'd already locked the doors, but I suppose he must have gone around again and found this unlocked and thought he'd overlooked it. He is absent-minded."

"Still, they may have looked in on you and found you gone."

"I put an extra pillow under the bedclothes just to imitate the—the human form, and I took a head of flax off an old spinning wheel in the attic and just let that show, so if mother did open the door and look in on me she wouldn't mistrust. These cold nights I always do sleep, anyway, buried way under the clothes."

"Flax," Ray Whitaker repeated. The very night around him took the flax complexion, exploded in flax. There had certainly been only one flaxen-headed woman at the dance. It was Esther Gideon who had walked under this ladder and put her own luck in jeopardy to save him from a broken head. It was Esther Gideon whom he was now asking what alternative, what possible alternative, there was to knocking on that door, unless he was to kick it in. She whispered that she could go up into the barn chamber and tuck away in the hay. Her mother was always first down in the morning, and when she had gone out to the hen pen, she could slip up to bed and nobody the wiser.

"But if father comes down now he'll tear me limb from limb," she insisted.

Tear her limb from limb! There was her very phrase. That was what she had said when that red-headed devil had come at her from one side when he was coming at her from the other. He muttered that maybe the barn would bear a little investigating on its own account. How was she to get in, for example, without rolling back the barn door on those rusty overhead wheels? The hinges of hell wouldn't be noisier.

As it turned out, there was a little door in the big one that swung on leather hinges. He found himself inside the barn. But, to his surprise, he perceived that the characteristic odors of a barn had long vanished from it. It was quite too dark to see what use it was put to now, however. A phrase from one of the philosophers occurred to him—the infinite night, in which all cows are black. But that couldn't apply here with any force, since with the first sniff it was plain that there were no cows in the place. Not a tail was whisked, there wasn't a crunch or the knock of a hoof.

Fumbling for the twentieth time in his vest pockets, he at length found perhaps a quarter of an inch of match concealed under a bit of shoddy. He smiled grimly. Here was his chance to circumvent her. She had stolen through at his heels, he was aware, and was standing at his elbow. He struck the match head on one of the stall boards against which he had already knocked his arm. The flame was in his cupped hand, but so doubtful that he was forced to cherish it, even though it burned his flesh. Then, in the second when he raised his eyes to flash a look around, a breath over his shoulder blew the flame.

He stood still, examining in the dark the fading glimpse he had had of the barn's interior. It embraced three whitewashed stalls plug-full of crazy furniture. Beyond these the harness pegs on the rear wall were practically bare, except that some object like a brass-studded dog collar seemed to be hanging over one of them. But what he was most certain of was that the hay chambers overhead were swept practically clean of hay, unless a few wisps might be lurking with the cobwebs in the far corners.

"You had to satisfy yourself, didn't you?" she whispered.

"There's no hay here to sleep in and you knew it."

"What if there isn't?" Her voice was fluttery, palpitant with sudden anger. "It's not as if you had to find a place to sleep in for yourself."

She was shivering violently now from head to heel. He made a warm double armful of her, whispering with a choking in his throat, "There isn't any hay—not a wisp."

The situation certainly didn't leave the ordinary margin to come and go on. How could such a plight arise out of such seemingly slight elements? Locked out. That was nothing in itself. But then the character of the father had to be considered. This wasn't one of those silly girls whose chief occupation in life is thinking up farfetched bugbears.

"It's simply that since he's had this sciatica," she informed him, "he's—he's had to give up his farming. There's nothing supernatural in a barn not having hay in it, is there?"

That was it then. With all his attributes of a bully and an unnatural father, the man was shiftless. He had let his stock die, or sold it out, and his farm tools he had dropped out there just where he had last got through with them, and let everything go to rack and ruin. No doubt he was living on what money the girl herself could bring in.

And the sullen lover was no better. How could it advantage her to shift out of one of these dismal houses and into the other? She had been forced to lie faster than two horses could trot just to prevent that red-headed devil's coming out of his house by the ice pond to help them. Ray had still in his ears the sinister drip of water flowing over the black stones of that man's crumbling dam. But her father, if roused, was no doubt capable of laying the lash across her naked shoulders. He had more than once seen that deed accomplished on the screen.

"We're standing here like bumps on a log, and you getting colder all the time," he muttered. "It's simply suicide to leave you here. Don't ask me to. I was in that water halfway to the knee, and I suppose you were—in these impossible stockings."

"If you could show me an alternative!"

"There must be neighbors. Who lives in that house next along on the other side? I saw it there just before I snapped the lights off."

(Continued on Page 141)

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the costliest game American motorists play

THE MAJORITY OF MOTORISTS buy oil by chance—any oil that's offered—and leave it to luck that it's good oil.

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Pure Pennsylvania oil is safe lubrication for at least 1000 miles because Nature, for some unexplainable reason, gave it greater ability to withstand heat, wear, and dilution.

It has the highest flash test—therefore a low consumption under extreme heat. It is free-flowing at normal starting temperatures, assuring a ready supply of oil at every point. It shows the lowest breakdown, or thinning out, when heated — therefore it retains the safest body and oiliness at operating temperatures. These characteristics result in a more efficient sealing of pistons, development of greater power, minimum of dilution, and attendant low consumption of gasoline.

Oil experts call it "The highest grade oil in the world."

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Two runstops—one, a dainty dotted line at the hem, another (invisible) at the knee—insure positive protection against runs caused by garter clasps, knee strain or pulling tight and rolling the tops of the stockings. In Rollins, your mind is at rest in the security of even the sheerest silk hosiery.

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Rollins offers a complete line for men—and features in silk the best $1.00 sock in America. For children, Rollins specially reinforced socks and stockings are built to stand hard wear.

The runstop at the knee, which is *the same color as the stocking*, protects against knee strain.

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ROLLINS HOSIERY

For Men. Women and Children

©R H M. 1926

(Continued from Page 138)

"Cobe Anderson, the town clerk."

"Isn't he justice of the peace too?"

"I believe so. I don't suppose you're suggesting that he'd take me in. He and my father are at swords' points. My father accused him of illegal practices less than a week ago. It seems people go there and get married at all times of night and he—he dates the license back for them."

"He—dates—the—license—back?"

"Five days, yes, to comply with the law. I mean, to make it look as if the five-day period had elapsed between the application and the marriage."

"I don't see anything very criminal in that. Suppose it is a little irregular. Where the parties' intentions are all right, who's ever going to know?"

"Who's ever ——"

"Exactly. We could be married over again, if there was any doubt about the legality of it, couldn't we?"

"We? We?"

"We, yes. We, us and company. Maybe that's an alternative you hadn't thought of. Wouldn't that be preferable to sleeping on hay that's nothing but a minus quantity?"

"There was something in that punch then. You're not actually suggesting—you can't think—why, you've never even seen me!"

"Say I haven't. I've heard you. Hang it, I've—I've experienced you."

"I never heard of anything so mad! You don't have the first idea what I look like, even!"

"Why, isn't that an advantage? Maybe it's easier to see the soul when the rest of you is in the dark. We're taken in too often, aren't we, by what is visible just to the naked eye?"

"You'd be—you'd be one sorely disappointed man, I can tell you, if the impossible should—if I could bring myself to be so foolish. Oh, how could I have mistrusted what this would come to?" she sobbed. "But you're so everlastingly persistent. You hem anybody in; you keep at it and keep at it; you don't leave one a leg to stand on. Why, how could I let the light of day ever shine on me again if I ——"

"It won't shine on you here, you've got that to take into the reckoning. We'd be going West," he urged, "in the morning."

"Let alone that, how could I so much as face Cobe Anderson with such a request at this hour of the night? And, anyway, he wouldn't have light enough to accomplish it."

"He could marry us in the dark. He must have learned to speak his little piece by this time. I tell you what: I'll leave you in the car and go and bring him out to you. I'll stipulate for darkness. I guess that'll be playing the game through."

"The game?"

"The game, yes—husband in the dark. Isn't that what we're at?"

"Husband ——"

"Is the word so hateful?" Since he got only an indistinguishable murmur in answer to this, he lifted her in his arms through the narrow door. "We can make believe," he whispered, "that we are just going back to the car to get light enough for me to pay you for that gasoline."

Suddenly, in spite of everything, she laughed. They were coming past that door which had resisted them.

"What is it?"

"Nothing—practically nothing. I was just thinking what different things will be running through two people's heads at the same time, when they have every reason for thinking the same thing. I suppose it's because you're the more practical. Here you were worrying about gasoline, but gasoline was the last thing that would have entered my head."

"Come clean."

"I was thinking of that old saying that love laughs at locksmiths, and I was thinking that just this time it looked as though the locksmith had the laugh."

Several hours later, but still before actual sunrise, Jim Shawkey and old High-Water Haines stopped in the neighborhood of the pussy willows for Jim to light his pipe down inside his coat. They were in a yellow buggy with a black unclipped horse in the fills.

"It's a wild-goose chase, I call it," Jim said between puffs. "People who say the girl has drowned herself are talking through their hats."

"You can't tell always what these quiet women have got up their sleeve," High-Water said.

"Saying you can't. Still and all, they ain't so differently put together."

"When did old Gideon get the idea that something was amuss, did you say?"

"Shortly after the dance ended, they tell me. Jessie had been keeping house as usual; old Gideon was attending a lodge meeting, so when it began to rain a little, Jessie slipped over to Red Men's Hall with a raincoat. That's the testimony of the elder sister Esther, the handsome one. Only a couple of hundred yards, mind you, but she's been taking care of that big softy all her life, so when it began to rain she knew what was expected of her."

"So then the theory is, is it," old High-Water mused, "that she stumbled into that husband-in-the-dark thing?"

"Theory is, if anybody wants to indorse it, that she got walked away with in the dark and then gave a false address just to get a longer ride. I wouldn't wonder. It's the sensible women that do the foolishest things when the time comes ripe for it, where they've been held in too long. Anyhow, she didn't come home and didn't come home, and when they had accounted for all the others by telephoning round, they took alarm. They parceled out the territory and sent me round here, but Lord knows what she'd be doing down a back road like this."

"Always understood she was the wheel horse of the family," High-Water sighed.

"So she is. But right at this time of year the wheeling's awful. Ain't you noticed it?"

"So it is. It's the other one that's got the looks sure enough."

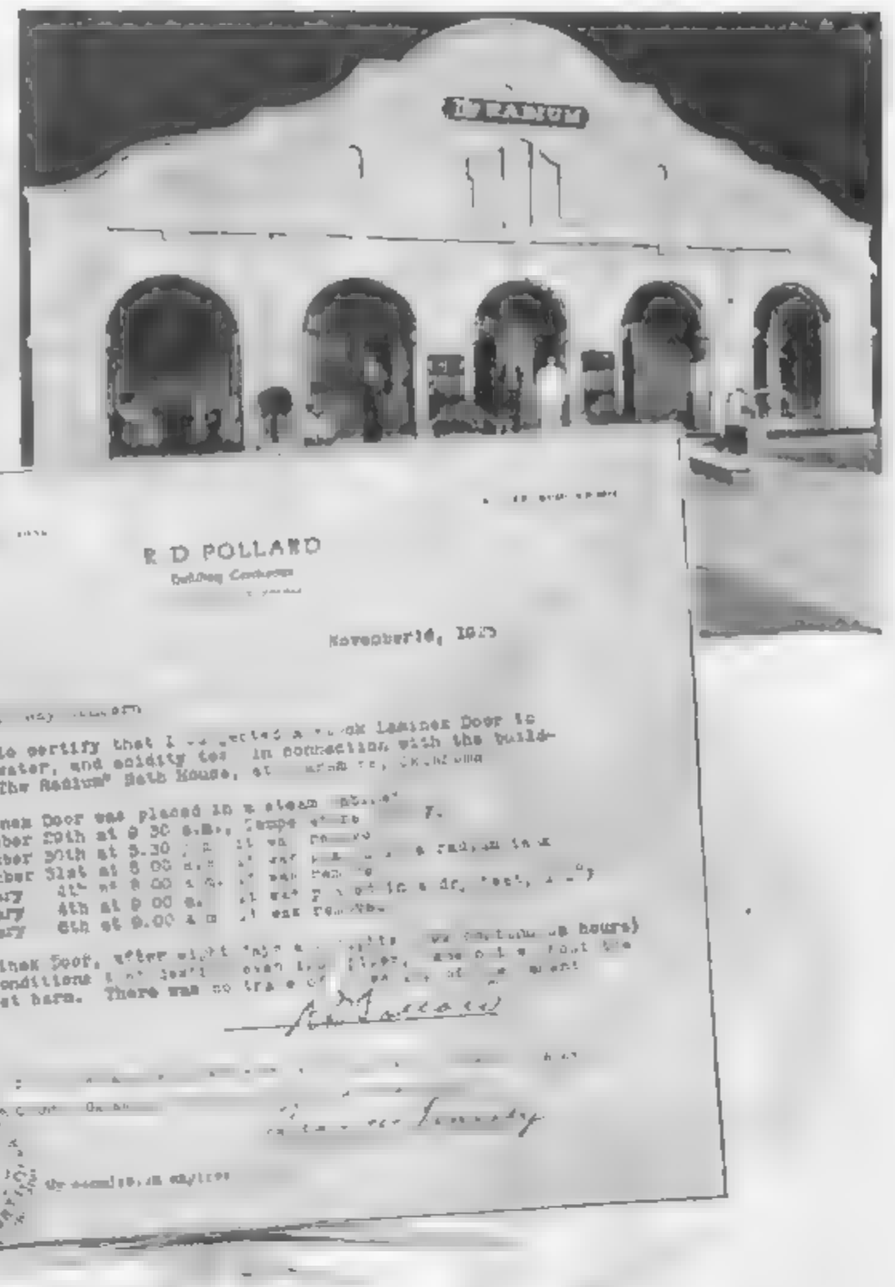
"They both got the family towhead, but that's all they shared. Jessie's wholesome looking, though. She took more after her father. Both of 'em kind of quiet and reserved, and both of 'em will sometimes come out with some kind of a practical joke that would just about knock a man flat if he wasn't braced for it. She's one of these imaginary women, always imagining things. She can be witty as the devil when she wants to, Jessie can; and right now, if you stood the two sisters up together and forgot their looks, you'd swear it was Jessie and not Esther that had the good education."

"That's right. She's on the book committee at the library."

"She's the whole library, not to speak of being the backbone of the Gideons. I've always said if a man could be blindfolded and pick that girl out, he'd have the pick out of a whole countyful of women, even if he didn't think so himself for just the first five minutes after he had the bandage taken off. . . . Say, what's that ladder doing standing up against the old Turner place?"

"Maybe that's your quarry," old High-Water said humorously.

"Fat chance. I don't believe there's been anybody inside that house since the murder was committed, and that's a good ten years ago."



"The Radium" Bath House, Claremore, Okla., where Laminex doors were subjected to a severe test for 192 hours, without warping or coming apart

"I didn't believe any door could stand this test!"

—said contractor R. D. Pollard, Claremore, Okla.

"THE chemical action of this water destroys iron pipes. Bathtub enamel lasts but a few hours in it, so we are using glass tubs," continued Mr. Pollard. "You can imagine our surprise to find the Laminex cement unaffected and the doors O.K."

Eight days and nights in *any* kind of water would be more than a regularly built door could stand. Laminex doors have been soaked for fifteen days continuously without harm. And here's the reason:

Science shows that wood contains tiny cells, or *tracheids*. These cannot change in length; but when subjected to moisture, heat and cold they shrink and swell in width, causing warping. It is this characteristic of wood that the Laminex process overcomes. In all Laminex doors the upright stiles and cross-rails are built on a core of interlocking blocks with the grain crossed in adjoining sections. All parts, including the plywood panels, are welded with Laminex waterproof cement and held under tremendous hydraulic pressure for 24 hours.

Look for name "Laminex" and replacement guarantee label. Popular designs stocked by millwork and lumber merchants. Send for literature and sample of Laminex wood to test. Sales Offices: New York, Chicago, Memphis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Spokane. Foreign: Woco Door Co., London; E. J. Van de Ven, Paris; Paul Solari & Co., Genoa.

The famous soaking test as originated by Prof. Bror L. Grondal, proving that Laminex is unaffected by moisture. Under this sensational test, repeated in all parts of the country, no Laminex door has ever warped or come apart.

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Will not shrink, swell or warp

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Blue-jay is an old standby to folks who reap fame and fortune from their feet. A soft, velvety cushion fits over the corn and relieves the pain at once. Usually one plaster ends the corn. But even an "old offender" seldom requires more than a second. . . . At all druggists'.

Blue-jay

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THEN TO LET GERMANY OFF

(Continued from Page 23)

The British Government, said the Balfour note, had hoped for a happier and less commercial conclusion. It was still prepared, "if such a policy formed a part of a satisfactory international settlement, to remit all the debts due Great Britain by our Allies in respect of loans or by Germany in respect of reparations."

There was the first suggestion in the European tongue of letting Germany off. If the United States would only forgive her debtors they would forgive one another—and forgive also Germany. That is to say, Great Britain would; and if she did, everyone else would be obliged to do likewise. Why not? That would be the perfect consummation. Charge the international war bill, including reparations, to the United States.

In any case, the Balfour note went on to say, Great Britain would ask from her debtors no more than enough to pay her creditors—that was to say, the United States Treasury. "And while we do not ask for more," it said, "all will admit that we can hardly be content with less, for it should not be forgotten, though it sometimes is, that our liabilities were incurred for others, not ourselves. Food, raw material and munitions required by the immense naval and military efforts of Great Britain and half the two thousand million sterling advanced to the Allies were provided, not by means of foreign loans but by internal borrowing and taxation. Unfortunately a similar policy was beyond the power of other European nations. An appeal was therefore made to the Government of the United States and under an arrangement then arrived at the United States insisted, in substance if not in form, that though our Allies were to spend the money, it was only on our security that they—the United States—were prepared to lend it."

Precisely the opposite stands upon the records of the United States Treasury. When the American Government began to make war loans, the British proposed to borrow all the money and relend it to the Allies, acting themselves as the conduit. The American Government insisted upon the principle that loans should be made direct to the separate borrowers and that each should be responsible for its own. It was so stipulated in the Liberty Loan Acts, and so it was done.

All-Around Forgiveness

"This, after all," continued the Balfour note, "is not a question merely between the Allies; ex-enemy countries also are involved, for the greatest of all international debtors is Germany. Now His Majesty's Government do not suggest that either as a matter of justice or expediency Germany should be relieved of her obligations to France or to the other Allied states. They speak only for Great Britain, and they content themselves with saying once again, so deeply are they convinced of the economic injury inflicted on the world by the existing state of things, that this country would be prepared, subject to the just claims of other parts of the empire, to abandon all further rights to German reparations and all claims to repayment by the Allies, provided that this renunciation formed part of a general plan by which the great problem could be dealt with as a whole and find a satisfactory solution. A general settlement would in their view be of more value to mankind than any gains that could accrue even from the most successful enforcement of legal obligations."

Not as a matter of justice, not on the ground of expediency either, but for the good of mankind, Great Britain, if forgiven her debt to the United States Treasury, would forgive the debts of her Allies and renounce all claims to German reparations. Her Allies—that is to say, France, Italy and Belgium—would be obliged naturally to follow her example and forgive all around, for always this act of Great Britain's is to form a part of an international settlement by forgiveness.

How strange it was that the good of mankind should have seemed to require one nation to bear the whole loss!

Great Britain was both debtor and creditor. What she could reasonably expect in any case to collect from her war debtors was roughly equal to what she owed to the United States Treasury, and some of it would be very slow and for political reasons hard to collect. Therefore all-around cancellation would be to her advantage. France also was both debtor and creditor. She would sometime be willing to renounce her claims against Germany in order to be forgiven her war debts to Great Britain and the United States. So also Italy and Belgium. They are all in one middle situation, willing to wipe their slates. At the far end is Germany, owing everybody. At this end is the United States owing nobody. The American Government was creditor only.

It had no creditors to be forgiven by; it had only debtors to forgive. And this was what all-around cancellation amounted to—Germany to be let off, the Allies to forgive and be forgiven their debts to one another, and the United States to pay—the United States to contribute $10,000,000,000.

European Hysterics

The Balfour note became at once the grammar of the language European. The waking thought of European diplomacy since has been to put the United States in the light of a rich country wringing tribute from Europe—all Europe, Allies and ex-enemies alike.

Although it has been repudiated on moral ground by some thoughtful English, and by one of the finest organs of economic opinion in the world—namely, the London Economist—the Balfour note still governs British policy as to war debts. The British Government settled with the United States Treasury the next year. This it was obliged to do for the sake of the pound sterling. Afterward it obtained a credit of $300,000,000 gold in Wall Street with which to put the pound sterling back to a gold basis. It could not have restored the pound sterling to a gold basis without that credit in Wall Street; and unless the pound sterling were restored to a gold basis, it could not compete with the American dollar as an international standard of value.

Running to and fro between the idea of handing the international war debt to the United States and the idea of obtaining meanwhile from Germany impossible reparation sums, Europe became hysterical. The French and the Belgians invaded the Ruhr, and Germany, defeating the purpose of the invasion by tactics of passive resistance, brought the question of reparations to an impasse.

Then Europe, all with one voice, Allies and ex-enemies together, began calling to the United States to save her. Europe was going straight to disaster; she was helpless; she had forgotten how to manage her own affairs. The American Government steadily declined to become involved in her dilemmas; nevertheless, it found it impossible to be silent. Americans were pressing it to act—to do something—to think of something—to spend something. The sound of Europe's despair was too harrowing.

So, one evening at New Haven, Secretary Hughes made a speech, saying: "The crux of the European situation lies in the settlement of reparations. . . . There ought to be a way for statesmen to agree upon what Germany can pay, for no matter what claims can be made against her, that is the limit of satisfaction. There ought to be a

(Continued on Page 145)

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PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. OF AMERICA, INC.
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Pennsylvania Balloons

(Continued from Page 142)

way to determine that limit and to provide a financial plan by which immediate results can be obtained. . . . If statesmen cannot agree and exigencies of public opinion make their course difficult, then there should be called to their aid those who can point the way to a solution."

Lord Curzon, on behalf of the British Government, presently addressed a note to the American Government, saying: "The information which reaches America will have acquainted the American Government with the extremely critical position that has arisen in Europe owing to failure to find any solution for the reparation problem, which daily becomes more acute as the financial and political condition of Germany grows worse. There does not appear to be among the European powers that unity of thought which either renders common action possible or will be successful in finding an early solution. And yet without such action, not merely Germany but Europe appears to be drifting into economic disaster."

Several diplomatic letters on this theme were exchanged; and the sequel was that the Americans said, "All right, since they want us to, let's go over unofficially."

The Reparations Commission sent a formal invitation, the State Department consented, and Gen. Charles G. Dawes, Owen D. Young and Henry M. Robinson went to Paris, locked themselves up with the Europeans and worked out a reparations scheme, called the Dawes Plan.

Under this plan Germany was to receive at once a gold loan of $200,000,000—more than half of it from the United States—to set herself up with a new currency in place of the money she had repudiated. Then she was to undertake to pay reparations in the form of annuities, beginning at $250,000,000 the first year and rising gradually through five years to a standard of $625,000,000, thus: In the second year, $305,000,000; in the third year, $300,000,000; in the fourth year, $437,500,000; in the fifth year, $625,000,000, and thereafter annually at least that sum.

A Hand-Made Alibi

These were the sums the American experts believed Germany could raise on her books and pass to the credit of reparations without having to tax herself beyond what taxation averaged elsewhere in Europe. They were not at all sure that these sums, if and as credited to a reparations account, could, as a matter of fact, be transferred out of Germany—that is to say, actually paid into the hands of the Allied creditors. How much actually could be transferred out of Germany nobody had any way of knowing; nobody knows yet. That depends entirely, first, upon how much American money the Germans can borrow, and, secondly, on the quantity of goods she can or will oblige herself to produce and sell in foreign countries.

The Allied powers met in London, August, 1924, and accepted the plan. The Germans signed it. Then an American citizen was elected to administer it as agent-general of reparation payments, and it was also entered in the protocol that although the Reparations Commission continued to be the final authority, still, when it came to consider anything touching the Dawes Plan it should add an American citizen to its membership.

Now what is the situation?

Remember the formation. At one end of the scale Germany, owing everybody, the universal debtor. This side of Germany, the Allied countries, led by Great Britain, which would be willing to let Germany off if they could charge the international war debt to the United States. And at our end of the scale—the bottomless bag. America is the universal creditor because she loaned money to everybody.

Now you may begin to see the edges. American citizens, acting unofficially and yet with the consent of the State Department, furnish the first and only workable scheme for inducing Germany to pay. Americans are morally responsible for that plan. An American citizen is elected to administer it. An American citizen, as agent-general of reparations, is the person to whom Germany pays reparations.

If the plan fails it is an American failure. If Germany is unable to make payments thereunder, or if it is impossible to transfer out of Germany what she does pay, it will be an American citizen who certifies those facts. How easy then for the thought to spread that it is the United States that receives German reparations, not the Allies! Is it not an American citizen who collects them under an American plan?

Collecting One, Lending Three

The British Chancellor of the Exchequer seizes a moment when the French are hysterical over their debt settlement with the United States Treasury to say that as a result of all these arrangements the United States will be receiving by far the larger part of the total probable reparations of Germany. It seemed to him therefore that an extraordinary situation would be developed. The pressure of debt extraction would draw reparations from the devastated and war-stricken countries of Europe and they would pass in an unbroken stream across the Atlantic to that wealthy and prosperous and great republic.

Then Philip Snowden, former British Chancellor of the Exchequer, refers to a situation wherein the richest country in the world, which entered the war last, would be paid for the whole of the war and mulct 320,000,000 Europeans of a day's pay every year. Note that Mr. Snowden's population figure includes the Germans.

After him rises in the House of Commons Hilton Young, former Financial Secretary to the British Treasury, who says on cash account America will shortly be receiving the whole of the war reparations—but on moral account, what?

It is American money they are talking about, whether they know it or not. It is American money they are now receiving as German reparations—money loaned by Americans to the German Government for the Dawes Plan, and since then to German states, German municipalities and German industry, whose funds are all intermingled.

Under the debt-funding arrangements made with the United States Treasury the total annual payment due from all Europe is less than $250,000,000 a year. It will never be more than $350,000,000. And Americans are putting new capital into Europe at the rate of $1,000,000,000 a year—three, four, maybe five dollars for each dollar Europe agrees to pay back to the American Treasury. Which is to say they do not pay. They have paid nothing yet. They have only borrowed.

Members of the British House of Commons point to the collapse of the French franc and exhort Americans to witness and ponder the consequences of their financial policy toward Europe. Our financial policy toward France—what has that been? It has been to lend her since the Armistice $2,000,000,000; and the last $400,000,000 was loaned to her by private Americans while her debt to the United States Treasury was yet unfunded.

The Germans have learned the European tongue.

An Associated Press dispatch from Berlin, on the day the last Briand cabinet fell and the franc went below 2.5 cents for the first time, said: "Although official quarters and the press are silent on this point while the franc is undergoing its agonies, Germany's hopes of amelioration of her reparation burdens are wholly wrapped up in the belief that these cannot be detached from the general problem of debt settlements between the Allies and the United States."

An organized propaganda in Germany for a downward revision of the Dawes Plan runs parallel with the propaganda in Allied countries against the payment of war debts to the United States. It is all one language. The war bill is a dead horse. Send it to the

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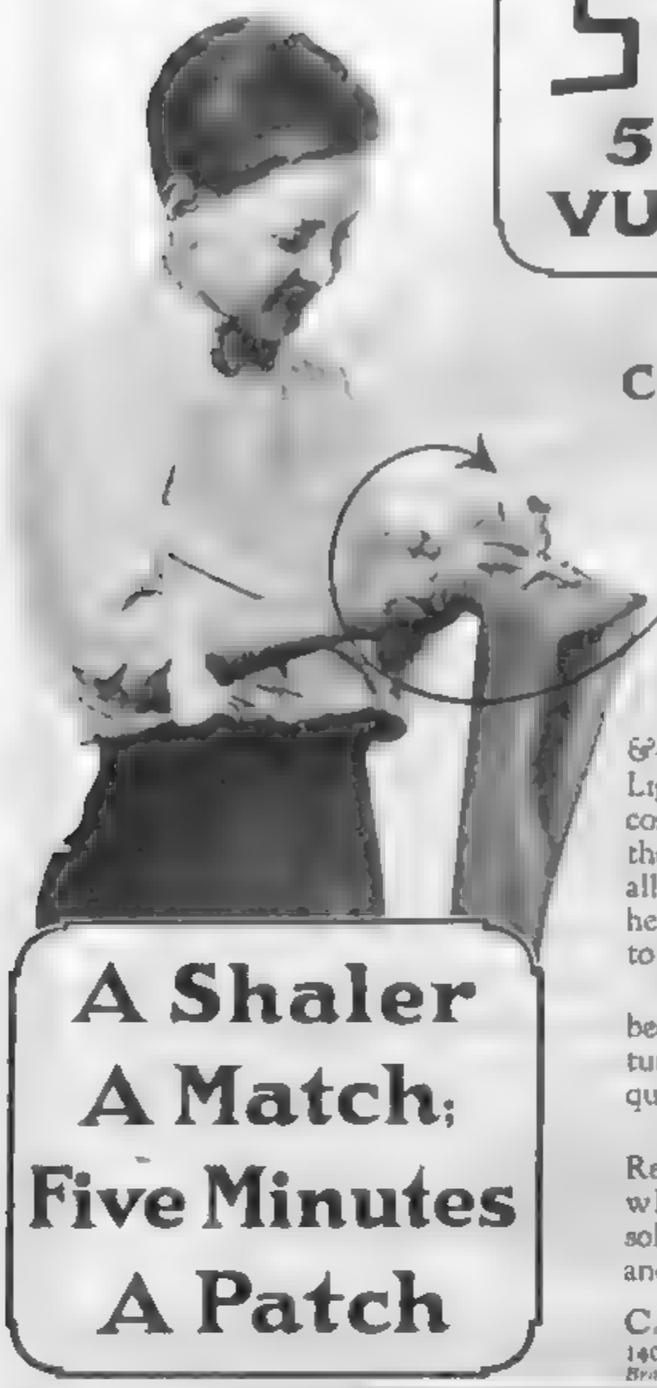

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CLAMP ON A PATCH AND LIGHT IT

Even a boy can make permanent puncture repairs with the handy little Shaler 5-Minute Vulcanizer. It's simple as A-B-C.

Simply clamp a Shaler Patch-&-Heat Unit over the puncture. Light the prepared solid fuel it contains. In five minutes take off the pan and throw it away. That's all there is to do. The repair is heat-welded [VULCANIZED] to the tube.

Millions of motorists use it, not because they like to fix punctures, but because it's the easy, quick way in an emergency.

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A Shaler
A Match;
Five Minutes
A Patch

rich country! The one obstacle to such ideal solution is the fact that Europe still has her borrowing hand in the private American pocket and is loath to take it out.

The German propaganda of "cannot pay" is launched in the second year of the Dawes Plan, while they are still paying, directly or indirectly, with American money. Out of their own net resources they have paid nothing under the Dawes Plan. Out of their own net resources they have never paid anything on account of reparations. This is made apparent by simple arithmetic.

Up to the beginning of the Dawes Plan, Germany had paid to the Allies, in cash and in kind, a little more than $2,000,000,000, according to the figures of the Reparations Commission. In arriving at the Dawes Plan the experts made an International study of Germany's postwar financial transactions with the world. They concluded that from the sale abroad of paper marks and paper-mark credits and paper-mark bonds, all to be repudiated, Germany had realized more than $2,500,000,000. What she had taken out of the rest of the world, principally the United States, in exchange for worthless paper was more than equal to her total payments on account of reparations up to the time of her default. Out of her own resources she had paid less than nothing.

Under the Dawes Plan she received a gold loan of $200,000,000, of which $110,000,000 came from the United States; and four-fifths of the first year's payments under the Dawes Plan came directly from the proceeds of this loan. That was American money handed over to the Allies without disguise or indirection. It was so intended under the scheme.

But hardly had the ink dried upon the London Protocol, accepting the Dawes Plan, before the Germans organized a gold rush upon the Americans. Nothing comparable has ever occurred in the history of international finance. There appeared in New York a special commissioner for German government loans in the United States. Wall Street bankers at the same time sent representatives to Germany to make negotiations on the spot. That was to save time. Presently thirty-eight representatives of American banking houses were running to and fro in Germany seeking whosoever was minded to exchange new German bonds for American dollars.

American Money to Play With

The German Government, the German states, municipalities, unions of municipalities, free cities, romantic cities, churches, credit associations, public banks, semi-public banks, private banks, industries, department stores, publicly owned utilities, shipping companies, trading companies—all these ran in the rush.

The city of Bremen, having floated its American loan, advertised that it had money to lend to worthy people of business. The city of Frankfort built what it believes to be the finest stadium and sport center in the world. The city of Berlin, finding itself high in funds, bought a new grand opera because one was not enough, and visitors expected to be entertained with opera in Germany. Its museum bought an Attic goddess for $200,000. The central bank for savings banks made an American loan and parceled the money out among 300 small communes.

In the United States the demand for German securities seemed insatiable. In their efforts to fill it up, American bankers sometimes lost their heads. There is the story in Berlin of one who went to the German Government and offered, if it would put itself in his hands, to capitalize at one clean stroke the whole wretched business of reparations, at a cash figure which he would undertake to settle on with the French, and sell the bonds in the United States. It became at length fantastic. One day a German newspaper reporter from Hamburg appeared in Munich asking the American consul-general there if he knew of anyone who might be wishing to borrow American dollars. He had $5,000,000 to lend, presumably on commission.

It is impossible to put an accurate figure on the extent of the German borrowing.

In April it was reported to the American Government from Berlin that since the Dawes Plan $900,000,000 of foreign money had come into Germany, the greater part of it, of course, American money. The British guess is even higher. At the lowest possible estimate, it has been three times as much as Germany's reparation payments. So that still, out of her own net resources, she has had nothing to pay

Since the first of this year the German Government has been trying to discourage competitive state and municipal borrowing in the United States for the obvious reason that much of the money was wasted. German banks at the same time have been trying to control direct corporate borrowing for the reason that free independent access to American dollars was tending to weaken their authority over the industrialists. Nevertheless, twenty-five public German flotations occurred in Wall Street in the first half of 1926. Besides these public flotations, there was a great deal of unreported borrowing, much of it by German municipalities on their I O U's at Wall Street banks, bonds to be issued later.

Public and Private Debts

The heaviest borrowing by the German Government, the states, the municipalities and the public banks in Wall Street occurred in 1925, when from the first wholly sincere effort since the war to levy and collect taxes the public treasuries already were running over. At that time the American citizen, agent-general for reparation payments, was writing in his first annual report: "The volume of funds at the disposition of the Reich and some of the states and larger communes has reached unprecedented proportions. . . . The public offices and agencies are in possession of surplus funds in exceptionally large amounts and are occupying the unique position of dispensers of credit to banks and the money market, as well as to business and industry. . . . The responsibility for the management of these funds is divided and subdivided, not only among the Reich, the states and the communes, but among their respective financial offices and agencies.

"The disposition of the public funds has presented more or less acute problems ever since they first began to accumulate. From the financial point of view, the essential problem has been how to turn these funds, largely resulting from taxation, back into the money market in such a way as to relieve the credit demand which their accumulation aggravated. Under normal conditions, funds of this nature would find their way back to the money market and into the hands of the investing public through the process of debt liquidation. But in Germany the central government and, generally speaking, the states also have been practically without floating debt."

Yet borrowing heavily in Wall Street at the same time!

When this borrowing began to be very large the American Government took notice of it so far as to suggest to the bankers bringing out the German loans that they owed it to themselves and to their clients to make sure what would happen in the event that service upon them—meaning interest payments—interfered with the payment of German reparations to the Allies. The point was this: Suppose a time came when Germany had not enough foreign exchange at her command to pay both reparation annuities and interest on these American loans. Which would come first? The question was put to the American citizen at 33 Luisenstrasse. He replied that he could not say. The problem would be dealt with if it arose.

But the Germans said to the American newspaper correspondents that certainly in any case interest on the American loans would come first. That can be only their

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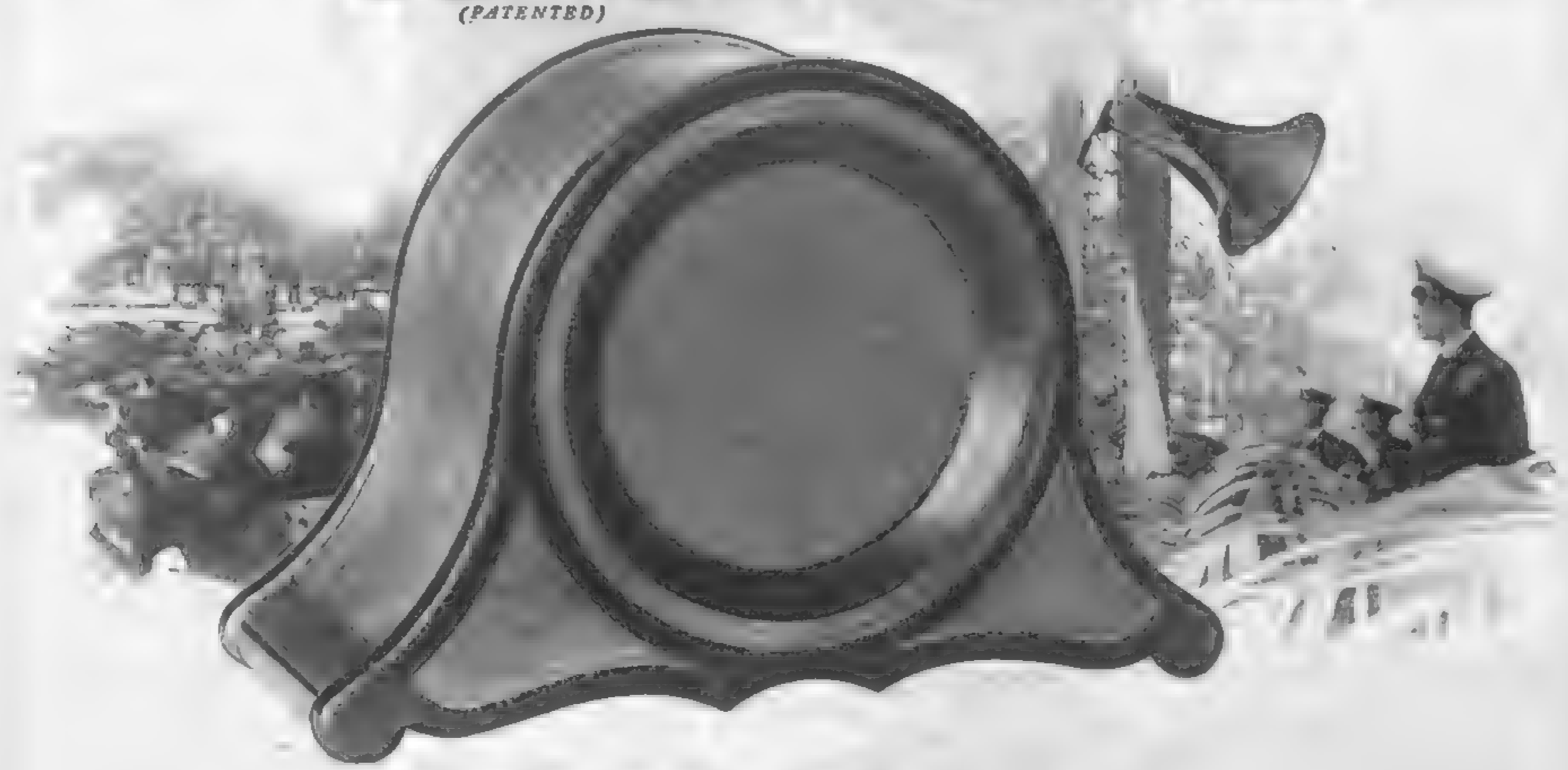
MAGNAVOX
CONE SPEAKER
(PATENTED)



The speaker with *400,000* friends

THE first loud speaker ever made was a *Magnavox*—a wonder for its day. Since then *Magnavox* has made and sold four hundred thousand loud speakers, keeping constant pace with all advances in the science of sound amplification.

The new *Magnavox* cone speaker has been pronounced the ultimate. It reproduces the entire tonal scale with original tone values unimpaired. This new cone is made under exclusive *Magnavox* patents—the same marvelous reproduction cannot be secured from any other speaker—cone or otherwise.

Hear radio as you have never heard it before. Enjoy the prestige of owning a *Magnavox* loud speaker, of the newest type. *Magnavox* dealers are continually demonstrating it. See it, hear it and you'll want it.

Two artistic models: Stanford model (above), completely encased in mahogany, $35; Cornell model (opposite), $22.50. They operate with and improve any set.

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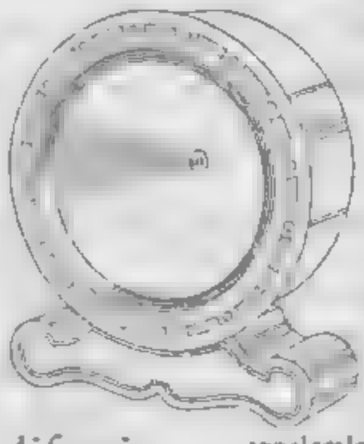
R. S. Williams & Sons, Ltd., Toronto, Distrs. for Canada [not including British Columbia]

H. R. H.
The Prince of Wales
and the Magnavox

Above is a picture of the Prince of Wales speaking to a large audience at San Diego in 1919. Note the *Magnavox* amplifying equipment. Even before the days of popular broadcasting *Magnavox* speakers were recognized as pre-eminent for clear, powerful reproduction. They have steadily maintained this position.



Magnavox Cone Speaker, Cornell model, covers entire tonal scale. Artistic non-resonant metal finish, two-toned mahogany base. 7" cone. $22.50.

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THE
ARROW
SHIRT
with Collar on or to Match

The STYLE in a SHIRT is now in the COLLAR. If you like your collar attached to your shirt, or to match your shirt, or a starched collar, or a semi-soft collar, then it PAYS TO *INSIST* ON ARROWS. For in an Arrow Shirt you get an Arrow-made collar on the shirt, or to match, and better collars or better shirts are not turned out.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO. INC. *Makers*

WPT

(Continued from Page 146

opinion. Actually they would have nothing to say about it, for it is the American citizen who controls the German exchange situation. If there were insufficient exchange for both purposes it would be for him to decide which should have priority—reparation payments or interest on American loans. An extremely delicate situation, you see, for everyone but the Germans. Of course so long as a stream of credit is passing from Wall Street to Germany the problem cannot arise, since German borrowing makes the exchange—which is to say, the foreign credit—with which to pay interest on American loans, and reparations besides.

As to the availability of the proceeds of American loans to be used for reparation payments, that will be understood by anyone who knows how impossible it is to earmark money for any specific purpose. A German industrial corporation, for example, with a special tax to pay on account of reparations, may borrow American money for any other purpose—for working capital, to fund a floating debt or to improve its equipment. But whatever the purpose for which a particular American dollar is spent, it will be spent in place of four German marks, and the four German marks pushed out of the till by the American dollar may be spent for any other purpose, including the reparations tax.

There is then a reason unique why lending money to the German Government, a German state or a German bank is like casting it into one great pool out of which all things are payable. The central government, the states, the banks, the railways and the foremost industries constitute one immense interlocking design.

It was explicitly understood with the Germans that the new Reichsbank, founded upon the $200,000,000 Dawes Plan gold loan, should be the sole depository and fiscal agent of the German Government. This has never been realized. The Reichsbank is subject to foreign scrutiny. It has a Dawes Plan commissioner hanging around. Outside of it, the German Government has developed a complex system of public banking into which foreigners may not see, save through the window.

There is the Reichskreditgesellschaft, owned by a holding company which is owned by the government. It does a large banking business for and with the German Government. There is the Devisenbeschaffungsstelle, which acts for the German Government in the foreign exchange market. There is the Verkehrs-Kredit-Bank, owned by the German Railways, which are owned by the government. Then the Rentenbank and the Rentenbank-Kreditanstalt, as a central bank for agricultural credit; the Deutsche Girozentrale, as a central bank for savings banks; the Preussenkasse, as a central bank for cooperative credit societies; the Seehandlung, which is the Prussian state bank; and various other state banks. All these institutions handle public funds; the proceeds of American loans, becoming public funds, run round among them. The Finance Ministry itself, the Postal Administration and the German Railways also have and lend public funds.

Millions of Clear Consciences

The agent-general for reparation payments writes: "One difficulty in estimating the importance of these funds as a factor in credit conditions arises from the fact that there is no way of ascertaining accurately the total volume of the public deposits or even the public investments. Neither the Reich, the states nor the communes publish statements showing their loans or banking deposits." And in another place he writes that this public banking system, under the auspices of the Reich, the states and the communes, supplied with public funds, "has developed to a point where it seriously rivals the private banking system, both in deposits and lending capacity."

All outside the Reichsbank, which the agent-general has a right to look into.

To make a dimness over the public funds is the first principle of purposeful confusion. Who should know that better than the Germans? For nearly seven years they have been practicing concealment and evasion. If it were not in their nature to begin with, still they would be bent to it, since in the art of deception lies their only defense. They trust nobody and they are unarmed.

If you suppose they have, or ought to have, a sense of guilt, that will be fatal to any understanding of them. Thinking of it rationally, 65,000,000 people cannot have a sense of guilt. They have fixed in their minds instead a conviction of guiltlessness and with that a feeling of irresponsibility for anything it may seem necessary for them to do to meet and overcome the consequences of defeat.

If you refer to the great mark swindle, they are honestly and deeply offended. What else could they have done? The Allies were demanding reparations. The only way they could pay reparations and at the same time live was to print marks and sell them in foreign countries so long as anybody could be got to buy them. The marks were worthless? Yes, of course. How could anybody expect them to have value? How could Germany help the fact that they were worthless?

Victory Without Arms

Within that circle of dimness, some of the time apparently concealing the facts even from themselves, they have wrought a grim miracle. In every way, save only in the military aspect, they are more powerful than before the war. Unarmed, they are more to be feared than the French, who now are the militarists of Europe. Without arms, they defeated the French invasion of the Ruhr. They have multiplied so fast that their number is almost as great in present Germany as it was in prewar Germany. With 2,000,000 unemployed this year and receiving doles from the states and municipalities—doles running as high as twenty-four marks a week in Frankfort—there were still engaged in industry 2,000,000 more than before the war. At the peak of postwar activity, about the middle of 1925, there were 4,000,000 more toiling at industry than in the year 1913.

Competent foreign observers agree from all the evidence they can find that her normal industrial capacity is one-eighth to one-quarter greater than before the war. But if you ask "What might it be in case of great need—in case of war again?" they will say, "Double—treble—one can hardly guess." By "normal capacity" they mean effective capacity to produce goods at a profit in competition with other countries. That is by no means the whole of it.

Lately, within the past nine months, there has been a drastic resolve to rationalize industry. That means to consolidate plants, close the least efficient, reduce working forces to a minimum and so diminish costs. This movement was largely accountable for the sudden rise of unemployment from nothing in 1925 to a figure of 2,000,000 workers in 1926.

The background here reflects some light. After the war, industry was obliged to keep everybody employed. There is supposed to have been a decree to that effect. Nobody appears ever to have read it, yet everyone refers to it. The pay rolls of the government, of the state railways, of industry in general, were padded to carry everyone who had hands to work with, even to that fringe of labor which no one wants. Then of a sudden, beginning in the autumn of 1925, industry began to purge itself of this social responsibility. It was seized with a passion to rationalize itself. That is their own word. The burden of supporting the labor fringe was shifted from industry to the state. The Krupp Works, famous for never discharging employes, began to let them off by the thousand. The pretext for disemploying labor in this wholesale manner was industrial depression. But

The Genuine has this Label.

"If you know what's good for you—"

—and of course you do

Enright's "All O'the Wheat" Bread

100% Whole-wheat

is the food for you

WHEREVER the best food is being served, you will find *Enright's* "All O'the Wheat" Bread. Its nut brown color and deliciously rich flavor give an appetizing zest to every meal.

Enright's "All O'the Wheat" Bread is a Quality Food containing real nourishment. It is always uniform in color, taste and quality, as it is baked according to our own Formula.

If your Grocer does not sell *Enright's* "All O'the Wheat" bread and flour, write to us.

Old-Fashioned Millers, Inc.

Saint Paul, Minnesota

Gordon Van Tine Home No 603—6 Rooms, Bath and Sun Porch Materials—

$1961.00

Distinctive Homes at Wholesale Prices

Write for 200 Home Plans!

Through the Gordon-Van Tine system we furnish complete plans, architectural service, lumber and building material shipped direct to you from our mills. Many built-in conveniences to save steps and lighten housework. Homes planned for utmost comfort and beauty. Over 200,000 customers. Many write we save them up to $2000.

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We saw, cut and fit all parts possible by machinery. Saves expensive handsawing when you build. No waste. Permanent year-round homes; conform to all city building codes.

Highest Quality Material

Backed by our 30 year satisfaction guarantee. No extras. You know cost in advance. Materials furnished according to strict specifications. One guaranteed price covers all.

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Material ready-cut. Build yourself and save money.

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We sell lumber and millwork in any quantity at wholesale. Send us your bills to figure. No charge for estimate.

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ESTABLISHED 1868

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back

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Shows Photos, floor plans, 200 modern homes. WRITE!

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I am interested and expect to

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The Right "Gang" to Join

FINE, manly fellows, these chaps who play in the band! They like fun, and get a lot more of it than most others. They go places and see things, as few others can. *For the band is in the spotlight wherever big things are happening.*

You fellows, who are out to make something of yourselves, start now with a Conn instrument. You'll learn to play it quickly. Easy-playing qualities, exclusive features, speed your progress; practice is real fun. Famous professionals choose Conns. You can have the same instruments at no greater cost.

Conn will help organize a band in any school, Legion Post, lodge, Scout organization, community. Write for details *now*, no obligation.

FREE TRIAL, Easy Payments on any Conn instrument for band or orchestra. Send the coupon now for details.

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS

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Please send literature and details of free trial offer on
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CULTIVATE YOUR MUSICAL "BUMP"

$131.00 in One Month Without Leaving Home!

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
468 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How can I make my spare hours pay? No obligation in asking.

Name _____ Age _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Leon B. Wade
of Massachusetts

LEON B. WADE is a subscription representative in a little Massachusetts town. In a single month, not long ago, he earned exactly $131.00 *without leaving his home!* How?

He earned this extra money by telephoning to many of his friends and neighbors and by writing personal letters to others. He told them that he represented *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* and would be glad to forward their orders. Some sent him new subscriptions, others their renewals—Mr. Wade's total profits were $131.00.

Extra Money for You too!

Whether you live in a small town or a large city; whether you are 18 years of age or 80; whether at one time you have days to spare or only an hour or so—we'd like to make you the same cash offer we made Mr. Wade.

Shall we send you all the interesting details? Then just get your scissors and clip the coupon above.

German industry had carried this load under far worse conditions. One must suppose there was a change of policy. Otherwise it could not have happened. The industrialists, the banks and the government understood one another.

The obvious explanation is, first, that the public treasuries, being rich in funds, could afford to relieve industry of its political burden; and, secondly, that the industrial dynasty, for the first time since the republican revolution, dared to deal with labor as it wished—dared to realize again its historic ideal of a reserve labor army, the existence of which keeps the worker docile.

The revolution elevated German labor to a high rank, with a constitutional right to participate in the management of industry. The constitution has not been changed; but all that remains of that grand labor edifice is the provisional cupola called the National Economic Council. It was never perfected—this cupola. The foundations failed, the walls fell and the whole scheme of workers' representation has collapsed. Why? Because, as an ardently liberal student of German affairs admits, the workers' council, giving labor a share in the actual control of industry, was a revolutionary idea, and the German workers, like the workers in other European countries, were not equal to it. They had nothing to contribute; they lacked the knowledge, the experience, the mentality. They knew only how to meddle and interfere. They had to unlearn Lenine's naive dictum that you had only to imprison fifty bankers for three weeks and extort from them their secrets. Then you could do without their existence.

The industrialists made war upon the workers' councils by sabotage and attrition. If they took workers on the board of directors, as the law required, then they organized another board to run the business. The law had never thought of that. There were many instances in which they victimized the workers' council leaders; many others in which they corrupted them or brought them over by favor.

Politically the state of German labor is low again, and this is owing basically to its own limitations. It had the state, the constitution, the law, everything, in its own hands, and knew not how to act. Economically it is on the whole apparently better off than before the war. With unskilled labor this is definitely so, because the wages of the unskilled and semiskilled rose faster than the wages of the skilled while labor dictation was still strong in the first flush of the republican adventure, and this relation stands.

Statistics here are of very uncertain value. The German's idea of statistics is many figures for their own sake. There are more wage figures in Germany than in any other country of the world, and less meaning in them. They do not compare.

Disguised Prosperity

Among the people generally there is less eating and drinking. The decline in drinking is very remarkable. The government estimates that beer drinking is one-sixth less than before the war. The cost of beer is higher. As you would know, drinking having begun to abate itself, there is a demand that it shall be further abated by decree. There is a burning local-option issue; the purpose of a local-option law is to reduce the number of licenses.

As to the fact of less eating, assuming it to be a fact, there is much discussion. Statistically there is a lower consumption of meat and bread per capita, at the same time an increase in the use of tobacco and cocoa. If you look to the vital statistics you find a rising health curve. Either the statistics as to meat and bread are at fault or, as many believe, there was great waste in Germany before the war from overeating. It is a notable fact that notwithstanding a tax of eighty cents a hundredweight on wheat flour, people demand and can afford white bread in place of rye. One purpose of the tax was to restore the old-time use of rye flour. The bakers say they cannot sell rye bread as before; the people are demanding better and better bread. Therefore Germany exports rye and imports high-grade North American wheat and wheat flour.

In potential power of wealth this defeated Germany is greater than the Germany was that thought herself invincible in arms and fought the whole world for four years. She will not admit it, naturally. She has two powerful motives for wishing to conceal it. One is to obtain a revision downward of the Dawes Plan annuities until she can get rid of them. The other is, in lieu of a better solution, to settle with her creditors for a reasonable cash sum, such sum to be raised by a bond issue, such bond issue to be sold in the rich country. She has already been making offers of a gold loan to France, to help stabilize the franc in return for political concessions. Germany offering to raise a gold loan for France!

Lowering German Taxes

Perfect concealment is impossible. There are too many things to be remembered. Contradictions are inevitable. In 1925 the German Employers' Association estimated German production at 70 per cent of what it was before the war. But the Reichskreditgesellschaft, a public bank owned by the German Government, on the first half of 1925 said: "To all appearances production taken as a whole has attained to the prewar level." You may be sure it did not construe appearances too optimistically.

When inflation stopped, saving began again. When it began again, the savings banks were empty, inflation having gutted them quite. In two years, from practically nothing, savings-bank deposits rose to the sum of 2,000,000,000 gold marks, and that was one-tenth of all that had ever been saved in savings banks up to the beginning of the war.

As the farmers during the years of forced deliveries at fixed prices got the habit of understating their production, so everybody got the habit of underestimating his wealth for purposes of reporting it. The German Government itself was deceived, as was illustrated in a very striking manner last year when the taxes it levied under the protection of the Dawes Plan gave a revenue 40 per cent greater than it expected, overflowing all the public treasuries. The government did not know how rich the people were, or it was at least unable to distinguish between what it knew and what it had so long been saying officially about conditions. Now it is engaged in reducing taxes.

Then there is one like Dr. Julius Hirsch, professor of economics at Berlin University, who torments them and amuses himself by telling them how much richer they are than they pretend to be. The population has increased 3,500,000 since 1919. The number engaged in industry is 33,000,000, whereas theoretically, from the loss of territory, it should be only 27,300,000. For every 100 kilometers of railway in 1913 there were forty-eight locomotives; now there are fifty-six; and more passenger and freight cars. In 1925 the number of passengers carried was 70 per cent more than in 1913, and the number of miles they traveled was nearly double.

"Moreover," says Doctor Hirsch, "the working classes have in the past six years, if we disregard the period of Ruhr occupation, appreciably improved their standard of living."

"Information as to the physical volume of production in Germany," writes the agent-general for reparation payments, "is still inadequate, and it is accordingly difficult to form a judgment as to the course of production as a whole."

One cannot believe that the German Government, especially after its four years of wartime experience, would be really unable to ascertain the volume of physical production. Simply, it is not interested to

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Stop this Destruction to YOUR Gears!

The first 500 miles is the most important. Do not go beyond that mileage without changing your grease.

Do you know that thousands of automobiles (probably your own) have not had their gear cases thoroughly cleaned out since the day they were purchased?

Often for two, three and four years the old grease is not removed but new grease is packed in on top of it.

Do you know that just packing in new grease on top of the old grease, is simply leaving all of the old destructive elements in your gear cases which greatly shortens the life of your car? These little devils of destruction are in the form of gear filings, steel chips, hardened, gritty grease, etc., that grind, eat and wear and tear the very life out of your car.

Now along comes the Fry Flusher which simply, quickly and economically makes it possible for you to clean out your gear cases and repack with fresh, clean grease—*all in a few minutes!*

Now by means of the Fry Flusher, flushing oil or kerosene is sprayed into the differential or other gear cases; the vacuum nozzle then removes the old grease and filings and the pressure nozzle cleans the gears. The new grease is then put in. All in a few minutes!

Your car is really renewed and will run thousands of extra miles.

Have your gear cases cleaned out immediately. When these little devils of destruction are removed you will be surprised how much sweeter and smoother your car will run. The nearest service station will give you complete information.

MARVEL EQUIPMENT COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio
MARVEL EQUIPMENT COMPANY, Toronto, Ont., Canada

You have learned the importance of changing the oil in your crankcase regularly. Now for the first time you can speedily flush out your gear cases and repack with fresh, clean grease. Get the habit. Change your grease regularly—regularly—regularly! Lengthen the life of your car!

FRY FLUSHER DOES IT!

The Advertising Leader

THE overwhelming lead of *The Country Gentleman* as an advertising medium through which to reach more than 1,300,000 high grade American farm families is best shown by this comparative percentage ranking of the advertising lineage carried in July, 1926, by the national farm papers.

*Of a total of 84,245 lines**

The Country Gentleman carried 49.5%
The 2nd National Farm Paper carried 17.0%
The 3rd National Farm Paper carried 10.0%
The 4th National Farm Paper carried 10.0%
The 5th National Farm Paper carried 8.9%
The 6th National Farm Paper carried 4.6%

THE FAMILY FAVORITE

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN has gained the largest circulation of any national farm paper solely on its editorial merit. It is edited to appeal to high grade farm families—and it does. More than 1,300,000 of the leading farm families look forward to its arrival each month. We say *families* advisedly because out of some 12,000 letters from subscribers, received recently by the editor, more than half—52% to be exact—specifically stated that *The Country Gentleman* was read by *every* member of the family.

*This statement was prepared before figures of the Advertising Record Company were available. Some slight differences, therefore, may appear from this statement.

The Country Gentleman

The Modern Farm Paper — *More than 1,300,000 a month* — *September Issue Now On Sale*

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

There she goes—
dressed in wood dyed with coal

HER frock of rayon is tinted with coal-tar colors. Her home of concrete is carpeted with grass, shingled with asbestos, heated without coal and swept without a broom. Her food is cooled by electricity.

A dozen giant industries fight to gain her preference — and yours. That preference symbolizes tremendous economic trends—

A new competition—between industries instead of individuals—is affecting the lives of all of us. That competition is swiftly changing the complexion of every man's business. A commercial house of a century's standing may be destroyed with bewildering suddenness. Infant enterprises may grow over night to national institutions—

There you have one answer to the every-day question asked by one business man of another: "What's new?"

The war of materials is on. Oil, coal and gas are fighting for the job of heating the country. Electric refrigeration and ice are both after the job of cooling it. Wood and sheet steel are at grips in the office furniture field, while the lumber and lumber-substitute people are competing fiercely for the command of the structural trades.

Never before has it been necessary for the business man to be so keenly alert, so well informed, so promptly advised. The whirlpool of modern distribution, the multiplication of laws regulating commerce, the growing interdependence of business, the place of agriculture in our economic life, the new controls of trade—these and a dozen other mighty movements touch your business at vital points.

Every month NATION'S BUSINESS answers clearly and with authority the question "What's new?" for nearly a quarter of a million business men—

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NATION'S BUSINESS

MERLE THORPE, EDITOR

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES

What makes a gold coin legal tender?

Not the actual value of the gold—although there is just about five dollars' worth of gold in a five-dollar gold piece. Not the shape—a gold medal of the same size and weight would hardly pass for money. But the U.S. Government seal on that coin—that is the one thing that causes you to accept it, instantly and without question—that is what makes it legal tender.

Any style of lock or any shape of key marked with the name YALE is as sure a confirmation of dependability and value as your government's seal on a coin.

Other locks and other keys may *look* like Yale—but they are *not* Yale because they are not *marked* Yale.

Ask your hardware dealer for locks marked with the *name* YALE. Then you will be sure of getting the reliability and security you pay for.

The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co.
Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

(Continued from Page 150)

disclose the nation's power or the fact that the people are actually producing and consuming more than before the war. They have the greater tool power; they have even in a state of depression 2,000,000 more with their hands to that power. What do they do with it?

There is a psychic need among them to have, to enjoy and to consume more. It is not only things they need—material things. Manners, too, leisure, playtime and a way of regarding themselves.

Enormous expenditures of time, energy and money are devoted to sports; public funds are freely appropriated to promote them. This is all new—since the defeat. They had no popular national games, so they imported other people's games, rule books and all—soccer football, track and field games, tennis, rowing and boxing. They had no word for "sports," so they adopted the word bodily from the English, and now you see it over the newspaper pages devoted to the news of games. Sporting pages in the German newspapers!

Sport news is broadcast by radio; also lectures on polite behavior. The rich and upper middle classes, meaning to take life differently, got the idea of week-end vacations. Again the need of a word. It is "*Wochenende.*" You see plus-fours in the streets. You notice a change in the German figure. Suddenly there is a social horror of obesity. Ways in which fat people torture themselves to stop being fat are illustrated on the picture pages. One 300-pound man doing the split—doing it! Dancing becomes a cult. Not jazz, though there is enough of that, but æsthetic gymnastics, with schools evolving to quarrel excitedly about technic, the difference between the wrist lead and something else, as expounded by the wrist-lead cult—all terribly solemn and tense minded. Alone on the rim of a water dam, on the edge of a forest, on a housetop, anywhere, you may see Germans, thick, muscle-bound men, doing their exercises. Early on Sunday morning they set out in crowds for whatever outdoor sport it is they have duly embraced, and if it rains, no matter. They go right on.

It is not pleasure. It is what they need to do. They do not know why they do it. Some will tell you it is for the health in place of military training. Or they tell you sport is struggle and the German must somehow struggle. Talking about it among themselves, they fall into a great wrangling as to whether sports are tending to be aristocratic or democratic.

The true meaning of it is psychic. They are erasing from their thoughts, from their lives, from their foreheads, the mark of physical defeat. They did it in the same way more than 100 years ago. After the Napoleonic Wars, when they were brooding over defeat, Vater Jahn appeared and captured the youth with his idea of open-air gymnastics to restore their morale. This was the beginning of the *Turnvereins*, which long afterward largely degenerated into singing and drinking societies.

Yet for all that is new, or seems new, this is Germany still—a machine in principle, since it cannot be powerful as anything else, to be viewed in one piece as a marvelous human automaton. The republic was a dream that wrecked itself by coming true. There is probably no more democracy in the heart of Germany today than there was before the war—maybe less. The people, whose ambition it was to rule, tried it and failed. They are docile again, pursuing once more the innocent fantasy of an unreal state in which they are supreme. The ruling caste returns because no other caste can rule. The bureaucratic system quietly slips back. Political fate swings between monarchy on one hand and the tyranny of an invisible industrial dynasty on the other, with the chances against monarchy because there are no acceptable monarchs.

As a machine, Germany's efficiency lies not in method, though that is rapidly improving; not in the average of intelligence, though that is high; but in discipline. For that strange merit she is undoubtedly the strongest machine in Europe. Her capacity to pay is enormous; only, the greater that is, the harder it will be to make her pay.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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America's Climate demands this Amazing Lumber [not cut from trees] in *every* home!

It makes houses warmer in Winter . . . cooler in Summer . . . Saves fuel . . . Protects health. Now available for every home, new or old, large or small.

SCIENTIFIC men have known for years that wood lumber, masonry and other wall and roof materials used alone cannot give the protection needed in our variable American climate.

In Summer, the sun's heat beats right into the house: causing hot, stuffy rooms.

In Winter, costly furnace heat leaks out fast: causing cold, draughty rooms, and wasting fuel at a terrific rate.

Then, five years ago, an amazing lumber was produced that ends this discomfort and waste . . . at little or no extra building cost.

People everywhere are adopting it. Already more than 90,000 homes have been built in accordance with this new American standard of comfort and economy.

This amazing lumber is Celotex. It is not cut from trees, but manufactured from the long, tough fibres of cane. It is enduring . . . scientifically sterilized and waterproofed. Celotex is stronger in walls than wood lumber and many times better as insulation. Wind and moisture can not penetrate it. It quiets noise.

ACTUALLY *saves money.* Another reason for the tremendous success of Celotex is the economy it brings. Unlike ordinary insulation, Celotex is not an extra item in building.

It replaces wood lumber as sh athing (see the illustrations), eliminates building p. per. It builds a more rigid wall than wood, because of the greater bracing strength of these broad Celotex boards. It adds the insulation needed back of wood, brick or stucco exteriors *at no extra cost.*

Under plaster, replacing lath, Celotex costs a few cents more per yar. ' first, but is a great economy. It means less upkeep expense because of no lath-marks . . . fewer cracks. With Celotex in the walls and in the ceilings or roof of your house a smaller, less expensive heating plant and smaller radiators will keep you comfortable.

And year after year, Celotex will save *from 25% to 35% of your fuel money!*

NEW COMFORT *for old houses.* In houses already built, a big measure of this comfort and economy is being secured by lining attics and basements with Celotex. That helps a lot and costs but little.

There are also dozens of other places where Celotex is the ideal material for building and remodeling.

Look Ahead! Now that Celotex has made insulation practical, heat-leaking houses are a poor investment. The authorities say such houses are becoming obsolete; harder to sell, rent or borrow money on.

Ask your architect, contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about Celotex. Leaders in these lines advise its use. All lumber dealers can supply it.

Also ask about the $200.00 *gold bond* now issued on every Celotex insulated house.

© 1926, The Celotex Co.

AS SHEATHING

Celotex is nailed directly to the framework and supplies the insulation needed back of brick, wood or stucco exteriors. Here it replaces the rough boards formerly used, gives greater strength to the house walls and makes building paper unnecessary.

UNDER PLASTER

On inside walls and ceilings, plaster is applied directly to the surface of Celotex. This eliminates the use of lath and gives stronger, insulated walls: less apt to crack and free from lath-marks.

IN THE ROOF

Most heat beats into houses through roofs in summer, causing hot attics. Most heat leaks out through roofs in winter, causing high fuel bills. Celotex applied over or under roof rafters gives the needed protection. For best results both uses are recommended.

FOR OLD HOUSES

In homes already built, a big measure of Celotex comfort and economy may be secured by lining attics and basements with it. In the attic an extra finished room can be made by nailing Celotex to the roof rafters. In the basement line ceiling with Celotex.

FOR GARAGES

The heat of your car itself, after running, will keep a Celotex garage warm, unless the weather is way below zero. It costs but little to build a garage of Celotex; and anyone can line a garage already built, quickly and easily, as shown here.

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IT'S the *difference* between *greatness* and the *grand manner* that keeps one man coming and leaves another "the victim of circumstance." It's the *difference* between *toughness and mass*—and *mere mass alone* that keeps a Cupples Diamond Jubilee Balloon rolling over the miles after some equally handsome tire has blown its last gasp of exhaustion. Blooey!—And the passing world laughs. ✎ The determination to build a balloon tire that is big, handsome, resilient—*and tough from the heart out* is one of Cupples Company's ways of celebrating its 75th Anniversary Year of business history. Given every refinement of years of tire building experience—and marketed with the important distributing economies developed through 75 Years of Cupples Company Growth—the Cupples Diamond Jubilee Balloon represents a new measure of value as well as a model of excellence. Ask for Cupples Tires and Cupples Tubes at your dealers. Their toughness will pay you a profit.

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A National Institution Since 1851

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Cupples

TIRES TUBES

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Tiling
White Woodwork
Refrigerators
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Mirrors
White Shoes
Congoleum
The Hands
Fine Kitchen Utensils

"Thanks for making Bon Ami in Powder form too"

A letter from a woman who has used Bon Ami Cake for many years:

"I have kept house for over twenty years. Long enough, my daughter tells me, to be set in my ideas and to frown on new-fangled ways.

"One day, when I asked for Bon Ami *Cake*, my grocer suggested that I get Bon Ami *Powder* too. I hesitated for I thought why try something new when Bon Ami *Cake* has always suited me. However, I took the Powder, and it has proved a wonderful time and labor saver to me. Now, I always use the Powder when I do the bathtub, the refrigerator and general cleaning up. And—it *'hasn't scratched yet!'*

"But—I still stand by my first friend, the handy Bon Ami *Cake*, for windows, mirrors and all the things that require only a dab of Bon Ami on a damp cloth to make them shine.

"I want to thank you for making Bon Ami in Powder form—and I do like the way the soft powder sifts out of the top! Now I have two 'good friends' to help me keep everything clean and bright."

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK
In Canada—BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL

for bathtubs, tiling and nickel

for aluminum and fine kitchen utensils

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

Cake or Powder

most housewives use both

Have your Kodak handy

Autographic Kodaks, $5 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*